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GUIDE

TO

HOLINESSES.

EDITORS:

REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

VOLUME XXXIX.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY H. V. DEGEN & SON,
NO. 456 WASHINGTON STREET.

1861.

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GUIDE

to

HOLLIS.

REV. H. A. DROWN, LL.D., D.D.,
PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY

VOLUME XXIX

GEO. C. RAND & AVERY, 3 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

BOSTON
PUBLISHED BY H. A. DROWN, LL.D., D.D.,
NO. 100 WASHINGTON STREET

1880

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B. Weed Gorham

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

REV. B. WEED GORHAM.

BY REV. Z. PADDOCK.

It is always a difficult task to give the character of a living man, and especially of a living Christian minister. A thousand things which it might be very proper to say of him *after* he has gone to share the rewards of the just, it might be very improper to say while he still lingers among the contingencies of a probationary state. Besides, a good man will always be pained with whatever wears the aspect of adulation, or even voluntary praise; an infliction which every generous heart will cautiously avoid. Still, there are occasions when something of a man's personal history may be very properly called for, and when some of his friends may be reasonably expected to supply it. The present seems to be just one of those occasions. As the portrait of the Rev. BARLOW WEED GORHAM appears in the present number of the Guide, of which he has been for sometime one of the Editors, and appears there at the earnest instance of many of his friends, a few words in regard to him are certainly in place.

He is the son of William and Polly Weed Gorham, and was born in Ridgebury, Conn., June 24, 1814. The mother was one of the Old Methodists, and gave her son to God and his church, so far as maternal agency could do such a thing, as soon as he became an inhabitant of earth. In childhood he came by domestic removal to Otsego County, N. Y., where he spent his youth in such pursuits as

were suited to the community in which he lived; by turns attending school, and toiling on the farm, or at some mechanical labor, as occasion required and opportunity offered.

Though not wealthy, his parents greatly desired to give him a good education; and, at the age of sixteen, the way providentially opening, he was sent to school in Philadelphia; and the rather was he sent in that direction as he might there be somewhat under the eye and guardianship of his maternal uncle, the Rev. B. Weed, of the Newark Conference, for whom he was named. Here he remained for the space of four years, greatly profiting by his advantages, and the more so as he found the pearl of great price at a camp-meeting, soon after he went to Philadelphia. At the age of twenty he returned to the residence of his parents; and his promise as a public speaker attracting the attention of the presiding Elder on the Chenango district, the Rev. Andrew Peck, he was employed by him to fill vacancies in that district during the two following years. In 1836 he was admitted on trial in the Oneida Annual Conference, and with the exception of a single year, when, in consequence of personal illness, he was on the superannuated list, he has continued to perform effective service down to the present time.

He has successively served the following charges, namely: Norwich, Hamilton, Earlville, East Hamilton, Chenango, Vernon Centre, Cherry Valley, New Hartford, West Winfield, Cooperstown, Carbondale, New Troy, Binghamton, Owego,

and Scranton. He is now pastor of the Court street charge, in Binghamton. In all of these different fields of labor he has been more or less successful, and in some of them he has had great and glorious revivals. Bro. Gorham has, indeed, all of the elements of a first-rate revivalist. He not only has great power in the pulpit, but sings, and prays, and exhorts with a sweetness, a pathos, and a *success*, rivalled by few others among us.

The Wyoming Annual Conference, of which he is now a member, has honored brother G. by electing him several times to the office of Secretary, by appointing him tract agent, and otherwise treating him with special consideration.

Though in such a place as this it might justly be deemed in bad taste to say much of our subject's domestic relations, it does nevertheless seem proper to state that brother and sister Gorham have given to the church in the person of their eldest daughter one of the most promising missionaries that has ever gone from our shores to the abodes of heathenism. We refer to the wife of the Rev. S. L. Baldwin, missionary to Foo Chau, China.

As brother Gorham is still in meridian life, has a compact and vigorous frame, and seems to be wholly devoted to the great work in which he is engaged, his friends anticipate for him still a long and successful career as a minister of Christ.

Binghamton, Nov. 10, 1890.

WHAT is faith? A receiving into the mind the truth concerning Jesus; a going to Jesus as revealed in the truth; a committing of the soul to Jesus; a trusting in Jesus, and a living upon Jesus for all things, to the glory of the Father. Faith triumphs over reason, by receiving the revelation of the God of reason.

THE very centre of the Christian religion is union with Christ, and the receiving him as our all.—*Fletcher.*

[Original.]

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

I HAVE been alone with my Testament for about two hours, — scarcely moving, but for a few turns at intervals across the room; not reading much either; not even thinking much, unless the communion between my spirit and the Spirit of the Lord can be called thought.

The first words sought for were, "I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." These first, because I felt lonely. I was busy with them a long while, but that need not be talked about. The sunshine which lighted the page two hours ago is gone; the last golden ray has faded from the words of promise, but the light of love's epiphany shall gleam on every step of life, and crest the waves of death.

"He will not with the day depart,
But stay and love me to the end."

Next in order came, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ." It was the prayer and promise. I partook of the bread and wine last Sunday at the sacrament. I wondered then, just *how* the blood wrought to be the agent, or rather the condition, of all this wonderful result, and have been pondering it again to-night.

Not merely by its cleansing energy; that would but remove hindrances and clear the way for the actual agency which made perfect. Is it because it is the blood of the everlasting covenant between God and Christ, — conveying to him, under the seal of blood, a renewed grant of his alienated property, consisting in the restoration of his image and favor; doing his will, and being well pleasing in his sight; the earnest of much fruit brought forth by the corn of wheat as it fell into the ground and died; the key-note of the

primeval song of creation, sung unto the Well Beloved touching his vineyard, and its harvest nourished, not by the morning cloud and early dew, but by the night-drops which moistened the soil of Gethsemane? Is it because it is the blood of the everlasting covenant between Christ and his redeemed, making them over to him as his purged and purchased possession, and settling his fulness upon them, which covenant having first applied the blood to cleanse, seals, in a continual cleansing, the charter of strength for all required perfection in every good work? For there can be no vacuum in the soul; the divine tends instinctively to fill and satisfy the human. Where sin is *not*, God *is*, by an impulse of his nature; and the blood-purging meets the condition on which this impulse moves freely. Then where God *is*, he works. This is another attribute of his nature. He cannot be inactive. He that sits upon that throne says, "Behold, I make all things new." He continually produces and sustains in his spiritual creation, as in his physical one. This interior working fills up the outline of duty which his providence sketches. Thus the God of peace makes perfect by himself working,—a very natural and easy way, because, "as for God, his work is perfect." This is that very God of peace who sanctifies us wholly. Why is he so called in both these passages relating pointedly to practical sanctification? The God of purity or of power, were a title, one would think, more strictly indicative of the result named. Is it because the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever; because the source of all power, and the sum of all purity, is repose in God?

What is this perfection? It might be in deed, or in motive, or in both. Is it in deed?—is it a perfectness of execution in every good work? Hardly that, when the instrumentality is an unskilful hand and inexperienced heart. When we shall have "this treasure" in heavenly

vessels, faultlessness of execution may be looked for. Till then, perhaps it is better not to expect too much of it, lest we arrive at a temper of unhealthy self-dissatisfaction. If, then, the words "perfect in every good work" are not self-explanatory, will the perfection unfold itself in motive, "to do his will?" It is said that unity of design is an element of excellence in human workmanship. That must depend upon whether the object be good or otherwise. If it be, simplicity of purpose will give dignity to the deed. Then how true must this be of that work, of which the perfection not only springs from, but is consummated in motive, a work which can exist purely in *will*, but which, if it find formal expression at all, is not complete until it is merged in *will* again,—a work which only is, at all, as it passes on from the many modes of deeds to the one "doing" of the will of God.

How possible thus to be made perfect! It is but to get the activity of life threaded with the purpose of doing the divine will, by laying the soul open to the in-being and in-working of the God of peace,—who works in us to will and to do of his good pleasure; creates the will which makes the work, as well as perfects the work in the accomplishment of the will. This chases the last shadow of painful anxiety from the mind. We not only need not harass ourselves with questionings as to the detail of our actions; we may devolve on him the main care of our motives, keeping only within the energy and the suretyship of the blood of the everlasting covenant.

A life brought again from the dead, after the pattern of the great Shepherd of the sheep, developing itself in every good work, under conditions which sum up this wonderful outgoing of activity in perfect peace. This is the covenant of the God of peace under the seal of *blood*.

"That blood I take, that blood alone,
And make the covenant peace my own."

"Christ shall be magnified." These were

the next words to which I turned. Christ's servant quieted the suspense of immediate or delayed martyrdom. It was no great matter which; either way, "Christ would be magnified." Less terrible questions lie unsolved in the problem of the future view; yet some, anxious enough to try still the patience of the saints, and they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, have to settle such with the same prompt and peaceful answer: Either way, "Christ shall be magnified."

Backward memory is ranging over the last ten years; calm and happy, on the whole, unburdened with the baffled purposes and blighted hopes which often darken earth's early summer, yet clouded sometimes by the shadows of life, crossed sometimes even by the shadow of death, and what is the issue? Answer, conscience and "accuser" too! Is not Christ magnified?

Forward fancy is flitting over the next ten years,—if the vision tarry,—and the next, and the next, and then the next, on to the close of the century, and it might be onward still, for even that will not see threescore years and ten yet fully "suffered out;" and what shall be the legend of the life? "Christ shall be magnified."

What a strange thing the daily life of a Christian is! What a nicely adjusted balance of joy and sorrow! Joys enough, almost unnoticed from their frequency, in the present sense of pardon, and communications of grace, and conscious fellowship with God and the assured hope of the vision of Jesus,—enough to overwhelm the soul with its burden of blessedness, were it an annual instead of a daily experience. Yet sorrow enough—often unnoticed too—to make one feel as if the first hours in the eternal presence of the Lord must be spent in weeping away the restrained tears of a lifetime. We are later in becoming habituated to the latter than to the former; an evidence that joy is the more familiar guest of the two. Concerning sorrow, we are still apt,

with the early church, to think it "some strange thing."

I remember, scarcely a year ago, being puzzled with this strangeness. A conversation, held during a drive to an evening service had impressed the conviction that the prizes of this world were pleasant things to have. It ceased on arrival at the church; but as I kneeled in the pew, instead of prayer, some notion occupied my mind to the effect that I had made a mistake in setting lightly by the pleasures and advantages which such people seemed to value; that there must be some real good in them which I had failed to appreciate, and lost for want of appreciation, and that it would be wiser to pluck a few of earth's fruits and flowers if they grew within my reach, than to pass them by while looking at the clouds. Half a minute these thoughts whirled through my mind; then, facing them, some words sprang up as if from the vaults of the silent church.

"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented."

I almost started from my knees, just stifling the audible expression of some such cry as this: "Save me from a life of ease and pleasure and luxury. Save me from failing of my inheritance in the baptism for the dead."

"The Son of God has gone to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,—
Who follows in his train?"

"Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain?
Who boldest bears his cross below,
Who follows in his train?"

"Ye belong to Christ." These were the next words I mused over, with such a satisfactory consciousness that they were the conclusion of the whole matter. Round and round within that charmed circle, thought might travel. There was no getting beyond or above it.

I belong to Christ *finally*. I have for some time found it good to consider this question settled forever, at rest for all time and all eternity. Not, therefore, to be continually raising it as a matter of fresh examination, nor to foster the habit of regarding it as one which admits of other or further reply than it has already received. Some years ago I was wont to renew my covenant with God every day, and sometimes frequently in the course of the day. That seemed profitable at the time, but now I think it had its danger. The unconfessed and even unsuspected impression is left on the mind, that our consecration is more full and perfect at such periods than at others, and therefore that when it is less so, we are at liberty to resume some slight ownership in ourselves, to be made straight again at the next self-surrender. A more excellent way I have since thought is not laying again, even in this sense, the foundation of repentance and faith toward God. I have found the advantage in sudden emergencies of duty or trial, especially when they have been coincident with seasons of spiritual prostration, of acting—almost, as it has seemed—mechanically, from a habit of mind which holds that the power of choice, as to obedience, is gone forever; that if I would deal treacherously, it is now too late. I have met such crises with George Herbert's words:—

"Hast thou not made thy counts and summed
up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall,
That which is passed, who can recall?"

When reading the life and letters of Gerhard Tersteegen, I met with several remarks confirmatory of this; the following in particular:—

"I am the Lord's. Having surrendered myself to him, I belong to him with all that I am, and no longer to myself. By this I must abide, or else I cannot make as solemn a revocation as my previous surrender, from which may the Lord pre-

serve me. I am his, I repeat, and God regards me as such."

It may be said, on the other hand, that we do not realize our ideal of consecration; that we actually do fail of it again and again, and that not merely by ignorance, but in circumstances where a little watchfulness, or even thoughtfulness, would have saved us; and that such failures require the old ground to be retrodden. But this is a little beside the point. The real question is, do such failures place the soul in the position it occupied before it was wholly given up to God? If they do, then all that can be said on the score of repentance, etc., follows. If they do not, the difficulty must be met on different grounds. It is a question which individual experience must decide. If a soul acquire the habit of lying on the altar of sacrifice one day, and with equal facility starting aside the next, almost any surprise of circumstances will sweep away the traces of dedication. There will be no instinctive falling back upon a foundation of self-surrender, as upon that "which cannot be moved." What is lightly bound is lightly loosed; but in these cases, it might be worth while to inquire whether such slight and superficial views ever furnish the countersign of that promise. "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord."

But if consecration be a condition of the heart constant and incorruptible, a state of the will deliberate and invincible,—the one can only be nullified, as Tersteegen hints, by a revocation as solemn as the previous surrender; and the other can only be vitiated by admitting into the soul some rival object of delight. If holiness were anything but love governing the will, it would ebb and flow often enough in the experience of its weak and variable human subjects. As

it is, no human analogy, even, enables one to comprehend the position of loving God, with all the heart, in one hour, and being *accidentally* estranged from him in another. That was a wise saying of Hester Ann Roe to her cousin, when he objected that if he could gain holiness, he could not keep it: "It is to keep you." How often we make the same mistake; thinking with so much anxiety: "I must not give way to sin, lest I lose holiness; when the proper way of putting the matter is: I must not lose love, lest I give way to sin." If we keep ourselves, that which constitutes the integrity of our being, in the love of God, the faults and failings which mar the surface of our life,—however much and justly we may deplore them,—will not affect it in its depths. Why are we elected, in one breath, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ,—thus reversing the primal law which governs our justification,—but that the obedience of the sanctification of the Spirit will be defective enough to need the sprinkling, and complete enough to insure it?

There is another thought about this *finally*. It holds good with Christ as well as with me; and so it will come to pass that in these future years, when I shall be sore pressed by the powers of darkness, he will show himself strong in my behalf; when I am very nigh unto falling by the hand of this enemy, he will remember that I belong to him once for all; and for his Son's sake, interpose to prevent the disannulling of a bond so sacred and so dear. This is a hope that experience has worked. It has been so in the past. There have been times when I have stood on the very verge of some precipice of spiritual evil, when I must have fallen but for a direct, gratuitous, unsought-for grasp of divine power;—and the only way in which I can account for these special and extraordinary acts of condescension is the connection estab-

lished between an everlasting covenant and the sure mercies of David."

I belong to Christ *totally*. A very old thought which has come upon my soul lately with a new aspect of comfort. Why split up a sum total into fractions? Why pore uneasily over the details of a whole? Do let Tersteegen again explain: "Do not think so much upon denying yourself, upon being faithful, or upon living holily and strictly; but only seek to love, hunger after love, exercise yourselves in love. Love is always exercising self-denial, without tasting its bitterness, and almost without even thinking of it. Think only, however, how you may love; how you may love him more cordially than ever, and do everything to gratify and satisfy his love." Is not this good counsel? How often we involve our souls in needless perplexity by over-solicitude on the particulars of a holy walk,—when our only work should be to do in love each moment, that moment's revelation of the divine will. It has been a repetition of the cumbering with much serving, instead of the freedom of love's simplicity, which, in sitting at the Master's feet, learns how to accomplish all his will.

Then there is another thing about this *total* belonging to Christ, also freshly impressed on my mind: It brings freedom from the tyranny of selfish interests. This is a privilege I seem only just beginning to appreciate and enjoy. Yet a most soul-inspiring and exalted privilege it is to merge one's own interests in the interests of Christ. Not to set lightly by them altogether; that would be impossible, and even if possible, undesirable, because a false estimate,—one out of harmony with His mind to whom they are sacredly dear. Not even to get free from them, because they are thus dear to him. This is an old, happy thought I once fled to, as a refuge from disquietude. My interests were so safe in Christ's keeping, that solicitude about them was gratuitous. But this

consideration, however satisfactory as far as it goes, does not go far enough, nor, indeed, rise high enough, for it is selfish still; and our dearest interests are not wholly personal. They will often cross circles which do not lie within the coil of those links. "All things are yours; and ye are Christ's." Just such spheres my heart was wont to journey with fear and trembling. But not so much now; a wider, safer, higher, nobler comfort than that my interests are Christ's, is that his interests are *mine*. This is a sphere in which speculation need not shudder, nor hope fold her pinion.

But the two ideas are harmonious, as Herbert felt when he sung out these sweet chimes.

"CLASPING OF HANDS."

"Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine,
If mine I am and thine much more
Than I or ought or can be mine;
Yet to be thine doth me restore,
To that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more,
Since me being mine brings with it thine,
And then with thee doth me restore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor thine.

"Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine,
So mine thou art that something more
I may presume thee mine than thine;
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but me and to be thine;
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet thou as mine didst me restore.
Oh, be mine still, still make me thine,
Or rather make me mine and thine!"

"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory."

And better than the glory which gems our own star-crowned brow is the beholding of thine. Better than the jasper-walled city, and its jewelled foundations; than the plash of the crystal river and the shadow of the tree on its banks; better than the cloudless day which no night can darken, and the ceaseless song which no languor can hush, and the radiant eye which no tear can dim, and the

deathless life which no time can waste, is the beholding of thy glory. And as

"By faith we now transcend the skies,
And o'er a ruined world look down,"

As even now

"By love, above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne."

Our feet standing within the pearly gates of thy Jerusalem, or pacing the golden streets on which with thee we walk in white; from the glories of thy heaven, our eyes turn to behold thy glory; and, passing from the recital of sorrow and sighing forever fled away, and that light affliction which was but for a moment, worked out into this far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory!

E. R.

London, England, 1860.

"WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL
WITH THEE."

BY HARRIETTE.

At night within thy circling arms
I sweetly sink to rest;
My spirit feels no rude alarms,
In thee I'm blest.

So when the rosy morning breaks,
I'm still, my God, with thee.
Thy love the sleeping world awakes,
It blesses me.

While yet the early morning dew
Is glittering on the leaves,
Thy love to me comes fresh and new,
With every breeze.

With thee, while moon and stars recede
Before the glorious king of day,
Thy precious promises I plead,
And praise and pray.

I seek the shadow of thy wing,
A covert from the noon-tide heat;
Each duty that the day may bring,
Seek grace to meet.

When in thy likeness I awake,
Still will I be with thee;
Thy love my paradise shall make
Eternally.

[Original.]

THE OLD FUR CAP; OR, THE CHANGE OF POSITION.

BY O. H. KNAPP.

"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."—1 Sam. xvi. 7.

"Their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

As the first sound of the bell reached my ears, my heart leaped with joy, for it was the call to a "union prayer meeting." On passing into the street, all nature seemed to be responding to the call to the house of God. It was a beautiful autumnal evening, and in a part of the world where the autumnal evenings are of surpassing loveliness, and where the stars shine with peculiar brilliancy. As I stepped into the street, and stopped a moment to offer up a single word of praise, not a sound met my ears but the clear, solemn tones of the several bells, which were "tolling" the people of God to the house of prayer. It seemed to be almost sacrilege to disturb, by steps, the solemn silence,—a silence made doubly impressive by the voice of God speaking through the various bells.

The tolling church-bell always awakens within me feelings of devotion, but never before as then. Every sound of the bells came as if it had been the very voice of the Father, calling on his people to come up to his house of prayer to plead for the salvation of the world. These voices of the great Jehovah seemed to say, "Wait on thy God;" "Ask of God," but "Ask in faith;" "Ask, and ye shall receive;" Come "to the house of prayer;" "Wait ye upon me;" "Have faith in God;" "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Many times, in walking to the house of prayer that evening did I stop to gaze, in adoring gratitude, upon the scene above and around me. Every star spoke of Deity, and every twinkle sang his praise. The silence and stillness which reigned were almost oppressive. The noise of the

gravel under my feet often caused me to stop, as it appeared to be the only thing in creation that disturbed the harmony that prevailed.

"Delightful scene!—a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear."

God was in that stillness; and redeeming love whispered in my ears, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

As I entered the house of prayer and took my seat, and leaned my head on the back of the slip before me, to listen to the first prayer, my eyes rested upon an old, but respectable-looking Fur Cap; and instantly my thoughts turned to its owner, and the brother who sat by his side; and after lingering a moment on their condition at that time, and their Christian characters, were turned to the Judgment, and their change of position there. The vision, as presented to my mind, though lasting only for a moment, revealed the character of those brethren then, and as then, probably, for eternity, with the distinctness of a living reality, and a clearness which the lapse of years does not obliterate.

I knew them both, and well. The one, with fine natural talents, had been educated for the ministry, and under the most favorable circumstances; but before completing his theological course, abandoned the idea of the ministry, and embarked in secular pursuits. His income was not large, but a fashionable style of living yearly exhausted what it was; and while his contributions were regular and general, they were limited in amount. His head was well filled with biblical knowledge, and his prayers were highly intellectual. Such qualifications did not long remain unnoticed; for at a very early age he was called to a high position in the church.

The other, the owner of the old Fur Cap, was a mechanic, with a large family, all of whom, of a suitable age, joined

their labors with those of the father. Industry, frugality, and neatness characterized the family. The income of the father was about equal to that of his neighbor; which, after defraying the expenses of the family in the most economical manner, was entirely devoted and applied to the cause of God. He probably gave ten times more to the Lord than did his neighbor. He was a consecrated Christian. He labored in season and out of season to win souls to Christ; and his conversation was in heaven, for his treasure was there. He labored as directly for God in setting his type, as when pleading at the mercy-seat for sinners, of whom, with tears, he entreated them to be reconciled to the Father.

The impression I first had was as to their position at that time. The one, honored by the church; the other, hardly known to half its members. The one, bearing no fruit perceptible to human eye; the other, almost in the daily habit of leading souls to Christ. The one, spending the money given him by the Lord in adorning his wife's person, and in high living; the other, simply using enough for the necessities of life, and then placing the balance in the Lord's treasury. The one was lively, and readily engaged in worldly conversation; the other was thoughtful, and his conversation about heaven, and the way to get there.

From their position on earth, my thoughts glanced upwards, and for a moment I seemed to see them in the presence of the Lamb; and oh, what a change of position! The owner of the old Fur Cap appeared now as "a star forever and ever." His position was near to his Lord, and his mission and his duties were of the highest grade of the redeemed; while his joys and delights could only be fully understood by those who had been "a living sacrifice" in their pilgrimage state. There was a dignity, a happiness, a something indescribable about him, that fixed attention on him, and caused the

heart to exclaim, "Truly, 'He hath done all things well.'"

And the man-honored disciple was there; — but how different did he now appear! On earth, to man, there had appeared to be a great difference, and most apparent in God's house; but, now, the real difference was clearly manifested. The one now shone "as the brightness of the firmament;" the other, as the bright, brilliant, magnificent star, which twinkles to earth's inhabitants the praises of its Creator.

For a moment I experienced a feeling of regret, while contemplating this change of position; but it was only for an instant, for my heart immediately exclaimed, It is right! it is just! it is in God's order! Truly, whosoever honors the Saviour before men, him will the Son honor before the Father. The overlooked, man-forsaken, God-fearing disciple is now of the highest order of heaven's nobility. On earth, he lived to glorify God; in heaven, he lives to sing his praise; on earth, his brother passed him without recognition; but in heaven he looks down from his lofty position affectionately on that brother. In God's earthly house, his man-allotted seat was below that of his brother; in heaven, God's appointed place is above that of his brother.

I retired from that hallowed spot a more thoughtful, a wiser man. I saw more distinctly than ever before how differently the Christian is viewed by God and by man; and from the two brethren who sat before me, my thoughts turned to the Christian character, as it was portrayed in the Bible, and exemplified in the lives of Christians in all ages; and I saw that whenever there had been great eminence in Christianity, there had been a full consecration to God, and that knowledge and learning were not indispensable to deep spirituality and great usefulness; but that *entire consecration* was, that the "living sacrifice" all could and should be; and I lifted up my heart in praise that eminence

in usefulness did not depend on natural gifts, and that it preceded exaltation and honor in heaven; and that the rule of judgment was to be divine, not human, and therefore the "recompense of reward" was to be in exact proportion to faithfulness here, and not according to man's judgment.

Close followed by their works they go,
Their Master's purchased joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
And each hath its distinct reward.

Never before did true religion appear so attractive, nor lukewarmness and formalism so hideous. The wholly consecrated Christian, with limited capacities, natural and acquired, was eminently successful in leading souls to Christ; while the man of great talents, and high literary attainments, not wholly given up to God, could fatten on the husks of human regards, and slumber over the cries of the distressed in spirit. In one, Christ lived; in the other, Christ wanted to live. In the life of one, Christ appeared; in the life of the other, Christ desired to appear. The one, entered heaven "so as by fire; the other had "an abundant entrance."

I had been taught an important lesson. I saw more clearly than ever before what God required of me. Would I be useful? Then I "must" be a "living sacrifice." Would I have faith that should "please God?" Then I "must" be wholly consecrated to God, and not "receive honor one of another." Would I shine in heaven as a star "forever and ever?" Then I "must" honor Christ here by taking up every cross,—by trusting in him "before the sons of men;" and by being one of those "that turn many to righteousness;"—and my heart then responded, and still responds, It is my "reasonable service;" "Lo! I come to do thy will, O God."

"Lo, I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.

"Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord."

HEAVEN.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Oh, talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell,
In light and love ineffable.
Oh, tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing,
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams like the bright sun gloriously!
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that celestial calm
Each face in glory weareth.

Oh! happy, happy country! where
There entereth not a sin;
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in.
No grief can change their day to night—
The darkness of that land is light;
Sorrow and sighing God has sent
Far thence to endless banishment.
And never more may one dark tear
Bedim their burning eyes;
For every one they shed while here,
In cheerless agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadem.

Oh! lovely, blooming country! there
Flourishes all that we deem fair,
And though no fields nor forests green,
No bowery gardens there are seen,
No perfumes load the breeze,
Nor hears the ear material sound,
Yet joys at God's right hand are found,—
The archetypes of these.

There is the home, the land of birth,
Of all we highest prize on earth;
The storms that rack this world beneath
Must now forever cease;
The only air the blessed breathe
Is purity and peace.

Oh! happy, happy land! in thee
Shines the unveiled Divinity,
Shedding through each adoring breast
A holy calm, a hallowed rest,
And those blessed souls, whom death did sever,
Have met to mingle joys forever.
Oh! soon may heaven uncloset to me!
Oh! may I soon that glory see!
And my faint, weary spirit stand
Within that happy, happy land,

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

REVIVAL, STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,
ENGLAND.

DEAR BROTHER: The triumphs of the cross here are amazing. Yesterday was one of the days of the Son of man, to a very extraordinary degree. He who is the Lord of the Sabbath drew great multitudes together from near and remote regions, and wondrous were the manifestations of convincing, healing, and sanctifying power. Though the congregation was dense, and hundreds, I presume, went away for want of room, yet there was no confusion.

The solemnity of the felt presence of the High and Holy One seemed to be an outspoken realization depicted on every countenance.

Would that I could with my pen give you a conception of the solemn, stupendous, penetrating influences that pervaded the congregations of yesterday afternoon and evening, but more particularly the evening. Said a Christian lady about this, "I opened my lips to sing, but I seemed so overawed with the solemnity of God's presence, that I paused."

Others expressed themselves in a similar manner. For my own part, I can say that an experimental apprehension of the divine presence seemed so to pervade my whole being, that the veil separating the two worlds seemed well-nigh uplifted. My spirit looked out upon that vast concourse as standing upon the verge of eternity, many on slippery rocks, while fiery billows were rolling beneath, liable any moment to take the fearful plunge. Truth appeared to be invested with unwonted spirituality. I have never regarded the tones of the organ as peculiarly desirable in revival services, but as its majestic tones, intermingling with the voices of the people, went up as the sound of many waters, it only seemed to add to the solemn majesty of the scene.

As Dr. P. gave out the hymn, commencing,

"Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,"

I presume there was not one in the house whose heart, if it had spoken out, would not have said in continuation of that solemn hymn,

"A little point my life appears,
How frail at best is dying man;
How vain are all his hopes and fears."

Dr. P. then read the first forty verses of the 12th chapter of Luke, ending, "Be ye therefore ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." He then talked about time as the dressing-room for eternity; and the importance of laying up treasure in heaven if we would not be hurried away, at an unlooked-for hour, from the shores of time, as the fool, who said to his soul, "Eat, drink, and be merry."

It is my belief that there was not an unconvicted sinner in the house; and Dr. P. desiring that not one might be permitted to leave without having an opportunity to strengthen their convictions by publicly acknowledging the work of the Holy Spirit on their hearts, asked that all in the house, who were resolved to seek the favor of God, and all who were enjoying his favor, would signify it by rising, when nearly all the people in the gallery and below rose simultaneously to their feet.

He then asked all those who were seeking pardon, and those only who desired to go and help those seeking ones to the cross would accompany them. Immediately the vestry was crowded with seekers. Probably not more than three minutes had passed before a person went to Dr. P. imploring him to ask the prayers of the congregation for the multitude of penitents in the vestry, and stating that doubtless as many as a hundred were there seeking mercy, and no more could be admitted,—the crowd and heat being so great. Dr. P. then invited the seekers to the communion-rail,

which was quickly filled, and many standing on the outside unable to find a place to kneel. Two seats were afterwards filled with persons seeking mercy, and others were taken to the upper vestry.

Before the meeting closed we have reason to believe that the largest portion of those who sought obtained. The work seemed to be only bounded by our want of room to meet the emergency, and laborers to point them to Christ, the crowd being so dense as to render it seemingly impossible to converse with all the seekers. We need scarcely tell you of the difficulty in bringing the services to a close, but many had come from miles distant, and we regarded it as inexpedient, our own health also considered, to protract the services beyond half-past ten. Since I have been writing, a lady who was present at the services from four miles distant, has come in. Her agony in view of her sins was so great that she was despairing of the mercy of God. She has now gone; Jesus spoke peace to her soul.

"What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep, for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away."

The work is the more extraordinary in view of the fact that religion has been long in a low state in Stroud, and throughout the circuit. The Superintendent tells us that it has seemed impossible to get the people enough aroused to say "Amen" to any petition, however fervent. These are the Lord's doings, and marvelous in our eyes. We are astounded at the magnitude of the work. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous works; and blessed be his glorious name forever and ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory."—Amen and amen.

I have heard no estimate of the number saved within the past eight days, but I am sure hundreds must have received pardon.

The Revival.

London, Oct. 27, 1860.

[New York Correspondence.]

REVIVAL AMONG THE FRIENDS.

THE lover of Jesus is filled with devout thanksgiving and praise, when he knows that any branch of Zion is refreshed with special unction from the Great Head of the church.

Thus we rejoiced at the relation of the divine influences which attended the yearly meetings of Friends, in Ohio and Indiana, in Sept. and Oct.

At the Ohio yearly meeting held at Mount Pleasant there were several evening meetings of the younger members, in which the divine presence was unusually manifested, under which many hearts were bowed in reverent prostration of spirit. One individual confessed that he had entertained sentiments deeply sceptical, but in that meeting he felt constrained to renounce them and covenant with the Lord his God. Many other pleasing evidences were presented before these meetings closed, some of which did not break up until some hours after midnight.

At the Western yearly meeting held at Plainfield, Ind. about two weeks after the above, there were also three meetings of this character, in which, under the constraining love of God, many who had not before publicly acknowledged themselves on the Lord's side were led to confess the name of Jesus, and earnestly seek for the forgiveness of sins; some could joyfully testify of his love to their souls and rejoice in pardoning mercy. These were times of refreshing to many souls, and whilst many were led publicly to testify to the goodness and mercy of God, others on their seats were impelled to a subdued expression of their heartfelt unity to a degree very unusual in the quiet meetings of Friends,—but throughout there was such a sweet solemnity over the meetings as will probably never be forgotten by those who were present.

Probably the most remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit was witnessed

on Sabbath day, the sixth ult., at the evening meeting for worship, during the yearly meeting, Richmond, Indiana, which was an extra one beside the usual services of the day, and was appointed at the request of a number of young friends, especially, as a young Friend's meeting. The day was wet; still, the attendance was large; some three thousand persons crowded into the house in the forenoon, and nearly as many in the afternoon, — whilst meetings in the open air of about one thousand persons were held simultaneously, most of the time under umbrellas, at which the name of Jesus, our only Saviour was proclaimed with power.

One young man appealed to those standing there with much fervency, and stated that five years ago he had listened to the gospel sound on a similar occasion, and was impressed with his need of a Saviour; he prayed to God to deepen that impression; he was answered, and could now testify to the love of Jesus in his soul. Before seven o'clock in the evening some twenty-five hundred persons were assembled in the house at the young people's meeting; the gallery usually occupied by the ministers and elders was almost entirely filled by the junior members, whose manner evinced the earnestness of their spirits. The meeting opened after a short season of deep silent waiting before God, by successive vocal supplications for special and large blessings, which were certainly answered that remarkable evening.

It was said more than one hundred and thirty persons either bowed the knee in prayer or confessed themselves on the Lord's side, by far the larger portion of whom had never spoken before in public; many rejoiced that they had been made willing thus to acknowledge the Saviour. At one part of the meeting, so frequent were the offerings in prayer that a minister suggested the company should not rise but keep their seats in a reverent

frame of mind, and so avoid the noise which rising on their feet occasioned.

Thus delightfully shut in with God, those dear friends remained until after midnight.

A family living some distance from the meeting-house, the children only attended; the evening wore away with the parents at home without care till near twelve o'clock when they began to feel some uneasiness; the mother said, "Let us open the Scriptures, and see what we shall find there for us." She opened and read this clause, "But suffer all things, lest we should hinder the gospel of Christ," which comforted them.

By letters received we learn that the work continues to progress, — those meetings are continued, — and no doubt a general refreshing will be enjoyed by those represented in those meetings.

Tuesday meeting, 54 Rivington St., N. Y.

It is often the language of the heart while in this meeting, "What hath God wrought?"

Here are seated, side by side, deeply interested in the Bible doctrine of holiness, Presbyterians of different shades, from the strict covenanter, to the new-school man, besides all other evangelical names in Zion, ministers, and people, — all breathing forth the same desire for inward purity; acknowledging the claim, "Be ye holy; without holiness no man shall see the Lord." The fame of this meeting has gone to the ends of the earth, and is remembered with holy joy in all climes; and no wonder, for it has done, and is doing, a great work in preparing the way of the Lord, at the very root of the matter; for what can God do in the world without a holy people? How bring about his purposes to pour out his Spirit on all flesh, except Zion put on the garment of holiness?

At one time a person noticed to us, that six nations were represented that after-

noon ; this may often be the case if observed. The broken German, Norwegian and Swede here give their testimony to the cleansing blood of Jesus. At every meeting, we believe, some are set at liberty, from the thralldom of inward evil, and rejoice in the sanctifying power of God.

Here the church is one, with all the varieties of education and training ; the "central idea," *holiness*, binds in lovely unity the branches of Zion. A young man wound up his clear evidence of a clean heart, by saying he was much indebted to his Methodist brethren for entire salvation, but he was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. Our revered friend Dr. Bangs, whose love for holiness was delighted, replied, "Stay where you are brother, and do all the good you can."

At the close of a meeting we said to a Cameronian minister, "How blessed to see such a spirit of love pervading us, of all denominations." With earnestness he replied, "*We are one.*"

No more excision, or suspension of Christian fellowship, because of this doctrine ; it is tolerated, if not promoted by the ministry generally.

Nov. 4. Dr. Bangs was able to be with us this week, though too feeble to be in the crowded rooms ; he stood in the door, in the dignity of his years, and witnessed to the love of Jesus and the precious answers to prayer he receives in his fullness. "Even down to old age will I carry you."

GOD hath many sharp-cutting instruments and rough files for the polishing of his jewels ; and those he especially esteems, and means to make the most resplendent, he hath oftenest his tools upon.—*Leighton.*

KINDNESSES are stowed away in the heart, like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them.

[Original.]

DOCTRINE OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing ? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered."—*Christ.*

ARE any oppressed with temptation to doubt the speciality of divine providence, led to think that perhaps the taking care of minute matters for us, represented by the numbering of the hairs of the head, and the taking care of so small a thing as a sparrow, is all done as by necessity ? That the great plan is so arranged that such small things are disposed of according to regular action, as is dust upon vast machinery ? No, it cannot be. Some evil agency induces in the mind a forgetfulness of these affecting words of our great Redeemer. A remembrance of them would call up the occasion upon which they were brought out upon his sacred lips. It was this very idea that he was giving them ;—that they were taken care of by a power superior to all law,—the hand of the lawgiver, their Father in heaven. They knew before, that the law, for all created beings would include them ; and it was an old doctrine of this law—that the righteous had favor and the wicked disfavor. They believed this, most certainly. But the human heart feels the need of personal fatherly care ; a good evidence that such care is to be given its possessor. Law does not provide for all emergencies and peculiarities. That lies in the disposition of the dispenser of law. And our heavenly Father is not as is an earthly father, who is absent sometimes from his children ; and in whose absence, as in his presence, his children must live by law, and perhaps suffer on account of the very order of that law, unless some one of the servants left in charge has provisional, or discretionary power vested in him. Instance : It is the rule that every child old enough, shall be seasonably dressed, and come to the breakfast-room for the morning refreshment, or not have

any. But if a child falls sick, and is not able to come, he must suffer from that very law of his father, until the hand of the special providence of that very father interpose, either in his own person returned, or by the one intrusted to act in such cases according to discretion. It may be that the child got the disability to come to the family table by some act of his own carelessness or wilfulness, and ought to suffer, to teach a better course in future; but who shall decide how much it shall suffer? how long it shall go without nourishment? The law of the house would say, until he will come to it, properly dressed, and at the appointed hour; but that very law of order might keep him fasting until he could never come. But the father has a heart of compassion, and he not only permits food to be carried to him, but feeds the child with his own parental hand, if it becomes very weak, for his heart prompts him, and he has a right to do it, for he is evidently above all laws of his own making. As our heavenly Father is present in every scene, and can order, or do, as his heart of love prompts him, he has no need to invest any one with reserved power. Some persons have, however, much happiness in believing that discretionary power is given to angels, and that they interpose where the regularity of law does not suit our infirmities. But I should feel in a measure fatherless, if I believed that these merciful and tender provisions for our weakness were not fresh from the heart of God. I love to think of the angels as on the wing, ready for an errand as an impulse produced by unseen movements of Divine Love may send them. But to indulge such as wish to have it that everything is done by *law*, we will admit the idea that angels are endowed with this discretionary power to afford relief in emergencies, and provide for side issues, and that God does it by law in this way, that it is a part of his order established from the beginning that angels should have this work. Yet

the truth remains the same, for these created beings must be ever baptized with his nature and presence, to be able to do it wisely, as he himself would do it. It cannot be our heavenly Father that takes care of us, unless it is done exactly according to his wisdom. But much of what we need of a special providence pertains to the heart mostly, whose wants can be seen only by the Omniscient Eye. We need special appropriations of grace and love from the Father himself, directly to the heart, in special cases, or we should sink where the hand of an angel any more than of mortal could not so much as reach us. I cannot believe in a God of all *law* and no impulse; or, in other words, I cannot believe that he in whose image we were created has no impulses but those which lie back of the laws that he made in the beginning. His infinite love is fruitful in devising measures of interposition when he deals with frail subjects such as we, who, however much we may seek to know and do his will, cannot see afar off; besides having all the while sinister-minded beings of our race acting more or less upon our destiny. Is man who does successive voluntary acts of kindness, better than God? It is not saying that God is a being subject to caprice to say that he is a being subject to variation of impulse. Impulse would never result in caprice, nor combine with it in the pure mind of a finite being; much less in a being infinitely wise and holy. What does it avail if one cries unto God as his "elect" do, if no impulse of pity moves him to do more for those who "cry day and night unto him," than he would have done did they not cry so importunately to him? Without question it is all done by law in this sense, that there is a law in his nature which leads him to reward such and such a degree of earnestness for good, with such and such a degree of favor; and this importunity is used by him only as an exponent of earnestness. Then we ask no more of emotion from God than

what comes by this law of his nature, that a certain degree of hearty appeal to him secures a corresponding degree of emotion in our behalf; especially as the silent appeals of an earnest heart are heard by him as readily as are "strong supplications." And to answer these appeals he can use the elements of mind and matter, over and above their established laws, and not interrupt these laws; as he sometimes suppresses the usual action of the winds, and then let them forth in greater power. Man, in his limited sight, fears that God's large plans will come into confusion if he exercises any special care over individuals. Say they, "How can he send rain, especially for those who are suffering drought upon the mountain, without giving too much rain to those who are in the valley below?" How easy for God to let the wind that brings the rain-fraught cloud over the mountain die away before it reaches the valley, or to let some other current divide it as it is passing over, if so he sees best. Or it may be that he sees best to let those in the valley suffer some inconvenience for the sake of the relief of those on the mountain. All things work *together* for God, and not separately. We often have to suffer some for the good of others, at first, though it becomes our good in the end, by weakening within us the love of self. And besides, how easy for our heavenly parent to make up to us in some other way what we have been called to sacrifice in this way, when he sees us in a fit state to receive it. How often it is said it is unreasonable that it should be expected of God to destroy a world; for should one planet be changed at all, in its position and motions, the whole system to which it belongs would come into confusion; as if he could not provision for the change, if he purposed to put a world out of existence, or bring another into existence. A generation has not passed since a planet, either in the process of consolidation, or one in ruins, has been discovered. If there would have been

irregularity produced as these changes have been going on, it has all the while been provided for by the Omnipotent hand. He does not lack any counterbalancing material. So in all the realm of Nature and Grace. If he does all things by law, he does some things by laws that overrule other laws; and the highest of all is the law that exactly adjusts the answer to the appeal which calls for it; and this answer is given in ways as varied as the rays of divine wisdom are multiplied. It is our own littleness that makes us limit God to a few great things. It is so unlike ourselves to be able to attend to things both great and small, that we can hardly conceive of a being capable of arranging suns and worlds, and disposed at the same time to listen to the whispers of a human heart, or the wailings of a forsaken child. Says a great living speaker, "Why are we taught to use the Lord's Prayer, if this world is wound up as a watch is wound, and we are but part of the machinery by which it runs its course?" Why do we ask for "daily bread," if by a law of necessity we shall have just so much and no more? A STUDENT.

Nov. 1860.

HEAVEN.

O, to be there,
Where never tears of sorrow
Shall dim the eye, nor aching pain nor care
Shall overcloud our morrow!
O, to be there!

O, lovely home!
Thy fragrant, thornless flowers
Droop not, nor die, but everlasting bloom
Crowns all thy golden hours:
O, lovely home!

O, let me go!
Death shall not there dis sever
Our loving hearts. Rivers of pleasure flow
At God's right hand forever:
O, let me go!

For thou art there!
Who unto me hast given
Eternal life, making me pure and fair;
And this to me is heaven,
For Thou art there.

THE UNION OF CHRISTIANS WITH THEIR LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOER OF THE WORD
A MISSIONARY."

THE relation which the disciples of Christ hold to their Master, is a topic on which our Lord often dwelt with peculiar interest. In his most ordinary modes of announcing and illustrating this relation, he employed terms decidedly expressive of endearment. But, dismissing even these, as too distant and forbidding, he selects others, which assure the subjects of them, that their dearest interests have a dwelling in his compassionate heart. Henceforth, says he, I call you not servants. The servant is not primarily cared for by the master. He is not admitted to the familiarity of knowing what his lord doeth. But I have called you friends. For all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known to you. The alliance, proffered in this term, showed his infinite condescension in stooping to be the minister of light to our darkened understandings; the illustrious donor to our meagre stock of spiritual knowledge. And yet, this condescension does not, necessarily, diminish the distance between his character and ours. But there are other expressions which show how his condescension lifts us up, and gives the disciple an inherent and dignified affinity to his Master. I, says he, am the vine; ye are the branches. This not only brings the disciple near, but in some sense makes him a part, one and the same with his Lord. Abide in me and I in you. What relation short of personal identity could be more intimate than this? A branch which is in the vine is so connected with it as to receive a free circulation of its sap. The juices of the branch are the juices of the vine, the same essentially being common to both. This union to Christ makes us so intimately connected with him, that his spirit and temper are our spirit and temper, in like manner as

the characteristics of the vine are the characteristics of the branches. Not that Christians are actually an integral part of Christ; nor that Christ is any such part of the Christian. The branch is not the vine, nor does it perform the same office to the whole. Each has its own and separate functions; and yet both are parts of the same whole, and have strongly marked affinities. This relation is more clearly illustrated by another figure which has received inspired sanction. Christ and his followers compose the head and members of the same system. Now, says the apostle, ye are members of the body of Christ, and each one members in particular.

But the Scriptures express the relation in still other points of view, which serve to cement and confirm the union, implied in the passage already quoted.

The apostle, speaking of Christians under the appellation, children of God, proceeds directly to infer, if children, then heirs. Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. And, another adds, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. It was not enough to give the disciple the distinguished place of members, cworking with Christ as the body works for and with the head. For this would not so clearly show their true elevation in rank. The Christian must be more forcibly assured of the essential nature of this union. And this strong assurance is given in the constitution of heirship with Christ, to an everlasting inheritance in that kingdom, where he now labors as subordinate, whose head is the Lord Jesus. Here is something more than nominal, something more than sensible relationship for the time being. Here is positive possession, running down eternal ages, to show that present union will be cemented, and hold duration, parallel with the promised possession which indicates it.

But heirship with Christ is not the whole proof which the Scriptures afford,

touching the union of Christians with their Lord. When the beloved disciple was in the Isle of Patmos, his eyes were opened to behold things which should be hereafter. And they sang a new song in heaven, saying, thou hast redeemed us by thy blood, and hast made us unto our God, kings and priests. Here is the summit of elevation and dignity attending this union to Christ; they shall reign with him forever and ever. It is the privilege of angels to be ministering spirits sent forth by God; while it is reserved for human beings, who have been redeemed and made heirs with Christ, to sit on thrones hereafter. What more is there for human conception to take in? What more can infinite love bestow in proof, that all true Christians are allied to Christ by a union inconceivably near — indissolubly strong — and immutably permanent? But these are general considerations, within which are embraced particular items of unity, that should not be overlooked. If the disciples are appropriately styled the friends of their Master, there is *similarity* of views. For two cannot long sustain even this alliance, unless they are agreed. If members of the same family, and joint heirs of the same inheritance, there must be a *congeniality* of spirit, inasmuch as there is a unity of interests. If their possessions are identical, their plans and efforts cannot be at variance. And if destined to sit on thrones in the same kingdom, and reign with him, the glory which accrues to one, is, in some sense, the possession of all.

Just here the subject-matter of the present chapter admits of a transition. The transition is naturally from premise to conclusion. Regarding the positions, thus far taken, as scriptural, some productions of a deeply practical character may be fairly made.

To be a Christian is to be like Christ, in all the points which will admit a human being to resemble him who was God manifest in the flesh. The union not

only implies, but renders certain, a similarity of views and feelings. It is said as clearly as language can express ideas, that we cannot be his, unless we possess his spirit. Virtues, which shone with infinite loveliness in him will also light up the character of his followers. They are to bestow heartily their approval where he would sanction. They are to withhold absolutely, where he would disapprove. They will love ardently objects which enlisted his zeal.

This union renders certain a sameness of object. The members cannot be separated from their head in this respect. Since they have the same mind, and the same interests to give that mind direction, their efforts must flow in the same channel, towards the same object; and it is morally impossible that they should be long otherwise, when intelligently and conscientiously exerted. If Christ and those who are united to him, as the branch is to the vine, can have antagonist enterprises to enlist their moral powers, then the same tree can bring forth corrupt fruit and good at the same time. But salt water and fresh do not come from the same fountain. So neither can the same spirit, as existing in Christ and his followers, be the source of efforts which will neutralize each other. Surely those objects, which lie nearest the heart of the master, will most deeply enlist the devotion of the disciples. The head and the hands must sooner come at issue in voluntary labor, than Christ and his followers engage in opposite pursuits. One will follow where the other leads; and that by a law which does not coerce: nay, whose very *freedom binds* with irresistible certainty. As by spiritual instinct, he who is led by the Spirit finds the objects most congenial to his renewed nature; and while his heart beats with the ardor of prosecution, its pulsations make a chord on the same scale of harmony with his Lord.

This union to Christ renders it *certain*,

that his followers will have the *same views which he has, respecting the worth of the soul*. The teacher has asked what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall he give in exchange for his soul? While none can give an answer, which shall be an adequate measure of the truth, all Christians do believe the truth contained in the answer. As this question keeps in the advance of human conception, like the directing star, it leads the pious mind onward and onward, in its computation of the soul's worth, until kingdoms, and thrones, and worlds, nay, the universe of worlds, become a speck, a cipher, a nothing in comparison. And when comparison has out-travelled conception, the mind is sure it has hold on a truth which is fastened to the throne of God,—a truth which is felt to be no less real than the divine existence. Is there a possibility that one such soul should be lost? We can easily imagine that a stranger to fallen humanity would anxiously reiterate,—Is it possible that one such soul should be lost? The Christian knows it may be lost,—it will be lost unless saved by the atonement of Christ. But the Saviour not only had an intellectual perception of man's lost condition; his *compassion* was moved. He loved the soul for its intrinsic value; he pitied its folly; he wept over its obstinacy. And so it is said of the true disciple. He believes with the heart. In his view, "perdition of ungodly men" has a significance which reaches to the lowest hell, where the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever. "Having no hope, and without God in the world," is, with him, a solemn reality, when applied to the native character of man. Nor is there the least element in this nature, as he views it, which can ever grow into hope, unaided by divine help. He who believes with the heart, feels that the wages of sin is death, temporal and eternal; and all men, as they are born and as they live before renewal, are hard at work

for this reward. Their energies of body and mind have voluntarily gone into servitude, to effect the everlasting ruin of the man whom they constitute. And, unless there be some power above him to break the bondage, and bring him up from this slavery to sin, the man is lost. As the Great Teacher has declared, so the disciple believes, "he is condemned already."

But Jesus wept over guilty Jerusalem. Divine love melted into tears for wretchedness which would not be relieved. And surely, those who sustain to him the relation of branch to the vine, must have similar emotions for kindred obstinacy. In members of that body, of which he is the head, the law of sympathy will not release from deep feeling where he manifested a tenderness rising even to the sublime. The mind which could not refrain from lamentations because men were dying in their sins,—that "same mind," if it be in us, will stir the deep places of the soul, when similar facts are contemplated. With such truth probing the heart, who that is like Christ can hear of the only one way of salvation, and not feel an irresistible desire that *this one way* be made known to all such as are in the broad and certain road to destruction? And the same mind, which is moved by similar views and feelings, will prompt the members to efforts which are in the same line, or rather on the same plane, with those suggested by the head. *The plans of the head are to be carried into execution by the members of the body*. This is a law of action so perfectly established, that a contrary supposition would involve absurdity. As soon may we expect to see the hands and feet reject the decision of the will, and set up for themselves, as to find a consistent Christian discarding the means which Christ has appointed for the spread of his gospel.

Hence, this union with Christ *draws* the believer to the missionary cause, as the appointed means of teaching all na-

tions. That this means is of divine appointment, especially and specifically, we need not now stop to prove. The whole weight of the Christian's character, so far as true zeal inclines him, is this way. His knowledge of the soul's worth, his conceptions of its lost condition, his love for sinners, his desire to relieve misery and promote happiness, all his sympathies are leading him forth to missionary efforts. Every pulsation of Christian love contains the elements of true desire, going out to embrace the world, to bring it humbly at the feet of its Lord.

So does this union of Christians with their head *give them glorious possession in the missionary enterprise*. Being themselves heirs to the same inheritance with him, every accession to his kingdom enlarges their inheritance, and enhances the value of their real estate. Every renewed sinner brings additional glory to Christ. And glory to him is everlasting value laid up for the saints. Surely they have the same kind of interest in his cause that he has. His enemies are their enemies. And every degree of subjugation to him is so much opposition neutralized, and strength secured on their part. A demolished idol, a dying faith in a false deity is positive achievement which the Christian may set down to his own account, as an heir of God. Every new song of the angels over repenting, returning prodigals, is celebrating on high the increasing value of the saints' possession. "The kingdom and dominion and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High." Says Paul to the Christians at Corinth, All things are yours;—things present, and things to come. How can they avoid being deeply interested to improve and enhance the value of that portion of their possession which now lies in this world?

Finally union to Christ binds the Christian to the missionary cause. And he can no more annihilate the obligation,

than he can shake off the duty of loving God with all his heart. He must blot out his name from the Lamb's book of life; he must tear off the robe of Christ's righteousness, and get himself enrolled a son of perdition, an heir of hell, before he can loose the bonds which hold his interests as identical with the interests of Christian missions.

VOICES FROM HEAVEN.

WE weep on earth,—

It is the vale of tears;
Sorrow attends the birth,
And swells with growing years,
Till oftentimes every nerve is broke,
And every heart-string riven,
What voice is that? Who spoke?
"They never weep in heaven."

Who hath not wept
To breathe a sad farewell
To one whose heart hath kept
The seal of friendship well?
The bosom throbbed and heaved a sigh,
Just as the word was given.
Again a voice! 'tis whispering nigh,
"They never part in heaven."

Who hath not wept?
Hope budded,— was in flower;
When to the root there crept
A worm, with blighting power;
Soon all its brilliant leaves were shed,
And in the whirlwind driven,—
It must have been an angel said,
"There is no blight in heaven."

Who hath not wept,
And with a bitter cry,
As the destroyer stepped,
And slew some loved one by?
We felt thy bitter sting, O Death!
For tenderest ties were riven;
Yet triumph still, the Spirit saith,
"They die no more in heaven."

Who hath not wept
O'er memories of the past,
That hasty Time hath swept
Our joys away so fast?
That flowers that bloomed at noon so bright
Were all cut down at even?
Oh! gladly sings the child of light,
"Joys never fade in heaven."

Sigh not of Earth,
But soar, my soul, on high;
Thou art of heavenly birth,
A native of the sky.
Redeemed, renewed by power divine,
For Jesus' sake forgiven,
Thou shalt amongst the brightest shine,
And weep no more in heaven.

WAIF. — NO. II.

BY EUREKA.

"Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."—*Math.* xvii. 21.

THE subject of "fasting" cannot have escaped the attention of the Bible reader, nor the interest of the Bible Christian. But although the text, with many other passages, enjoins it, and although the prophets and apostles, and our Saviour also, set us the constant example of observance, yet it is evident that the modern church, as a whole, has but little, if any faith in it. Why is this? If we examine, we shall be surprised to find in how many passages fasting is associated with prayer, and how often it is exhibited as a distinct means of approaching God.

The practical disregard of Christians may be, in a measure, charitably accounted for.

A gloomy voice comes echoing from the cloisters and deserts of the Dark Ages,—the burden of ascetic superstitions; vigils, fastings, lacerations of the flesh, monkish miracles, constituting a yoke intolerable. In the providential recoil of faith, from all this there has, unfortunately, (perhaps unavoidably for the time being,) resulted a confounding of truth with falsehood, and a rejection of both in a desire to shun but one. The whole field of truth on this subject has been deserted through fear of a dangerous extreme. We forget that the Bible enjoins a legitimate use of what the ancients abused. They ran riot in their imaginings of what God appointed.

If we are not mistaken, the foregoing is one reason why fasting is neglected by Christians at the present time.

But while the Bible plainly teaches the duty of fasting, and sets forth its privileges in many prominent examples, it becomes Christians to study into its nature, and pass no hasty judgment. Is it not possible that neglecting to do so may account for the lack of much vital faith which, if possessed, might enable the Christian now parleying with doubt, to be

named "Israel," for his power to prevail with God?

A few suggestions may be appropriate.

The text links prayer and fasting together, and there are so many relations between them that a right conception of the one leads to an understanding of the other.

With *prayer*, then, we are more familiar; let us trace its leading features, and discover, if we can, their counterparts in *fasting*.

1. Prayer is a work, — not a work of merit, but of faith. Here is a distinction all important, and, for want of its appreciation, many a petition is unsuccessful at the throne of grace. He forgets to forget himself. The heart is deceitful, and unconsciously looks for some merit in itself, or in the petition it offers.

2. Prayer is earnest, sincere, importunate, but never egotistical, never self-congratulatory.

3. Prayer is crowded with faith; but that faith goes outward from itself; it is not a reflex faith. It is not the sacrifice of Cain, but of Abel. It is a cloud of incense rising from the altar of the heart, not heavy, damp mists of selfhood falling back again to envelop the soul. The cloud at last settles, indeed, but always around the brow of Mount Calvary. The merit lies not in the faith itself, nor in the heart from which the faith comes, nor in the object for which the faith pleads, but in Christ,—exclusively, independently, eternally,—in whose name, as it were in whose person, faith approaches God. In fact, prayer is only an earnest, successful begging.

Fasting is analogous, in all respects, for could there be two different acceptable methods of approaching Jehovah?

Yet prayer is related to fasting, as a part is related to the whole.

Fasting is prayer prolonged, prayer intensified. Prayer is like stretching forth the hand for a blessing, fasting is *keeping* the hand open long, and anxiously, and expectantly. Fasting requires all the fore-

going components of prayer, but condensed, and wrought into a more powerful form.

In one sense fasting differs,—in self-denial. But no merit lies here, it is only a new phase of faith, or rather of its manifestation, not of its nature. This self-denial is the prayer itself, if joined to a proper spirit. It cuts us off from the world, and leaves us to commune with God only, and press our suit with perseverance. It is following Christ “into the high mountain apart,” and may lead us, unwittingly, to be present at the transfiguration.

Christians who have never *fasted* and *prayed* have much to learn, and much yet to enjoy. They are but dwarfed, no matter how rapid has been their growth in grace. They hardly know what it is to *hunger* and *thirst* after righteousness, and the promise is to such, that “they shall be filled.” They have not yet learned to cast out devils, it may be, from their own hearts,—for “this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.”

(Original.)

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A BROTHER.

BY R. W.

A Scrap of Experience.

MAY God bless you and yours, as he has been pleased in infinite goodness to bless mine and me.

My present life is a new life indeed. The Bible is *once more* a new book. Seals, that sealed it to me, have been loosed “by the Lamb that was slain,” and I read it with new eyes, and hear it with new ears, and seem to understand it with a new heart; for God has revealed to my soul far higher glories than I had ever known before. I now live, as I may say, in a different world from what I did before. I have almost continual rejoicing in God, and a lively sense of the abiding presence of Jesus Christ.

Nor is this rich and blessed experience for me alone, nor for any favored few; but it is free for all and every one who will come to Christ by simple faith, and receive it from him. It is the blessing of a clean heart, for which David prayed, Ps. 51;—a heart cleansed by the blood of Jesus Christ, 1 John;—a heart “kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation,” 1 Pet. i.

Do you not wish for such a blessing? If you do, it is for you. Those who do not believe in it, doubtless cannot have it. Those who do, and who hunger and thirst for it, are ripe for it, and may instantly have it. It is an instantaneous thing,—the work of an instant. It came upon me like a pentecostal baptism. It *was* the pentecostal baptism of the Holy Spirit. The Lord lead you to desire this blessing; to hunger and thirst for it; and then may you receive it in all its blessed fulness, and may your own soul be filled with its heavenly blessedness, as God has granted to me.

A Word of Counsel.

“Learn to see God’s hand in all the events of life, small and great. Learn to see his will most unerringly manifested by these events; for they show forth his will from all eternity. Learn also to bow in perfect submission to his will as thus manifested, in the small and insignificant items that make up a day’s life.

Hear God saying, in every trifling trouble, “It is I;” and therefore, “*be still, and know that I am God.*” Say Amen to it. Say, “Thy will be done,” in every little trial, and vexation, and petty care.

You will then be calm, and patient, and peaceful, and will please God by it, and will use his providence as he intended you should. You will “grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God.”

You will be learning to hear his voice in every breeze; to see his hand in every falling leaf, and to “acknowledge him in all your ways.”

Boston, 14 Blackstone St.

{Original.]

CONFLICTS AND TRIUMPHS.

BRO. DEGEN: A letter received from a sister contains some very interesting statements of experience, which I take the liberty to copy for the "Guide." She is an entire stranger to me, but addressed me as a seeker of the blessing about eight months since.

M. D. W.

"Aug. 20. Oh, what a work God has wrought! When we see our insufficiency, and submit all to God, how gloriously, and in his own good time, is the work accomplished. Oh, how long I have wept and prayed; prayed and wept for the blessing of perfect love; freedom from sin; acceptance through Christ; the unmistakable *evidence* and *knowledge* that I was his, sealed unto the day of redemption, and yet it came not. I have earnestly prayed, expected, looked and waited for it, but as many times have I mourned its absence until recently.

"Oh the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counselor? Who knoweth but himself alone, the path in which we shall walk, when we submit all to God?

"Such have been my trials and temptations, that I should have fainted and fallen back ere this, had it not been for the salutary influence of your epistles, and the strength of your supplications. What reason I have to render thanksgiving and praise unto God for such help. Oh, his boundless love and goodness to me!

"Aug. 26. I had submitted myself, my ways and all to Christ, taking the Holy Spirit as my teacher, guide, reprover, and comforter, and felt happy and safe while walking in the path which I was confident would lead me to perfect love, and the assurance of acceptance through Christ. But in an unexpected moment the enemy approached a place not so

strongly fortified; I resisted, and he retreated; and as I turned away, and sat musing on the victory gained, a soft whisper said, 'There is still danger;' but I mused on, still thinking that my armor was secure, when I was suddenly aroused from the fatal reverie by a well-known voice — 'The enemy is here!' I turned to grasp my sword, but it was gone, together with my shield. The enemy had approached at this unguarded moment, and borne them away in triumph, while I only caught a glimpse of them when too late for recovery.

"Experience alone can know the *sorrow*, the *distress*, the *bitter anguish*, and *repentings* of my soul, as I laid my mouth in the dust, and chid myself and wept. Oh, why was I so careless and stupid? Why did I not look better to my armor, and why did I not heed the soft whisperings of the Spirit-teacher? When too late, I was aroused to see it all.

I now mourned and wept, for prayer was out of the question. I tried to plead, but oh, how I looked, so hateful, so filthy and vile, that for days I loathed myself as I walked about, wishing that I could hide myself from the sight of every one. Sometimes it seemed as though I had committed the unpardonable sin; then again a faint ray of hope would light up the gloom that surrounded me. At length I had occasion to write to an absent brother, but what could I write for comfort when I felt none myself? But in closing I quoted Titus ii. 11—14. They had no particular interest, except a clause of the 14th verse, '*that he might redeem us from all iniquity*;' and as I thought on the time of redemption, these words, as if spoken by an angel, and expressly for me, were applied with such melting power, influence, and glory, as is beyond language to describe: 'Who shall change our *vile body*, that it may be fashioned like unto his *glorious body*? And at the same moment one approached me so gentle, mild, and lovely, smiling with such pity and forgiveness,

and presenting me with my sword and shield again! Ah, think you that *joy* and *gladness* are words sufficiently applicable to express the emotions with which I grasped and fastened my recovered armor anew to my side?

I left my work, and retired to give vent to the overflowing tide of love that now filled my soul, in thanksgiving and praise to God. Tongue nor pen can describe the blessedness, the glory of that LOVE. Experience alone can realize it.

Sept. 3. To-day my faith and confidence remain unwavering, love deep and abiding, my zeal and faithfulness in the cause, firm and resolute. Oh, thanks be to God for the victory given me over my besetments, sectarian influence, and my enemies, so that I can feel that spirit of love, forgiveness, and prayer for them which characterizes a child of God. Oh the height and depth of that love which the Father bestows through Christ! May its divine power increase daily in my soul, while life remains. How can I refuse to love and obey him who has done so much for me? How think of withholding from him that which is not mine, — *myself*, — for he has bought me with a price, and I am his, — *wholly his*, by creation, preservation, redemption, and by adoption, and amidst all the storms and trials that are yet before me. I expect through Christ to overcome, and finally, with the redeemed, to unite in the song, "*Worthy is the Lamb!*" Oh, the unbounded love of God in the plan of redemption!"

PREMATURE DECAY. — "As it is a miserable condition to see the faculties of our bodies buried before us and to survive long after them; so it is a fair and natural conclusion of our life, when the senses are by little and little laid asleep, that the dissolution of the whole may immediately follow." — *Bacon*.

For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law. — *Prov. iv. 2.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." "Rejoice in the Lord alway."

"What a wearisome world indeed this often is, in which we live," said the young and gifted Mrs. M. to her friend, as they sat, at the close of the day, in the window of the hotel where they were sojourning for a season, with many others, fellow-seekers after health from the healing waters of a neighboring spring.

"I am surprised to hear *you* speak in that way, Mary. It is not strange that the poor and wretched should be desponding, but for you, on whom have been lavished wealth, talents, beauty, position, advantages without number, and affection's richest gifts, to speak of this life in such sad tones, it surprises me; of all my acquaintances I consider you most fortunate."

"Listen a moment, and I will quickly demolish the stately pile which you have erected with sounding words. On which of all these which you have mentioned shall I lean my head for perfect repose and comfort in my hour of need? Is any one of them, — are all of them together satisfying? I have wealth; but wealth brings cares, and is treacherous, withal. If I trust in it for happiness, I trust in that which may at any moment take to itself wings and fly away. I cannot rest in it. An element of the transitory destroys peace. I have talents. Yes, I thank God daily for them. But talents impose responsibility, and demand toil. I often fail to fulfil the duties they bring, and then I suffer. Anxiety, and repentance for misuse, are the accompaniments of talent."

"I have beauty, you say. It fades daily. If I bestowed a thought upon it, it would be to mourn its sure decay."

"I have friends. A husband true and loving as woman ever rejoiced in; children dutiful and winning; parents, brothers, sisters. The wise and good have, from childhood, surrounded and blessed me. Can my aching heart lean with perfect

satisfaction on these? My husband has often a cloud of care upon his brow, and when I turn to him I must share that care, and instead of resting from all weariness in his love, must often strive to afford him repose by diverting him from his sorrow. My children, the thought of them is sweet indeed. They are sunbeams on my path of life. But oh, what anxieties fill my soul for their temporal and eternal future! What mother, alive to the allurements and snares of this contaminating world, can look on the fair faces of her unconscious babes, without trembling fears? I find no rest there.

"Look into the home of my childhood, and see the feeble steps of my idolized father, the careworn brow of my loving mother. Is there peace in the certain prospect of being soon bereft of such parents as you know mine to be? Send your thoughts to the homes of my brothers and sisters. You cannot fail to see the hectic deepening daily on the cheek of the one most loving and beloved in more than one household. Remember the past. Count the headstones in the silent gathering-place. Call back the hours of watching, and care, and anguish, that have been mine. Is there anything better in the promise of the future?"

"My brothers,—you say I surely may find a leaning staff in them. Noble by nature, rich in affection, cultivated,—all this they are, but alas! without God and without hope in the world. The sister who turns to the thought of them for comfort, will find she must flee farther, even to the mercy-seat of a forgiving God, and plead with strong crying and tears, that they make not eternal shipwreck.

"I have many friends among the choice spirits of earth, who I know will shine as the stars forever and ever. But they are not always near when my heart needs refreshment, and they also for the present tabernacle in clay, so that we often find ourselves forced to *anticipate* the communion of the saints in the New Jerusalem,

as our only real satisfaction of friendship.

"Besides these, I give you leave to gather together whatever earth has to bestow on me, and clothe all in the richest hues which a vivid imagination can furnish them. Put in the balance against them, this painful body, with its infirmities and disabilities, and reckon into the account the daily cares and duties of life; consider that I never see a day of respite from physical suffering; and that, whatever I undertake, must be performed at disadvantage; that aching limbs and unstrung nerves forbid buoyancy and alacrity, and take from labor all its enjoyment. You know also that it must be always thus. Answer now; do you wonder that I sometimes call this a wearisome world?"

"I cannot deny that all you say is true. I have not thought of it in this way before. Still, it does not strike me pleasantly to hear you speak thus. I cannot think it quite right."

"Wiser and better than I have written 'vanity and vexation of spirit' on the best things of earth, and pronounced the 'elements' of this world's happiness 'beggarly.'"

"Are you then utterly discontented and unhappy?—you, whom we have always thought so much to be envied! I know you have suffered and been bereaved, and do still suffer, but, I cannot tell why, I never think of you with pity, or as needing sympathy."

"No; I am not at all discontented, nor in the least unhappy. I see and *realize* that every earthly joy is fleeting and perishable, and I know that health will never renew its pleasures for me. But there is nothing in my lot to call forth pity, or require sympathy. I do not complain. I have no cause."

"I cannot understand you."

"Did you ever see a little child playing, hour after hour, among its blocks and toys; making endless variety out of its small store, and singing in the fulness of

its happiness? Let night come with its weariness, and stop the song, and destroy the pleasure. Try now to amuse the little thing, and silence its fretful cry with those same toys which were all-sufficient an hour ago. Have they any charm left? But the mother comes in. She has heard the little wailing voice. Does she bid her child satisfy itself with its playthings and be good? Not at all. She sits quietly down by the glowing fire, she lifts the babe into her lap, and rocks gently to and fro, singing a low song. Are there any more tears? Is that child, with its head reposing on the faithful mother's loving breast, its eyes closing in sleep, an object of pity to you? Do you think it needs toys now?

"That child am I. In every hour of weariness and ennui, in every time of trouble and pain, just such a resting-place is mine. What matter of regret is it to me that every earthly thing is unsatisfying, when I have but to turn to my Saviour's breast, and close my eyes to them all and repose in perfect peace? Enfolded in his arms I am unconscious of want. The child, having its mother, had all. I, having my Lord, ask nothing more.

"How glad your heart was for that weary little one, that it had a loving mother. You would have pitied it indeed, if it were forced to find all its comfort from blocks, and pewter cups, and dolls, and cry itself to sleep among them unsoothed, its real wants unknown and uncared for.

"So you can hereafter rejoice for me, and pity me not at all, even when I sometimes give expression to weariness and pain. The things of earth are not my portion. I enjoy them far more than most who possess them, but when they fail, as they surely must to satisfy and comfort the immortal soul, I am not left to their dreary ministry. The eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms, and I sleep, soothed by love fonder than a mother's, and better able to

defend from all evil than any earthly father's.

"My Lord and my God."

"How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee." "

Tract Journal.

[Original.]

THE SOUL'S LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

BY E. W.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling streams;
As thirsts the traveller o'er the burning sand,
For the refreshing shade and living spring;
As sighs the exile for the loved embrace
Of sire and mother, home and kindred dear,
So pants and sighs, O God, this heart of mine,
For thee and purity.

In vain the world,
Bedecked with fashion's gaudy tinsel,
With winning smile, invites my laboring heart
To join her feasts of mirth to find content.
Ambition, too, has tried her artful wiles
To still with worldly hopes this yearning cry,—
But all in vain. All earthly hopes are lost,
Are swallowed up by this deep soul-desire.
All earthly happiness I count but dross,
And willingly, while still the earnest cry
And craving of my heart is holiness.
Why is this inward thirst, my Father, why
This deep, intense desire for purity;
This constant, yearning cry of soul, "Create
In me, O God, a clean, a holy heart;"
If, in that fount for rebel sinners oped,
I seek in vain for grace to purify?
Thou 'st told me in thy word, "The blood of Christ
His son doth cleanse from all unrighteousness."
Oh, hast thou in thy word and promise failed,
Or failed in power? Hast thou, my God, inspired
Within this soul of mine a bitter thirst,
With naught to satisfy; a longing for
A good thou canst or will not grant? Silence,
My heart, the impious thought. It cannot be.
That blood for thee on Calvary's summit shed,
Is full to-day, and free, and powerful,—all
To save, e'en to the uttermost, the soul
That comes with faith to lave beneath its flood,
As when of old a Peter, Paul, or John
Were "cleansed," "made free by" its all-healing
power.

Take, then, my soul, by humble faith the gift,
The blood-bought gift. No longer doubt his power,
Or slight his love, but yield to him at once
Thine all,—a willing, holy sacrifice.
So shall thy joy increase, and brighter far
Shall grow the light that shines along thy way,
Till, in that land above, where all is love,
And joy, and purity, thy light is lost
In heaven's eternal day.

The Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1861.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

WITH devout gratitude to God for the unnumbered mercies of the past, we extend to our readers the hand of Christian fellowship, and bid them a happy New Year. God bless you, one and all;—bless you with all needful temporal good, that from him you may have those things which shall keep you from exposure to the temptation of a repining or fretful spirit;—bless you with a heart to give from a full storehouse, if you have it, to those who are so tempted;—bless you with a heart of gratitude for all you have, and a spirit of cheerful submission in all you lack of what may *seem* necessary for your well-being.

In reviewing the past year we desire, first of all, to render thanks to the infinite Father of all mercies for the privilege of our labors in connection with the Guide. They have been, at times, quite perplexing, and never entirely satisfactory to ourselves; they have been attended by a sense of responsibility which has driven us often to the secret place of wrestling with God, where alone strength could be found; yet they have been accompanied with rich spiritual blessings to our own hearts. We have felt, as we have read and reread, line by line, the communications of our contributors, and as we have dipped our pen in ink to express the thoughts of our own minds, that we indeed did believe that the doctrine of a present, full salvation was the truth of God; we have felt an increased assurance that this blessing was our blessing, by grace through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be all the glory now and forevermore. We thank God for the evidence, from time to time sent us, that other hearts than ours have been stimulated to increased faith and love by our pages. Some such have passed, during the year, into the most holy place,—into the presence of the Lamb,—where they know of a fulness impossible to the dwellers in the militant church. To those still walking in fellowship with us, and to all who are added to the number of our readers, we desire to express our wish for the continued blessing of God;—upon our own hearts and hand,—that our heart may be full of divine love to give the ready pen to our hand;—upon you, beloved, that our monthly visits may find you filled with all the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. Bear with our errors of judgment, we beseech you. Pray that we may never lack the unction from the Holy One. Let us wrestle together at the throne of grace for the extension of the work of perfect purity in the church; and supplicate, we entreat you, the Lord of the harvest to raise up many more faithful laborers in his vineyard, and to give the abundant ingathering of souls. Let

us ever unite in rendering ascriptions of praise “unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.”

GEN. O. H. KNAPP.

This beloved brother, known to a large circle of friends in this country and in England as an indefatigable laborer in the cause of holiness, departed this life on the 27th of November, in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 56 years.

He was a native of New Hampshire, but removed, in the commencement of his legal profession, to Ohio, where he filled many honorable and responsible offices. Animated by an unsanctified ambition, he was greatly flushed with the success of his political party in the election of Gen. Harrison to the presidency; but the death of that great and good man so soon after his election, and the consequent defeat of all his hopes was a blow that made him feel most sensibly the vanity of all earthly glory. With Bible in hand, he gave himself up to a week of prayer and religious reflection. It was a little like Napoleon's twelve hours at Fontainebleau. He came out of his retirement with the current of his ambition changed heavenward, and from that period the Bible to him was the book of books. Of his acquaintance with the sacred volume, and the diligence with which he studied it, he has left an enduring monument in the work recently issued from our press, entitled “The Marrow and Fatness of the Gospel; or, the Bible Guide to a Holy Life,” of which he was the author. He now enjoyed a happiness in the love of Christ and his pardoning favor he never knew before.

While travelling a few years afterward he met, in a hotel, Mrs. Palmer's “Way of Holiness.” He read and pondered its truths; he felt a need of an abiding in Christ which he knew not. A while after, he visited this “convincing author,” and then formed a friendship which lasted with life. His mind was not cleared of its difficulties immediately, and Mrs. P. addressed to him a series of letters, which are found in her “Faith and its Effects.”

The last five years of Gen. Knapp's life were passed in London, whither he went on temporal business; but the Great Head of the Church intended him for a higher work. Rejoicing himself in gospel fulness, he labored to bring others into the same state, and many were brought through his instrumentality to taste the sweetness of heart purity. He there formed links of holy Christian friendship, stronger and more numerous than in any other place where he had sojourned in his Christian life. Some of those friends, whose faith is strong, and vision into the unseen clear, will rejoice that he has escaped from the prison-house of clay; and others will weep because they will see his face no more. After the flight of the

spirit, we notice what have been its latest aspirations and leanings. He was, the last few months since his return to his native land, frequently humming or singing with his melodious voice, "The Shining Shore." The last Sabbath evening he spent on earth, he had his little boys with him alone in his room, singing this beautiful hymn. Another of his favorite hymns was, "I lay my sins on Jesus." "Glory to the Lamb," was also a sweet strain to him.

He had walked a long distance to church on this the coldest day of the season; and afterward spoke of pain about the region of the heart, to which he again adverted on the following Monday. In the evening of that day he attended family prayer as usual, with one verse of the "Shining Shore,"—the last time his voice was raised at the family altar.

On Tuesday he was in much pain, taking remedies without relief, until between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, in an unexpected moment, he ceased to breathe, while medical skill and the tenderest affection were ministering, in the hope of relieving his sufferings. But naught could prolong the spirit when the summons was sent from above, "Enter into thy rest," and we will in silent submission say, "Thy will be done." It was afterwards ascertained that his death was occasioned by a rupture of the heart.

The suddenness of our brother's call is an impressive comment on the solemn warning, "Be ye also ready, for, in an hour ye think not, the Son of man cometh." His plans had been laid and all arrangements effected for his becoming a joint editor of our magazine. His first editorial (a salutatory) had even been written for the January number; but the second mail after its reception brought us the sad tidings of his death. We shall not soon forget how elated he appeared, after all preliminaries had been arranged, at the prospect of devoting the remnant of his life to the cause of holiness; how actively his mind planned future operations, and with what heartiness he entered upon their execution. But the Master had need of him elsewhere.

He has entered into his rest, and his works do follow him. Brother Knapp has left the best of testimony behind him,—an upright life, a holy conversation, and an unwavering faith. We believe his spirit was beneath the atoning merits of Jesus, which alone purifies from all guilt, and justifies the soul before the throne of God.

Beloved, let us so live that, with our brother, we may be able to testify: "I have the inward testimony that should I this instant be called from earth I shall be forever with the Lord."

We bespeak for the widow and children the earnest prayers of God's people. They bow with submission to the stroke, but keenly feel the weight of the blow. May our sympathizing Saviour press them to his heart of love, and comfort them with the consolations of God, which are neither few nor small.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

ENOCH.

"And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him."—*Gen. v. 24.*

"By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."—*Heb. xi. 5.*

A FEW strokes of the pen of inspiration begin and end the written history of Enoch. But these convey truths of the most interesting and important character. Jude (v. 14) declares that he was a prophet, and spake of the coming of the Lord with ten thousand of his saints. We are naturally surprised at the announcement that an antediluvian preached upon the second coming of Christ. But the three prominent facts of his history are, first his holiness, second his faith, by which he attained this distinguished holiness, and third, the honor conferred upon him in his translation.

His holiness was remarkable (1) in its degree. "He walked with God." "He pleased God." These declarations teach that the two were agreed. Enoch's will was evidently wholly conformed to God's will. They walked together as friends, the finite creature leaning upon and confiding implicitly in the condescending Creator. (2) His holiness was distinguished for the length of time by which it was tested. It was at least during three hundred years. This to us seems like a long trial of faith amidst worldly conflicts. But Enoch wearied not in it. The length of the way did not dishearten him. Indeed, doubtless it seemed short, because he walked with God. Pleasant company makes us forget the tediousness of an extended journey. Like the disciples going to Emmaus with the Lord, his heart ever burned within him, while He with whom he walked unfolded to his attentive mind eternal truths. It was marked (3) by the little aid he received from outward circumstances. It was a wicked generation; so Jude intimates, and so the subsequent universal spread of corruption teaches. The antecedent examples of holy living by which his faith received encouragement must have been few. His opportunities of fellowship with kindred minds were doubtless very limited. Anything like a general regard for the Sabbath at that time can hardly be supposed. And, although his walk with God brought light upon his spiritual pathway, yet the records of God's will had not commenced. Yet Enoch pleased God. Enoch's faith stood in inseparable connection with his holiness. The Old Testament record says nothing of this. Yet with gospel knowledge of the way to please God, it might be inferred. His faith was eminently "the substance of things hoped for." It took hold of things promised which yet lay in the far distant future, and made them practically live in the present.

He saw Christ not only in his incarnation and death, but in his resurrection, ascension, and return to judgment. Faith lent to him its realizing light. By it he saw and rejoiced in the good things to come.

Thirdly, we have a wonderful fact in Enoch's history. "He was not, for God took him." He did not die, but was somehow, in the goodness and power of God, taken to heaven without travelling through the valley and shadow of death appointed for other men. *Why*, we cannot tell. We may infer that it was that a lasting record might thus be made of God's pleasure at his holy walk. It may have been, if his translation was witnessed, as was Elijah's, to show the men of his generation more fully than they had before been taught, that there was a future state, thus confirming what Enoch had preached. To us, enlightened by subsequent revelations, his translation is a great stimulus to faith in the unseen world; and its connection with his walk with God is one among the many proofs that without holiness we cannot see him.

THE SELF-DENIAL BOX.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself."
—*Math. xvi. 24.*

At the present time, while there are so many destitute of the mere comforts of physical life, and many more who are perishing for a knowledge of life in Christ, self-denial eminently becomes the disciples of Christ. There should be in every Christian family a self-denial box, such as is referred to in the following incident.

"At an annual missionary meeting in London, in 1847, one of the speakers related some facts in regard to a juvenile missionary society in his own congregation, called the 'Youthful Branch Society.' Children not more than eight years old belonged to it. One of these came to his mother saying, 'We have some things we can spare in the course of the year; may we put them into the box for the missionaries, and call it the self-denial box?'"

THE LUST OF OTHER THINGS.

"The lust of other things entering in choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful."—*Mark iv. 19.*

A returned missionary, who labored many years among the Indians of the Far West, related to us in substance the following incident. After a stirring appeal to a party who were preparing for a hunting excursion, in which Christ was set forth, and the importance of immediate salvation in him was urged, the missionary received the following reply.

"You see we are busy with our hunting now. We hunt, then we hear you." It was urged that they might never return from the hunt; the only reply was, "We hunt now." And so it was with the men of the parable of our Lord. One desired the things of his farm, and

another those of his merchandise. The mind, preoccupied with "other things," gives no opportunity for the good seed to produce fruit. It were well if Christians looked to the teachings of the Word in this matter.

POSTURE IN PRAYER.

BY PROF. HACKETT.

"And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed."—*Luke xxii. 41.*

The common attitude of worshippers in the East is kneeling, with the upper part of the body now erect, and then thrown forward so as to bring the head in contact with the earth; they alternate between the one posture and the other. In this case, it will be observed, the worshipper remains on his knees, even when he bends forward, with his face to the ground or the floor. It is remarkable that three of the Evangelists, in speaking of the posture of the Saviour, during his prayer in the Garden, use three different expressions. Luke says that our Lord knelt down; Mark (xiv. 25) that he fell upon the earth; and Matthew (xxvi. 39) that he fell upon his face.

In regard to the last two writers, the variation seems to be verbal; but how are they consistent with Luke? It is quite possible that their different expressions refer to different parts of the same act. The Saviour, habituated to the customary forms of worship, may have bowed his knees, and, without changing that position, may also have stooped forward, and inclined his face to the earth. This explanation conciliates entirely the Evangelists with each other, and accords with the manner in which prayer is still offered. In Genesis xvii. 3, it is said that Abraham, as he worshipped God, "fell upon his face" before him. This may have been a similar act, including the kneeling as well as the prostration, though the latter only is mentioned. Another view is, which appears to me less simple, that our Lord knelt down at first, and then afterwards, as he became more earnest in his supplicating, changed his posture, and lay prostrate on the earth.

THE MEASURE OF OUR PROFIT IN HEARING GOD'S WORD.

"Take heed what ye hear. With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you; and unto you that hear shall more be given."—*Mark iv. 24.*

There is a measure received in judging. It is according to the judgment with which we judge. (Matt. vii. 2.) There is also a measure meted to the giver. It is according to his giving. (Luke vi. 38.) And so the measure of our profit in hearing God's word is determined by the attention rendered it. The heart that has received it to profit shall be enlarged, thereby to receive more profit; and to the ear which has listened attentively shall further revelations of truth be made.

The inquiry which most concerns us, then, in turning away from the house of God, is not whether the preacher has been eloquent, but whether we have been attentive. We should ask not *only* whether the truth has been faithfully preached, but whether it has been devoutly heard.

An old gentleman of our acquaintance, whose attendance upon the worship of God's house is not interrupted by unfavorable weather, nor by slight ill-health, was once asked, at the close of the Sabbath, if the preaching of the day had been blessed to him. "I have not heard an unprofitable sermon for forty years," was the reply. It may be inferred that the congregations with which he has met in that time have not wanted a prayerful and attentive hearer.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM.

Ye who dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty; who are accustomed to talk with God as a man would converse with his friend; who, walking in the light and doing no iniquity, not only have confidence toward God, but power to prevail in prayer, enter into your chambers and pray, that in this day of confusion the wrath of man may be made to praise him;—that the commotions of the world may be overruled to his glory, and that our favored country may be spared the judgments which are suspended over her. Amid the surges of popular feeling, dearly beloved, lose not your recollection in God. This done, and your strength is gone. The church, the country, and the world at this time need nothing so much as *men* mighty in faith and prayer. Whatever clouds darken the sky, remember that He rides above them all. Let your faith abide.

"Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms and afflictions beneath."

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

The Christian Advocate and Journal, of Dec. 6, contains an extract from a London magazine for November, concerning the labors of this beloved brother since he left this country for England, last July. We copy a part of it.

"Mr. Caughey is laboring with us here at present in Liverpool, and with his usual success. The sword of truth seems quite as sharp in the hearts of sinners as in bygone years. Oh, but these are wonderful scenes,—sinners instantaneously arrested and awakened! Sobs, groans, and cries on every hand, with many tears, as if in one short hour they most surely expected to be among those who are weeping and wailing in hell. But the change wrought in these by sim-

ple faith in the atoning blood, is more amazing still. All glory be to God, is the language of many hearts. Some seven or eight hundred persons, I believe, have been made partakers of the great salvation; a large proportion are from the world. Many have been purified and made white, and others who were members of the churches have obtained the forgiveness they ought to have enjoyed years before. Many poor backsliders have returned to the fold."

The writer of the above adds some interesting incidents illustrating the success of Mr. Caughey's labors "out of doors" as well as in. The seed sown during some of his walks of recreation have been productive of instantaneous and most wonderful fruit.

THE JUNIOR EDITOR,

Whom we introduce to our readers in this number, has laid upon our table a brief, but a heart-stirring and cheering sermon, which we shall publish next month.

CONDENSE.

We have quite a number of valuable communications on hand, which we shall publish as soon as we can find room. Some of them are delayed because they need much trimming to adapt them to our columns. This is particularly the case with several communications on personal experience. Brief, pithy, spirited articles are most popular with the editors, and most profitable to our readers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The verses of O. R. I. we must most respectfully decline. A few years under a private teacher would avail our correspondent more in pointing out defects than any criticism we could pass.

The "Two Marys" too late for the present number.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LOVE WINS LOVE.

"MOTHER, the birdies all love father," said a little boy of five summers, as he stood with his mother, watching the robins, who were highly enjoying their morning meal of cherries from the old tree that overhung the house.

"Does anybody else love father, Charlie?"

"Oh, yes! I love him, and you love him, but we know more than the birds."

"What do you think is the reason the birdies love your father?"

Charlie did not seem to hear this question. He was absorbed in deep thought.

"Mother," at last he said, "all the creatures love father. My dog is almost as glad to see him as he is me. Pussy, you know, always comes to

him, and seems to know exactly what he is saying. Even the old cow follows him all round the meadow, and the other day I saw her licking his hand, just as a dog would. What can be the reason, mother?"

"Think, Charlie, — try and find out a reason yourself."

"I think it is because father loves *them*, mother. You know he will often get up, when he is tired too, to give pussy something to eat if she is hungry, and he pulls carrots for the cow to eat from his hand, and pats her, and talks to her, and somehow I think his voice never sounds so pleasant as when he talks to the creatures."

"I think his voice sounds pleasant when he is talking to his little boy."

Charlie smiled. "Father loves me," he said, "and I love him dearly. He loves the birds, too, I am sure. He whistles to them every morning when they are eating cherries, and they are not a bit afraid of him, though he is almost near enough to catch them. They look at him with their funny little eyes, and chirp and eat away just as if they knew he liked to see them. I wish you could hear him whistle to the '*bogalinks*,' as little Mamy calls them. They come and sit on a twig, close by him, and sing so loud, and make such funny noises. It always makes me laugh to hear him try to do as they do. Mother, I wish everything loved me as well as they do father."

"Do as father does, Charlie, and they will. Love all living things, and be kind to them. Do not speak roughly to the dog. Don't pull pussy's tail, nor chase the hens, nor try to frighten the cow. Never throw stones at the birds. Never hurt nor tease anything. Speak gently and lovingly to them. They know as well as you do who has a pleasant voice. Feed them and seek their comfort, and they will love you, and everybody that knows you will love you too." — *Tract Journal*.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

NIGHT is over: light is streaming;
Through my window-pane 'tis come;
And the sun's bright rays are beaming
On my own dear, happy home,
God has watched me through the night;
God it is who sends us light.

Night is over; some poor children
Have been homeless, sleepless, ill;
God has let me rest so sweetly
In my chamber, warm and still.
Lord, I thank thee for thy love;
Raise my morning thoughts above.

Night is over: heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day.
Take away my love of sin;
Let thy Spirit rule within.

BOOK NOTICES.

MILLENNIAL EXPERIENCE; or God's Will known and done. By Rev. ALMON UNDERWOOD. Boston: Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill.

The author presents his subject under the following general divisions: Part I. The manifestation of God's will from moment to moment needful. Part II. The provision. Part III. How secure the provision. Part IV. Evidences. Part V. Objections considered.

Part first is occupied with truths generally conceded by evangelical Christians, and is preparatory to what follows. Part second is a clear statement of the Bible teachings on the subject discussed. The chapters and sections under this head are well arranged to lead the devout and candid reader to the conclusions of the infallible Word, that the whole will of God may be known and done from moment to moment by the believer. Part third is, in our judgment, the most able and soul-stirring portion of the work. No man could have written it who had not himself known somewhat of the experience, the way to which he so forcibly portrays. Under the fourth part the author treats the subject of the witnesses to the fact of the attainment of the blessing, among which, and foremost, he places the direct testimony of the Holy Ghost.

The whole subject is well written, and thoroughly discussed. We hail with gratitude the appearance of the work as a valuable contribution to the literature of the "Higher Life;" and especially as a work written by a minister of a denomination who are likely to receive it from the stand-point of the author, without the prejudice which other modes of presentation have excited. We rejoice that entire sanctification is taught by it, in its essential features, and presented in an aspect by which it is likely to gain new friends.

THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN. Memorials of Eliza Hessel. New York: Carlton & Porter. For sale by J. P. Magee, Boston.

We have always regarded Christian biography as one of the most efficient methods of teaching divine truth, especially that portion which is essential to spiritual life and eternal salvation. The Bible deals largely in this mode of bringing men to Christ and heaven. The biography of Eliza Hessel is worthy of a place among its many valuable predecessors. She was a woman of more than common mental endowments and culture. She served God with a pure spirit fervently.

LADY'S ALMANAC, 1861. Boston: Chase, Nichols, & Hill. New York: Phinney, Blakeman, & Mason. Philadelphia: T. B. Pugh. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory, & Co. Cleveland: Ingham & Bragg. Detroit: Raymond & Lapham. St. Louis: E. K. Woodard. Savannah, Ga.: J. M. Cooper & Co.

This is a perfect gem in its mechanical execution, and the taste displayed in its literary matter. It contains, besides much entertaining reading, many valuable records of permanent value.

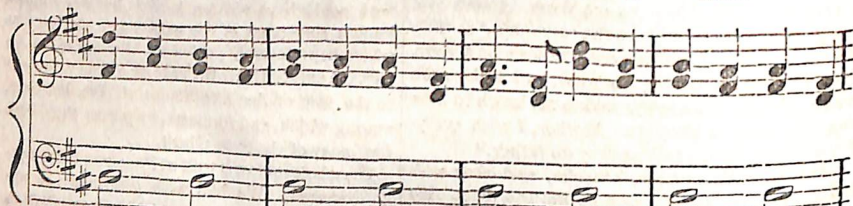
ALL, ALL IS WELL.



1. Through the love of God our Sa-vior, All will be well,



Free and changeless is his fa - vor, All, all is well.



Precious is the blood that heal'd us, Strong the hand stretched out to shield us,



Per-fect is the grace that seal'd us, All must be well.

2. Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well;
 Ours is such a full salvation,
 All, all is well.
 Happy, still in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy through the spirit's guiding—
 All must be well.—

3. We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well,—
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living or in dying,
 All must be well.—

TRANSFORMING POWER OF COMMUNION WITH GOD.

A SERMON BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

"But in all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

EVERY man is like his associates. "Tell me," said one of the old philosophers to a young man,—"Tell me who your companions are, and I will tell you who you are." An interview with a stranger, of only a few minutes, is generally sufficient to inform one of the grade of his associations, with very little liability of misjudging. An ignorant, degraded youth, providentially thrown into a circle of associates much above his own level, begins at once to approach the standard of his new friends. This he will certainly do if he really and heartily associate with them. Whenever two persons of unequal character begin to associate, we may safely prophecy that one of several things will happen:—the superior will bring his friend up to his standpoint, or the inferior will degrade the former to his, or the parties will soon discover such mutual repugnance to each other as to make further association intolerable, and they will fly apart. Should the parties in such a case, before learning each other's character, bind themselves together for life, they will have laid the foundation for lifelong discomfort and sadness. The rule, however, seems to be universal, that they who voluntarily associate will necessarily approach each other in character,—the stronger usually moulding the weaker to its own standard.

This powerful means of moulding character is the one recognized in the text, which affirms that a moment beholding of the glory of God has the effect upon the beholder of drawing him upward toward that glory,—that excellence of moral character.

By the glory of the Lord is doubtless meant his holiness. Holiness in God is perfect and eternal purity,—the complete, perpetual absence from his nature of all defilement,—all obliquity of character, and the presence and fruition of all excellence. God's holiness is seen in the delight he manifests in the contemplation of holiness in any of his creatures; in his universal opposition to all sin; in the eternal rewards which he has affixed to righteousness, and the everlasting banishment from himself which he has denounced against the impure and the unholy. Holiness in the Divine Being does not appear so much a distinct attribute, as an all-surrounding, all-penetrating glory, which permeates all the divine perceptions, and sheds its radiance afar, so that all the hosts who contemplate him adoringly, are smitten with the divine effulgence and cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!" This is "*the glory of the Lord.*"

The text speaks of our "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord." Beholding *as in a glass*; not as in a transparency, I take it, but as in a mirror,—a reflector. "No man hath seen God at any time;" no man has had a direct, unobscured vision of the Eternal Elohim; but we behold his glory in a reflector. God reveals himself to man in his works,—in his providence,—in the work of his Spirit upon the heart,—in his word,—in his Son. In these, while in meditation and prayer, we behold as in a mirror the glory of the Lord.

To behold is a stronger term than to see,—stronger than to look. It signifies the act by which I put all other things aside, and concentrate all my power of attention upon one object. To behold the glory of the Lord in this sense, implies the attainment of a habit of mind in which the thought goes back to God from every diversion, as the needle back to the pole.

Our thoughts mould our characters; especially the thought around which the

mind lingers, and which it entertains with pleasure. While the thought habitually turns to God, the life will always be a progress toward him. 'Tis easy serving God while the heart delights in contemplations of his character; but so long as a man's thoughts turn away instinctively from God, to dwell on objects that are earthly and sinful, it is at least very difficult to serve him at all, and it is impossible to maintain a healthy, steadfast piety. Of the wicked man David said, "God is not in all his thoughts;" while of his own heart he said, "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved." Isaiah said, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." That is it! The habit of mind by which when the soul gets to God it stays there, and waits, and looks, and believes, and loves, and lives in his presence and smile. Happy the man who thus finds his centre in God; whose thoughts ever gravitate toward him; returning gladly from every needful excursion to the contemplation of a character infinitely perfect, and finding itself lifted up by the power of a divine attraction toward the Object it contemplates. Good men in every age have been remarkable for this habitual heavenward tendency of their thoughts; and it is doubtless true that no man ever attained eminent goodness who was not characterized by this mental habit.

The power of thought to mould character is recognized in Paul's exhortation to the Philippians. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, *think on these things.*" How obvious is the good sense and philosophy of such a direction.

The books which one reads are equally certain to affect the mind of the reader

according to their own particular character. The question is not merely, — not mainly whether a book is true or false, but what is the character of the images it imprints on the imagination of the reader? Does it treat of what is pure, and lovely, and honest, and of good report, as well as true, or does it detail the expedients and successes of villains and debauchees? The claim and the proof that a book is true to historic fact are absolutely of no weight whatever in an inquiry into its suitability for the family library. It may be true as any biography upon the shelf, and yet it may store the memory with a class of facts which, from their very nature, it can never turn to good account; and it may so inflame the imagination as to prepare the reader for the foulest outrages, and drive him on to infamy and hell. God's decision is that the name of the wicked shall rot; and the man who takes that rottenness up and proposes to serve it out for the mental food of another generation, commits a crime against society, and an offence against God, of fearful magnitude. Read the life of Luther, of Knox, of Fletcher, of Edwards, of Summerfield, and mark the effect upon yourself as you read on. How your soul begins consciously to draw toward the characters you thus contemplate. Thus it is that the company you keep, the thoughts you entertain, and the books you read, possess the power to mould your character, and will certainly do it.

But there is no force which can be brought to bear upon the human heart so powerfully moulding as deep and constant communion with God. In God, character is found infinitely exalted, glorious, perfect. Of two characters in friendly contact, the stronger will always mould the weaker. God's omnipresence makes his companionship everywhere and at all times available, and hence the force of the declaration, — "we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image

from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

I must not dismiss this branch of the subject without reminding you how large a share of our time we may each of us spend in direct intercourse with God; either by reading, or by prayer and meditation. What hours, and days, and years that are now squandered by the great mass of God's professed people, might be spent in reading and in prayer; and as to meditation, there is room for that everywhere. Excepting here and there a very brief period in which the attention must be fully given to some matter in hand, the whole life of the great mass of persons, whether male or female, is spent in mere routine, when the attention of the thoughts is not needed upon their work, and *cannot be confined there*. A farmer, ploughing all day, can pray all day. His wife, engaged in her accustomed duties in-doors, can do the same. A mechanic, toiling at his bench, cannot keep his thoughts within his shop if he would. They *will* go abroad; they *may* go up to God. The physician, stepping into his carriage to go and visit a patient, may talk with God till he reach his patient's door. And so of the rest. Oh, how easily and how blissfully man may walk with God on this earth if he will! How fully each Christian may appropriate the language of Paul, and say, "My conversation is in heaven."

It remains to speak a little more definitely of the transformation of which the text speaks. The reverent beholding of the divine glory produces the effects attributed to it as a cause, usually, I think, in about the following order:—

The first effect upon a finite, and especially upon a sinful mind, of turning the attention upon the infinite excellence of God's character is one of deep abasement and self-aborrence. No man is really humble whose thoughts never attach themselves strongly to one above himself; whereas, just in proportion as the object

we contemplate rises in dignity above us, do we find ourselves abased.

You have sometimes seen a young man full of self-sufficiency; full of airs and presuming boldness. You have noticed something in his style and carriage, whenever you have seen him, which seemed to indicate that he considered himself the most important personage abroad. Who is that youth? On inquiry, you will infallibly learn that he is one who has never read much nor travelled far; who has never made the acquaintance of the great and wise of his own or of former times; and especially you will learn that he is far from God; that he "hath not seen him, neither known him." Very likely you will learn that he is the head of a knot of youngsters, inferior still to himself, who ape his manners, and repeat his sayings, and laugh at his witticisms. They look up to him and he looks down to them. Unconsciously he is daily comparing himself with his associates, by which he nurses his own vanity and sinks toward their level.

Now suppose it were possible to introduce that young man into the presence of some of the sages of our race; some such men as Washington, and Wilberforce, and Jefferson, and Jay, and Humboldt. Bring him forth and set him down in the midst of a circle of these men, and mark the effect upon him. See how perfectly crestfallen he is. He cannot lift up his eyes. He knows not what to do with his hands, or his feet. He dares neither to move nor to sit still. And as to speaking, he is conscious that he never had a thought in his life fit to be uttered in such a presence. Poor fellow! How he suffers and sinks on being confronted with greatness. How has he gone down in his own esteem in the course of a single hour. And yet this is the most profitable interview of his life. It has *humbled* him; and before honor is humility. It has exalted him in all his ideas of greatness and excellence. It has placed before

him a new standard and measure of character. Possibly, for the first time in his life, he is dissatisfied with himself; and therefore, for the first time in his life, he is in a condition for improvement and reformation.

The principle is the same when God reveals himself to man. How natural, in this view, is the expression of Job, "I have heard of thee, by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Just there is the point where all improvement begins. The axiom is, "before honor is humility." No man goes up till he first goes down. No man begins to improve his spiritual state till first he becomes thoroughly dissatisfied with his present position; and I realize the first grand result of this waiting on God; this devout looking up to him; this earnest contemplation of his character; this steadfast beholding the glory of the Lord, in the overwhelming sense of my own littleness, and weakness, and ignorance, and sinfulness, and want, which comes down upon me, and penetrates all my being, till I feel it a relief to cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am!"

Another effect soon follows. It is an earnest desire; often an unutterable one, to be like the Being we behold. "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." This is "hungering and thirsting after righteousness" indeed; and "blessed are they who thus hunger, for they shall be filled." No words can convey the restless, eager, passionate longings after God, *the living God*, which the soul experiences sometimes, as the result of long-continued waiting upon him and beholding of his glory. At such a time how hateful sin appears. How vain and empty every earthly pleasure. And as the soul continues looking unto Jesus, how its ties to earth become dissolved one after another; how increas-

ingly easy becomes the work of surrender and consecration, and how steadily, and how rapidly do all holy desires and purposes increase.

Nothing can keep a heart thus exercised from making progress in piety. He that steadily looks up will go up. He that steadily looks toward God, will go toward God. We follow our eyes,—to heaven or hell. The contemplation of purity will make me pure, just as the contemplation of sin will make me sinful. You never sin with your eye on Jesus. Satan can have no power over you unless he can first distract your attention and divert your eye from the Saviour. Your strength is in Jesus. Your strength is in prayer; the imploring cry for help, that comes from a soul full of self-despair, and full of confidence in Christ. Therefore look to Jesus, and drink in salvation as you look. Look to Jesus. Cry to Jesus. Fly to Jesus, and let your pursuing adversary learn always that he only chases you into the Sun, from whose dazzling, rebuking, bewildering light he must flee away, howling in despair.

There is a beautiful legend of three young men who banded themselves together to seek holiness. They were to meet once a week, to converse and pray together on the subject. For a time they seemed to make little progress. At length one of them had a dream as follows: Himself and two friends were in a deep pit, with no visible means of extrication. Several plans of escape were devised and tested, but without success; and they stood, with heads bowed down, discouraged and despairing. Just then the dreamer heard a voice above, saying, "Look at me." Looking up, he saw a most lovely being standing on the brink of the pit, and bending over them. He fixed his eyes on the stranger, and felt himself drawn upward toward him. Surprised that his feet should leave the earth, he turned his eyes downward upon his friends, and instantly sank back again.

With a tone of gentle reproof, the stranger said again, "Look at me;" when, fixing his steadfast gaze upon him, he was drawn upward and rescued. His friends followed his example, and all were saved. This was the dream which, at a subsequent meeting, he related to his fellows: Drawing the proper inference from the dream, they all soon found the salvation they sought by simply *looking to Jesus*.

The principle recognized in this text covers the whole length of the Christian life. It is involved in the earliest processes of grace upon the heart. "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." The man in the very ends of the earth, who begins to look to God, begins to approach him; that is, begins to be saved. The penitent, bowed down in sorrow and tears to seek pardon, finds the blessing "looking unto Jesus." The believer, tempted and care-worn and heavy, creeps away to his closet and his God, and finds courage, and patience, and power, and life eternal, flowing anew to his soul while beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord. The power that saves unto the uttermost is found just here. Our brethren seeking full salvation, find that they have many of the lessons learned in justification to learn over again. Many of them spend much time in trying to save themselves, but never find the pearl they seek, till, dropping every other hope and plea, they fall alone on the merits of the Redeemer, and sink away into the blissful life-tide, *looking to Jesus*. Every step of Christian progress, and every victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, is gained by a believing view of Christ. The king of terrors is vanquished in the final struggle, and the dark stream of death passed in safety, still looking unto Jesus.

Even in the eternal world the principle shall not be extinct, it seems. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, *for we shall see him as he is.*"

EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. C. D. HAYES.

HAVING, by the help of God, consecrated *all I am* to his service, I consequently wait upon him, desiring to do his bidding. As I listen, I seem to hear a *still, small voice* saying unto me, "Write," and my acquiescence to the divine will forbids the interrogation, Why? but I sincerely desire to follow the leadings of the Spirit, lest "my light become darkness." I implore his assistance while I present some of my experience to the readers of the Guide, hoping and praying it may benefit some earnest-seeking soul.

There was no revival or excitement at the time. I had been powerfully convicted during many revival seasons previously, but refused to accept proffered mercy. Now I became convinced of its necessity by hearing a sermon preached by a Rev. Mr. Gibb, at the "Webster schoolhouse." I feared it was the Spirit's *last call*, and for one week my case (to myself) seemed hopeless, but, after great agony of spirit, was "by dying love" compelled to yield, *step by step, my all to Jesus*, and the evidence of my pardon was clear as the noonday sun.

"Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song,"

for a while; but, being ignorant of the devices of our arch-enemy, and shrinking from bearing the cross, (the *necessary* means provided for a growth in grace,) I soon lost the witness, which caused great suffering of mind. Occasionally my *faith* would seem to bring me into the sunshine of God's countenance for a short time, but *works* were wanting, and I could not stand, and would as often relapse into darkness, till I *ventured* to believe I had *no religion*, and the consequence was, I indulged deeper in the vanities and amusements of the world than before, and for two years was *tossed and driven with-*

out God, and without hope, for I felt that I had grieved the Spirit!

I had no rest, but an *unceasing war* was carried on in my heart, for the "strong man armed" had returned with renewed forces, determined to maintain his former position as sole monarch, while the Holy Spirit, true to his trust, and faithful in his office work, ceased not day or night to warn me of my danger, till, by its sweet influences and earnest pleadings, I was again driven to the feet of him whom I had wounded afresh, begging for mercy.

Again the Lord saw fit to lead me out alone by the way of the cross,—the *very* way I had shunned, and, setting my feet down where I *first* left the track, I commenced my pilgrimage once more. I was enabled, (trusting wholly in this strength,) to confess my backslidings, and express my desires and determinations before my young companions.

"Come out, and be ye separate," &c., was continually sounding in my ears, and to my heart, and I resolved to exemplify the true Christian,—remembering that I had, before the congregation and all heaven, solemnly promised to "*renounce the devil and all his works,*"—"the vain pomp and glory of the world," &c.—so that I would not follow or be led by them.

I was educated to believe the blessing of holiness attainable in this life by the teachings of the Bible and the testimony of Christians, and was acquainted with a few who enjoyed it, but I heard so little said about it, that for some years I supposed it was an *extra favor*, lavished upon a few chosen of God as his "*peculiar people*," nor did I have a thought that I could ever receive the blessing called *sanctification*. A few weeks before I united with the church, I felt it my duty, for the first time, to *fast*, and a heavy burden it proved, as I was with a family that disapproved of such ceremonies.

I dared not disobey the divine injunction. Something whispered, Bear this

cross for Christ's sake, and, "*ask what ye will, ye shall receive.*" I yielded to the impression with faith in God, and fasted for twenty-four hours. A *clean heart* was the boon I craved. My faith was directed to the promise, and I was enabled to believe my heart was *clean*! I afterward learned it was our annual fast day. For a while I was filled with *holy joy*,—a *solid peace*,—an unshaken faith,—and was impressed that it was my duty to *live* to glorify God. It seemed to me that it would be a *pleasant* work to leave my friends and home, and go to heathen lands, and teach those benighted souls the way to heaven. Oh the anxiety I had for usefulness! I did not understand well the nature of the blessing I had received, nor how to retain it. At times I *believed* the work was wrought, and my heart was filled with a peace that flowed like a river,—such a peace of which the world knows nothing. Again, I was unable to preserve this enjoyment, yet not knowing well how to trust in Jesus *by the moment*. At a later period I read all the testimony I could get for information.

The life of Hester A. Rogers was very encouraging, and "Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection" was a key to open to my mind many precious truths of the Bible that had hitherto seemed like a mystery. I studied the Scriptures much upon my knees, fasted and wrestled in prayer till I rejoiced in the clear assurance of the possession of *free, full, and present* salvation. My feet pressed the Rock; my heart believed, and at times my joy knew no bounds. For two years I had seasons of sweet communion with God, midst the *most perplexing* trials of my life. During this time I had unavoidable clouds to pass through, and sometimes they seemed like *blackness*; but the most of the time could realize the Lord strengthening and bidding me trust in him. When the winds raged, and waves ran high, I recognized the voice of him who bade the winds "be still;" and, when

the pruning-knife was applied to the branch, I knew that in *due* season would the command, "*It is enough*," be given. I at times, however, had doubts, understanding so imperfectly *how* the "just live by faith," and not by sight. I feared, when I was not filled with "joy unspeakable," that I had in some way grieved the Spirit. In the year 1847, light burst in upon my prospects, and for one year my enjoyment was more clear and constant, "refreshing showers" were generously distilled upon my willing heart. I feasted upon heavenly manna, and drank of the waters of life so "divinely pure."

Eternity alone can disclose the joys I felt in the full assurance of *sins washed away*. Oh the unfathomable depths of love felt in the soul under the exercise of a faith obtained by *constant* self-denial, fasting, and prayer! But my sun was again darkened; my health gradually failed, and with it (I imagined) went the witness of the fulness. Oh the desolation of my heart!

My mind at times seemed bordering on despair, and was brought to the very gates of death without the *faith* that I *was saved*, but with only the *hope of being saved*. But God was merciful in listening to my earnest prayers for my recovery. While cares, and trials, and darkness of mind altogether seemed beyond endurance, again a ray of light would beam down through the unbelief, and discover to me that the hand of God was in *all this*, and his cheering words to me were, "*Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.*" As my health improved, my faith increased, and I was enabled to claim an undoubted witness of my approbation with God once more, and could say, as did Wesley, I felt "my heart strangely warmed."

I felt as though all my powers of usefulness were taken from me till I received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Friday evening, January 13, 1860, I

attended a weekly prayer-meeting, where assembled a few who professed to enjoy perfect love. I felt that the time was come for *me to venture out*. I took *all I was, all I had, and all I had done*, and brought them to the Lord, *feeling*, "*I can but perish if I go*;" and, also, *all things are now ready*; what more *can I do*? Oh, how sensibly I felt the unworthiness and meanness of my offering! My heart-cares and burdens to put upon my Saviour! My life and all were laid at his feet, and I awaiting in almost breathless anxiety for an answer, but what an *awful* stillness reigned! Still I cried, *I can do nothing more*. Unbelief seemed now to, be *all I had* to defeat me; and what a *giant foe*! I had not even a "pebble from the brook" to cast at him, as I thought and saw and realized more than ever before my *utter helplessness*. Oh the agony of that hour! It seemed that soul and body must separate; but I would sooner die than yield to the adversary. I looked up for light, but beheld darkness. I prayed for an increase of faith, but a *darkness* had filled the *place* where my heart belonged!—a something dark, impenetrable, powerless, and *no* effort of my own could remove or affect it. I gladly would have torn it from my breast, but it was work for the Spirit to perform. At this awful moment, *despair*, with its *dismal* form, presented itself to claim a night, but "God's grace was sufficient" then, for "I knew in whom I believed," and I was enabled to hurl it into oblivion. I was sensible that this was the *crucifying* process, and felt this was the *fire* that consumes the dross. Unbelief seemed magnified. Now I *saw* before me *naked faith*. I had seen it in print, and heard it talked of, but, as much experience as I had passed through, I never *felt* what its *power* must be till now. All I could do was to plead the promise, "*I will receive you.*"

Here I found a foothold, and resolved I will *try* to believe from henceforth that

Jesus saves me. I returned home feeling consecrated, but no evidence was given. I retired, to rest but little. The following morning my heart of stone seemed to be broken in pieces, and in a few hours all darkness was eradicated, and my heart seemed a heart of flesh, *cleansed* and new!

Though this account may seem strongly expressed, it was *real*, and appeared to me a *far* more painful exercise than I can state. Household cares and temptations were so intermixed with these exercises that I wanted greater light. I entered my closet, and told my heavenly Father all about my fears, for I wanted to honor him. I could not pray for a *clean heart*, for I felt it was *clean*. There was a perfect inward calmness, — no agony of soul, but something was wanting; and just then, slowly, noiselessly, and *lovingly*, before my spiritual vision moved down the Three in One. Oh, what a precious sight! I heard no audible voice, but the Saviour seemed to impress a language on my heart, signifying that he had come with the Father and the Spirit to take up his abode in my heart. Oh, what a *holy sweetness* filled my soul! Not only did I *feel* peace in my heart, but I seemed placed in an atmosphere where I inhaled it, and a halo of sweetness and love encircled me.

This manifestation was so unlike anything I had looked for, although I had often said "any way," that I *feared* to believe. I left my closet, and took my Bible, and opened to Isaiah, 62d chapter, and the first words I saw were these: "Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, *Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. And they shall call them the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord; and thou shalt be called, sought out, a city not forsaken.*" Each word, as I read, sunk like a weight into my heart. Victorious faith sprang up at once, and I cried, *I am redeemed,—my salvation is come,—and Jesus saves me now!* None

but a recipient of this *purity* of heart can ever know the heights, and depths, and richness of such an entertainment. 'Tis the manna that satisfies the hungry, 'tis a cup of the "waters of life" that we are permitted to quaff, and that quenches, for the time being, the thirsty soul.

How a sense of fulness is appreciated after the realization of the hungering, thirsting, and emptiness which I think necessarily precedes this blessing. Now I possessed a holy confidence that enabled me to go out and proclaim what God had done for me. My peace has since flowed on like a river, with the exception of a few trials of my faith.

Each new baptism furnishes additional light upon subjects once to me incomprehensible, and I can see new beauty in the gospel plan. How encouraging to the ambitious soul to know that as we grow in grace, we shall increase in knowledge of divine things; that as the graces magnify, there is opened to our view new mysteries,—*on and on* through eternity. "Great is the mystery of godliness."

"*But the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.*" I love my God. I love his laws, and the narrow way through which he "leads me into green pastures and beside the still waters." I love his children of every denomination. I have a strong desire to be useful in saving those who stand upon the brink of woe. God forbid that I shall barely escape, and wear a starless crown!

Lockport, N. Y., 1860.

CHRISTIAN JOY. — "He indeed takes not in that fulness of joy which the clearer visions of heaven will afford; but he has its foretaste. The same God whom he will then see, he now sees, and the same fountain sends forth its communications to bless him here, which, when the fulness of God shall pour forth its gifts, shall bless him then."—N. W. Taylor.

[Original.]

A DREAM.

BY A WESLEYAN MINISTER.

METHOUGHT I slumbered, and a dream
Fell softly on my spirit,
As oft upon the placid stream,
Descends the gentle lunar beam;
We see, but cannot hear it.

I dreamt I sorrowed; and for one
I loved my tears fell quickly,—
All motionless she lay upon
Her couch, and pale; the death-dews on
Her brow were gathering quickly.

But, as I slept, a form of light
And loveliness transcendent,
Burst like some meteor of the night
Upon my wondering, ravished sight,
So sudden and resplendent.

A spirit from some better sphere,
He seemed by his appearing,
And from his lips fell on my ear,
As liquid music, soft and clear,
These words, so sweetly cheering:

"Why art thou sad, thou mourning one?
Dry up those tears of sorrow;
Put robes of praise and gladness on,
This night so dark will soon be gone,
And joy is on the morrow.

"It is a time for holy *mirth*,
When blessed ones are dying;
'Tis *not a death*, — but heavenly birth,
A *happy* issue out of earth,
With all its woes and sighing.

"Up, weeping mortal, up with me,
To thee a boon is given;
To see the royal pageantry,
And hear the burst of jubilee;
A saint is entering heaven."

He took my hand, — we upward rose,
The mists of earth departing;
And thick the clouds behind us close,
And upwards still from earth we rose,
As lightnings swiftly darting.

Ah! rapidly we sped away,
The air was soft and cheery;
And onward our mysterious way,
Through trackless fields of ether lay,
We stayed not, nor grew weary.

And suns, and moons, and systems round,
In splendid circumfusion,
Were scattered through the vast profound,
As daisies on Creator's ground,
The Deity's profusion.

But soon a brighter scene upon
Me burst with cloudless lustre.
A city, fairer than the sun
It seemed, (so wondrous bright it shone,)
A thousand suns in cluster.

Those glittering palaces and towers,
Those walls of living splendor,
Transcend by far our loftiest powers;
And thought and language poor as ours
A worthless tribute render.

We paused. — 'Twas by this city fair,
But oh the wondrous story!
How shall I tell what happened there,
As gently poised in middle air,
I gazed on sights of glory?

Beneath those walls of royal state,
Close by the lofty portal,
A shining suite of angels wait,
To welcome to his blest estate
An heir of bliss immortal.

They come! they come! a holy band;
A heavenly state procession;
And shouting, bring in triumph grand,
An heir of glory to the land
Reserved for his possession.

Yet nearer comes the pageant bright,
Their notes are louder swelling!
What matchless pomp! — my failing sight
Is dazzled with excess of light,
Beyond a mortal's telling.

I may not tell that rapturous song,
Nor yet the tuneful measure.
So full, — so sweet, — so loud, — so long,
It never rolled from human tongue
Its thrilling notes of pleasure.

But through the golden skies that hang
O'er all those scenes of wonder,
The holy anthem pealing rang,
As twice ten thousand voices sang.
And broke harmonious thunder.

Such was the dream that gently stole
Upon me as I slumbered!
Oh! when the passing bell shall toll
The last departure of my soul,
May I with these be numbered!

Then shall I hear that song again,
With unexampled pleasure;
And when some victor soul shall gain
Admission there, I'll swell the strain,
And learn the tuneful measure.

[Original.]

BURNT OUT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAPTISM OF FIRE."

WHEN the primeval forests are first levelled by the axe of the pioneer, he finds much wood to consume, — more than his home-fires need, and such also as he cannot sell. It must either lie and moulder on the ground or be there burnt to ashes. This is a slow process. The light branches and thick brushwood may soon crackle and consume away. But those giant trunks which have stood and strengthened for years, take time to crumble into dust and ashes. A whole twelvemonth at least may see them smoke and char before the ground is cleared for the first grain harvest. Even then, after the golden sheaves stand in the sunlight where the branching shadows once gloomed, there rise amid them the black rough stumps striking their roots deep under the soil. Chains and draught may pull out some of them and make thus a clear field. But others, time-old and root-strong, withstand all such power. They must burn down to the earth, and the soil even must be spaded away till the fire reaches the extremest roots, to their fibrous life, and thus utterly consumes every relic.

Some souls indeed are like new-found prairies, blooming with the native flowers of human love and freshness. All they need is to have the ploughshare of truth run through them into the sub-soil of their hearts, and the seed of life to be sprinkled over the upturned sod. They will then very soon yield the rich harvests of holiness. Nevertheless, even these show the creeping things of sin, the gnawing worms of selfishness that dwelt and fed in the darkness long time under the thick hard surface of nature and years.

But ah! these souls be few. More are those whose life has been an age of forest growth, in evil, whose hearts feel the intertwined and deeply instriking roots of selfishness. I confess also, even now with

tears, though not bitter but sweet, not inky but crystal, that such was my poor soul, when the fire of God came down upon it. The axe of pioneering providences had preceded it. Many a strong trunk of pride had been before hewn down; many were the branching plans of selfish thought and endeavor, that fell to ashes. Something of God's grain-growth had appeared; truly rich sheaves of good already garnered. But alas! the field of life within was not fully cleared. Rude remnants, yea, root-relics of ruin remained. Black and vile they stood in painful contrast with the growing stalks of holiness. Yet the fire that came down so suddenly and strongly from heaven, like the lightning's blaze, went not out with its flash. It burnt on slowly and steadily, surely and truly, till the soul's surface seemed cleared, not of noxious weeds only, but of hard, rough stumps, sin's worst forces and resources, removed only by marvellous grace. Still beneath that surface lay the roots of life-long evil, vital with the sap of self, threading each fibre of the heart. Rather indeed, I may say, that the heart of nature, torn out and cast away, had left its fibres and filaments behind, which speedily began to twine around and grow into the heart of grace new-given. Here was the danger of relapse. The outer smoothness and fruitfulness hid the inner secret sources of future possible evil. The beauty and blessedness of an ardent zeal and an active devotedness veiled the hideousness and cursedness of the primitive and habitual fibre-roots of sin underneath.

Now, all along, up to this time, a year indeed after God's fire first fell, while toil and care for other souls pressed hard and monopolized thought and affection, the chief and almost sole idea possessing my mind, the grand object aimed at for myself was CONSECRATION. Long before this, its dawn had entranced my soul's gaze, its full noontide of glory vanished my sight. I wanted *that* to be an ever-

lasting sun set in the zenith of my life, no more to go down. I asked that its blaze might wither all the weeds of earth within me, and make all the flowers of heaven to bloom there.

Though then conscious greatly of God's sanctifying process within, of pride heeled down, of hatred stabbed deep, of lust eaten up, and of self scathed; yet I had not thought of or sought after, as others have done, that entire sanctification which now I see to be the legitimate sequence of full consecration.

At last, one day, a Christian brother, given by nature — I regret to say it — to invidious words and selfish deeds, crossed my path and thwarted my plans in a manner peculiarly trying. His whole action — which I now would fain think might have been undesigned — seemed hateful. Of course suspicion of evil first awoke; then it took life and form, and although I said and did nothing whatever towards him, which gave him a clue to my thoughts or feelings, I found myself in an unbalanced state, — my equipoise in God was gone, the serpent had entered my Eden, my rest of heart became a tempest, till agonized at the inner loss and danger I went before God.

These were but the unseen motions of evil, the finer fibres of a sinful nature; they could be kept down by will, cut and mowed away by watch-scythes and suppliance. But no! this was not enough. Could they not be wholly and forever removed? Was not God willing fully to free the soul yearning for that freedom? Would he not empty me of all iniquity and fill me with all righteousness, if I hungered and thirsted after it? Might he not tear out and fling away those most attenuated roots of evil, out of which could spring again the tallest, strongest trunk-growths of outer sin? Why should he leave me ever in this liable, contingent state, knowing not when the Tempter might triumph? Must this conflict with-in be perpetual, or might it be ended now

and forever? Questions like these, thick and fast as hailstones fell with the tears I shed over indwelling sin. Prayer then was the only solace of my wounded heart, and the solvent of my inquiries.

Happily, then, Wesley's "Plain Account," came into my hands. I read a long while, knowing and believing all that he said, each word answered by the heart's previous experience, till he told of the witness to be sought for sanctification. Then a new hope arose, a brighter thought than all before rayed into my soul. Ah! now I could see the whole way. I had sought and found the witness of justification, of profession, and of consecration, three witnesses, clear, distinct, and successive, but never until now had I even thought of, much less, needingly asked for, the witness of entire sanctification. Now I saw its need when I read thus: "In the hour of temptation Satan clouds the work of God and injects various doubts and reasonings, especially in those who have either very weak or very strong understandings. At such times there is absolutely need of that witness; without which the work of sanctification not only could not be discerned, but could no longer subsist. Were it not for this, the soul could not then abide in the love of God; much less could it rejoice evermore and in everything give thanks. In these circumstances therefore a *direct testimony* that we are sanctified is necessary in the highest degree."

Strange, indeed, that this thought had never before been reached! Why had I not felt the need of this witness also? Why then might I not seek it now? But in what way? Only *by faith*. Well, then, I said, "I *will* believe; but then though that will was summoned, and employed to its fullest extent, it was impotent. Alas! I saw too plainly that such faith came not by the will of man! never did human weakness and personal voluntariness appear so little and ineffective.

But then, how gain this faith; it must

come only as the result of God speaking in the soul by the Holy Ghost. Very soon the mystery was solved. I saw that *the faith I already had must be used*,—this was the seed sown to a new harvest, the parent of a higher faith. I brought it to the work. I said, "Lord, thou *canst*, thou *wilt* make me clean, help me to believe that thou *dost* now do this work. Oh joy! as I prayed thus the Spirit breathed and spoke. Its gentlest whisper said "*I will; be thou clean.*" My soul's loudest tone replied, "Yea, Lord, thou dost, I am clean, blessed be God; I feel those fibres torn away, those hidden roots removed; the fire consumes them all; and in their place, love, pure love, strong love is seeded down and roots itself."

What wonder, then, that I, who had so much despised all cant and rant, and shout and cry, rose up, and striding to and fro with rapid step, smote eagerly my palms and loudly poured out volleys of praise from an overloaded heart of joy? What wonder, then, that beholding the divine glory revealed within, and feeling the infinite hand there effectually at work, I laughed and cried, and sang and leaped? No doubt the world and a half-alive church would have deemed me mad.

Was this all that my infinite Saviour did? Not all. He went beyond my prayer and faith. He said in tones clear and distinct to my soul, "I will keep thee, for I am faithful. Thou art mine forever; temptation shall not overcome, sin shall not stain again or destroy." Was not this more than faith could seize upon? Could I thus *apprehend* Christ? Ah! he had already done such mighty things; had proved himself so true, that now nothing was too great for me to believe. I took him at his word. I said with Paul, "I am *persuaded* that he is able to *keep* that which I have committed unto him." So I committed to him implicitly the keeping of my soul, as unto a faithful Creator.

Was there deception or error here? Was it not according to apostolic teaching and primitive experience? Could I believe too much of Christ? Ah! before him, the great Searcher of hearts, I aver that having once and too long seen great iniquities of life and deep corruptions of heart; having inly groaned and pined because of them, I could now no longer, even by still more diligent search, find them in their former stronghold. The garrison had surrendered, the foe had been expelled, and a celestial soldiery had taken their place who kept watch on the battlements against all coming enemies, and whose weapons never were dimmed or dulled. Ever since then, Christ, the great Captain at their head, has kept the fortress. He alone can do it, he will do it.

Is this to say that weaknesses, failures, mistakes, incorrectness, infirmity, shall no more be mine? I say it not. These still remain; more apparent, more multiplied, in a sense, than ever before. Only love breathes ever, beats in the never-ceasing pulses of the soul; only faith holds fast with unrelaxing grasp to the hand of Christ once seized, and from which ever comes strength to hold on faster still. As one who, grasping the electric chain, clings tighter to it while the current is on, as though the muscles were paralyzed and the joints stiffened, so clings my faith to Jesus,—so flows into my soul's both hands the closing currents of his life.

Does this remove the possibility evermore of sin? No; that is always possible to the free-will nature,—the morally responsible creature. Nature's ability to sin yet remains, the soul's susceptibility to the temptation is not lost. But through this human tendency, this earthly inclination to decline and fall, Christ diffuses his life and lifts to truth and heaven. Often the great sower of evil scatters with full sweep his tare-seed in the open furrows of the soul; but the Dove of grace picks them up and bears them off, dropping

them into the sands of nothingness. Often the hosts of evil beset and drive on toward the very verge of evil, till I see the mist and foam, and hear the thunder of the hell-deep cataract, but the mighty arm of Jesus reaches down and drives them off, taking me up into heights of glory. When that great witness of full sanctification was given, and the first strong outburst of joy was over, the glory was hidden, the gates of vision were shut, and alone with God in the darkness I stood, left to a naked, barren faith. This was to test faith, to separate it from emotion, to distinguish it from exercise, to deepen it as a principle, to demonstrate it as a life; for God said, "*your faith is my life in you.*" So I learned to walk by faith, and faith alone; truly a walk of power in a path of progress; amid valleys sometimes, dark indeed, but rich with waving, ripening corn, the rustle of which, under the breath of God, I could hear as though angels were treading through them with fluttering wings. My soul's feet brushed the dew of life from celestial flowers growing in the unseen path and breathing their fragrance up into my inner life. Sometimes over the grand mountains of Truth, I climbed all in the dim twilight or polar solitude of Nature indeed, but still they were mountains whose summits were tipped with the glare of midnight suns and whose breath came from the full fountains of the upper realms. But, glory and praise to the eternal dweller in light, the day came again full and bright; faith merged into vision again, the celestial city opened its radiant portals, and I entered in. Now, O Christ, I dwell with thee in a mansion prepared for my soul. Yea, life of my life, thou dwellest with me in this earthly tabernacle, thou in me and I in thee, and we together eat the marriage supper of the Lamb; the door is shut upon us, the key is turned and taken from the lock; outside it is thrown; the casement is nailed down, and all egress debarred. Thou canst not, wilt not, shalt

not go hence again; eat, beloved, in my heart's innermost home, — at Love's own table, — sleep, all beauteous one, in the garden-bowers of my soul; breathe through my life, transforming and beautifying all its powers, till they shine like stars, and beam like pearls, and breathe like lilies, in thine own transfigured being!

CHRIST MUST RULE IN THE HEART.

BY REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

THE rush of an evil heart's affections, like other swollen streams, will not yield to reason. When God by his word and Spirit comes to save, he saves by arresting the heart and making it new.

An engine, dragging its train on the rail, is sweeping along the landscape. As it comes near, it strikes awe into the spectator. Its furious fire and smoke, its rapid whirling wheels, its mighty mass shaking the ground beneath it, and the stealthy quickness of its approach, — its whole appearance and adjuncts make the observer bate his breath till it is past. What power would suffice to arrest that giant strength? Although a hundred men should stand up before it, or seize its whirling wheels, it would cast them down, and over their mangled bodies hold its unimpeded course with nothing to mark the occurrence but a quiver as it cleared the heap! But there is a certain spot in the machinery where the touch of a little child will make the monster slacken his pace, creep gently forward, stand still, slide back like a spaniel fawning under an angry word at the feet of his master.

A ship driven by fierce winds is gliding with all the momentum of great bulk and great speed forward, — forward upon a sunken rock, where the gurgling breakers greedily, gloomily predict her doom. What apparatus can you bring to bear on the devoted vessel? What chain thrown

around her bows will bring her to a stand? The massiest cable coming across her course will snap like a thread of tow! But a touch by a man's hand on the helm will turn the huge mass sharply round, and leave it standing still upon the surface, with its empty sails flapping idly in the wind.

These great works of man laugh to scorn every effort to arrest their course by direct obtrusive force; and yet they are so constructed that a gentle touch on a tender place makes all in an instant still.

This greatest work of God, more wonderful by far;—this man, this self of me,—moves with a greater impetus to a deeper, longer doom. Moving from both in the direction of death, the immortal gathers momentum every hour, bursting through all the resolutions and efforts of himself and his neighbors, as Samson broke the withes that were twisted round his wrist. How Paul wept when he found that his wild heart would brook no restraint of his better judgment! I find a law in my members, that when I would do good, evil is present with me. No power in heaven or earth will arrest that downward fall, unless it be laid upon the heart. The human being is so constituted that a touch there may turn him, but nothing else will. Oh to be arrested by the heart! Unless Jesus cast the bands of his love about that heart, as we are rushing past, there remains nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment. Lord, grasp me there! Lord, save me, I perish! Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.

When they told the blind beggar at the wayside that Jesus was passing by, he rose and ran, and cried, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" *My heart, Lord! arrest it; subdue it; make it new. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."*

THE ONLY PLACID AND SOUND TRANQUILLITY.

"If you keep the road of innocence and of righteousness; if you walk with footsteps that do not slide; if, depending upon God with all your heart, and all your might, you be only what you have begun to be, you will then find that, according to the proportion of faith, so will your attainment and enjoyment be. For no bound or measure can be assigned in the reception of divine grace, as is the case of earthly benefits; the Holy Ghost is poured forth copiously; is confined by no limits; is restrained by no barriers—he flows perpetually; he bestows in rich abundance. Let our heart only thirst and be open to receive him; as much of capacious faith as we bring, so much abounding grace do we draw from him.

Here an ability is given, with sober chastity, uprightness of mind, and purity of language, ever to heal the sick and to cleanse the filth of distempered minds, to speak peace to the hostile, to give tranquillity to the violent, and gentleness to the fierce. Thus in what we have already begun to be, our new spiritual nature which is entirely the gift of God, triumphs in its freedom from the bondage of sin and Satan. What a faculty, what an energy is this! that the soul should not only be emancipated from slavery, and be made free and pure; but also stronger, so as to become victorious over the power of the enemy.

The only solid, firm, and perpetual security is to be delivered from the tempests of this restless scene, to be stationed in the post of salvation, to lift up the eyes from earth to heaven, and to be admitted into the favor of the Lord; such a man approaches in his thoughts near to his God, and justly glories that, whatever others deem sublime and great in human affairs, is absolutely beneath his notice. He who is *greater* than the world, can *desire* nothing, can want nothing from the

world. The gift of God is gratuitous and easy; as the sun shines freely, as the fountain bubbles, as the rain bedews, so the celestial spirit infuses himself; the soul looks up to heaven and becomes conscious of its author; it then begins *actually* to be, what it believes itself to be; it is higher than the firmament, and sublimer than all earthly power.

Such a soul will be careful in the expenditure of its time; it will *rejoice*; but an hour of entertainment will not be inconsistent with, or unconnected to divine grace.

Its banquet will be sober and resound with psalms or lively expressions of heartfelt gratitude.—*St. Cyprian, or Religion in the Third Cent.*

A RELIGION OF REALITIES.

BY REV. HUGH MARTIN, M. A.

WOULD you have a *real* religion? — a religion not of airy shadows and mere thoughts; not of pious dreams and sacred theories; not of cold creeds and abstract speculative reasonings; but a religion, real, in which your soul shall rest as on a solid rock; or — to change the figure — in which your soul shall feed as on a solid and substantial repast; or, again, in which your soul shall clothe herself with armor as real as the warrior's mail; or, once more — without a figure — in which you shall find justifying righteousness as real as your sin, and grounds of hope in your death as valid as your too real grounds of fear?

You need a religion such as this. Your present state in this world, and your prospects beyond it, render such a religion indispensable. Your sin is real. Temptation is real. Difficulty, perplexity, affliction, sorrow, are real, — all too palpably and painfully real. And oh, how real is death! — death as it comes

whether to yours or to you! And then, behind all, — yon great white throne!

Oh! you need a plea as real as the sin to be forgiven, and as the sentence of death to be reversed. You need a pardon as real as that throne before which you will have to plead it.

I beseech you by the mercies of God, that ye be content with nothing less than a religion of realities. Dream not about theories and thoughts, however accurate and good. But grasp ye the solid things of the Spirit of God, the things which are freely given you of God; and which, as coming from him, are no empty phantoms truly, but the undecieving and exhaustless realities which he hath prepared for them that love him. Ah! seek a real atoning sacrifice and a real acceptance therein, — a real title to heaven and a real preparation for it. Nor need you fear to miss them if you seek them. "For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from those that walk uprightly."

But, remember, if you seek these things, that they become real to you, — real in your perception of them, and in your reception of them, — only by your receiving the Spirit. It is he that redeems your religion from all unreality. It is he that fills divine doctrines to you with the varieties of which they speak. It is he by whom you know the things that are freely given you of God. It is he that takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto you and makes them yours. For it is he who leads you through the Son even unto the Father's bosom, — that boundless bosom of redeeming love, where your forgiveness is not a theory but a fact, being there your Father's real and eternal purpose of forgiving grace, the secret of the Lord which is now with you because you fear him. There your religion is real indeed. There you taste and see that the Lord is good.

[Original.]

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

BY. Y.

THE devout, earnest Christian, who runs his course with the purpose to prove his sincere love to Christ, by a life of activity, feels a tender thrill in his heart as he meets those little, but meaning words, "Church of God;" for weeks this has been: the almost uninterrupted secret song of the soul, —

"I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye
And graven on thy hand."

It is congenial for us to look on her sunny-side, encircled with all her promises, sealed by blood of her living Head, who ever maketh intercession for her.

For in her darkest, saddest days, the gates of hell have not prevailed against her, — and surely, she is now coming up, leaning upon her beloved.

It is also the duty of others to prune the vines, and weed out some of the tares.

Looking from this point of observation, '61, we pour out our offerings of praise and thanksgivings for the refreshing of the Holy Spirit granted to all lands in a greater or less degree the past few years.

We admire God's method of taking care of his own glory, in bestowing upon his people the spirit of supplication, that his children may realize their dependence *solely upon him*, to revive his glorious work. And the constant increasing unity of the church gives us the earnest of the happiness of the glorified alone.

The prayer of Jesus is answering, "that they may be one, even as we are one."

No past age or period of her history presents her to our view in the position she now stands; generally aspiring after purity of heart. It is now no longer conceded that the doctrine of holiness is the

privilege or error peculiar to one of the names of Zion; but in the universal church it is acknowledged the doctrine of the Bible, laying its claims *on the present life*. And the experience of this blessed truth brings the church to a unity which no outward works could accomplish.

Many have been the plans of the wise and good of various creeds to have a common basis of union, but all have failed, and God's own truth has done the work, — "holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience." The preaching of the past few years has been a decided advance in presenting the atonement of Christ, frequently, fully, and efficiently. Moral essays and learned difficulties have had their day, and are left in the outer court; the ministry are seeking the rest of faith within the veil.

The two great Christian nations of the earth have certainly been favored with divine intimations of their vast commission to evangelize the earth — Britain and America can take the world.

A pastor in a little church on the western coast of Ireland, from his pulpit looked upon the Atlantic wave which sighed upon his shore, and earnestly yearned in his heart that so the great American revival might lave his own dear Island. The desire ascended with the thousands of others of the same holy nature, and descended again indeed in blessing.

The Head of the Church is bringing Ireland back from her long apostasy; and will he not continue his glorious work until the Atlantic wave shall deluge all lands?

We hail with serious delight the seven days of prayer in the opening of this year, when the general church, from the rising to the setting sun, will be prostrate at the mercy-seat. This is truly a divine unity, and who can divine the result of this united cry?

Let not ancient Israel be forgotten.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY MEETING.

WE have weekly evidences that the scriptural doctrine of holiness is no longer the peculiarity of one branch of Zion, but that there is a general distaste to doubts, fears, and formalism, and a desire for the fulness of the gospel provision in every part of the church of God. Is this not a simultaneous movement of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of all who truly love the Lord Jesus, and aim at a conformity to his image?

A female spoke of her years of profession, and dissatisfied state after a time. Upon a sick bed, felt her need of holiness, yet had not read or heard any one speak of this state of grace. She went to her pastor in her dilemma; he could only acknowledge that he was in the same condition, without further light upon his path.

After a while, he sent her "Boardman's Higher Life." This was useful in establishing her in the faith that it was a practical doctrine, and what others had experienced was also her privilege. She gave herself to the Lord fully, and he accepted the whole heart-offering, and now she rejoices in perfect peace and perfect love.

Another spoke of having been absent two years, but was now rejoiced in being present. Years ago she had been aroused to seek purity of heart from hearing a female speak of Christ being her wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. She immediately presented her soul, body, and spirit, to the Lord, to be his in an everlasting covenant. She rested this act of her faith upon the promise, "In the day that thou seekest me with all thy heart, I will be found of thee." She had proved the faithfulness of God in the various and numerous trials of her life. Of late, she had felt the power of this petition, "Thy will be done on earth," and this is much the burden of her present prayer.

Professor Cowles, of Oberlin, being present, expressed his sympathy with the listened-to experiences, and rejoiced in the universal spread of holiness in the church. He had, in the past six weeks, been in frequent contact with ministers of different names, who enjoy, or are awakened to desire the fulness of the atonement in *their own personal experience*. Toward the close of the meeting, a minister who was obliged to leave immediately, desired the prayers of the people with much emotion. He had come a distance to attend the meeting for his own profit.

On Tuesday last, December 18, a lady spoke most feelingly of her state of mind and ardent desires for rest of soul,—entire sanctification. On Friday morning, Mrs. L. received the following note from her.

"Friday noon.

"Let me tell you, dear sister, how sweetly my mind has been kept in a state of calm trust since Wednesday morning, 5 o'clock, when, after an earnest struggle of soul, I felt a most calm, heavenly rest in Jesus, as saving me that moment from sin, and overpowered by the thought, 'If he can save me *this* moment, he can save me *continually*,' I felt a *new* sense of trust in him as *my* Saviour, as *my* sanctification, and as *my* Mediator. God did accept me in *him*, and *through him alone*.

"I hold on with a trembling hand, yet he vouchsafes to me his promise still,—'I will lead thee in the way thou shalt go.' I feel as helpless as an infant, yet strong in the assurance he gives of the strength in him.

"Oh, how fully has he removed every prop, every wish of my own! Obedience to the dictates of *his Spirit* was required, and, after a fierce struggle with the adversary, I was enabled to yield, when my longing heart cried out, 'Give me Christ, or else I die. Anything, Lord, that thou shalt require, shall be given, *shall be done*. Only *give thyself* to me, and let me feel

Jesus leads me. Then came the calm, heavenly rest of soul I have felt ever since.

"Is this perfect love? Is this sanctification? Is this not loving God supremely? The language of my heart, this morning, is, —

"Jesus, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare."

"And I have felt this as if I could repeat the words over again and again. I find each time more intense meaning than before.

"Pray that the Spirit may still illumine and keep the witness clear. Yours,

"C. R. D."

A GLIMPSE OF DR. AND MRS. PALMER
AT LEAMINGTON. NOV. 1860.

"At midday the schoolroom is often full of earnest worshippers, and at 7 o'clock in the evening there are large congregations, increasing every day.

"Not only those accustomed to worship with the Wesleyans, but members of the Established church, and other dissenting bodies also, from the adjacent villages, as well as from Coventry, Birmingham, Banbury, Northampton, and even from Wiltshire, and from Scotland, have taken apartments for two or three days, or a week, for the purpose of getting and doing good.

"During the past week, many have found peace through believing in Jesus, and have now become witnesses for the Lord. Upwards of one hundred have been blessed. Some have been justified freely from all things; others sanctified throughout, body, soul, and spirit, and not a few who had a name to live, and were dead, have been quickened, and are now become workers together with God. Night after night the communion-rails are crowded with persons seeking salvation, of all ages, asking, 'What must I do to be saved?'

"One dear man and his wife found the blessing of perfect love, and were so happy

that they longed for the morning, that they might go and tell their friends what great things the Lord had done for them.

"The wife went to a woman who keeps her shop open on Sundays, and induced her to close it, saying if she was a loser at the end of the month she would make it up to her. Her husband keeping a number of workmen, gave them all an opportunity of attending the midday meetings.

"About forty of them came; two of them sought and found Christ, and several others raised their hands when the question was put, 'Who are seeking the Lord?' The work is still going on. Dr. and Mrs. P. have consented to stay another week.

"We are looking forward to and expecting still greater things than these, that the revival may spread more, and more, here and everywhere." — *London Wesleyan Times.*

Since the above was received, we learn that two hundred persons had been converted at Leamington.

SIX MONTHS' LABOR FOR A TESTAMENT.

"A young man, bred a Catholic, having learned to read, and a New Testament happening to lie neglected in his master's house, it became the constant companion of his leisure hours. His apprenticeship to his master, a linen weaver, being finished, he begged the New Testament as a reward for his faithful services. The master refused to give it to him, unless he served six months longer.

"The young man, thinking that a New Testament might be obtained on easier terms at Castlebar, declined this, and made diligent inquiry at all the shops to find one. Alas! not a Testament was for sale at that time in the principal town of a populous county in Ireland! He could not live without it; it was never absent from his thoughts; he dreamed of nothing else; and, finding no rest, he returned to his master, and agreed to serve him for the Testament six months longer.

"A gentleman of respectability, in Ireland, vouches for this as a fact, in a letter dated December 24, 1811. He adds that the young man became a steadfast and exemplary Protestant." — *Bible Record*.

[Original.]

"THE LORD IS THE PORTION OF MINE INHERITANCE."

BY M. R. S.

BLESSED assurance! thrice-blessed inheritance! And to whom is it given? Who dares claim the Holy One as a portion from the Lord himself? Seraphs, as they swiftly speed on their winged way, as messengers from God? Cherubim, who ever bow before the great white throne, crying, "Holy, holy, holy art thou, Almighty One?" "The church of the firstborn in heaven," ever worshipping the Lamb who hath bought them, while they gaze on his dear face with untold rapture? Is it to such only that so rich an inheritance belongeth? Their bliss passeth comprehension. They dwell mid those glories which mortals ne'er have known or can conceive.

Christian, not one of these glorified spirits may say more truly "the Lord is my portion" than thou. He who loveth the dear Saviour whose life-blood paid his ransom-price, — he who weareth the yoke of the blessed Master whose every command is clothed in love, — he whose heart is stayed on that Anointed One who hath wrought out our redemption; — all, of every race, of every name, who, though once "aliens from God," are now members of the "commonwealth of Israel;" — all who are walking in the footsteps of the Crucified, — whose lives are hidden "with Christ in God," — who through grace say, "Jesus is mine, and I am his," — all such may gladly speak those exultant words, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance."

Strange words! Lips cannot speak their hidden meaning. Language fails to tell, and hearts can never comprehend,

the infinite depths, the boundless heights, the unmeasured extent of that inheritance. Earth's richest, purest, deepest joys but faintly picture it. The glowing portraiture of inspiration, — the gorgeous descriptions of joys unspeakable, of an eternal weight of glory, — all, all are but foreshadowings of the wondrous vastness of our Father's goodness, mercy, and love. He who hath the Lord for his portion, hath Christ, heaven, glory, — bathra amplest supplies for every need, richest provisions for every emergency. Promises, exceeding great and precious, are his own, — he may claim them all, nor fear lest it be presumption. The Lord is his portion: — well may he in triumphant strains exclaim, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: who is he that condemneth? Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or peril? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

Christian, are you bending beneath a weight of sadness, of condemnation, of unbelief? Does "Little-faith" cry, "These promises are not for me, — this glorious portion I dare not claim?" Does "Faint-heart" say, "Others, more favored, may thus come to God, and with perfect faith take hold upon Christ, but I cannot?" Dear brother, dear sister, yield no longer to such desponding thoughts. Cast off the chains with which unbelief has bound you. Arise in Christ's might, and cry out, "I will, — I do believe." Not in reliance on self, but clinging to Christ alone, lay hold on the sureties given in the word of life. None ever trusted in Jesus, and were disappointed. None ever stayed themselves on God, and were confounded. Look up, — look to Christ just now. Trust in the sure word of the Faithful One, and you shall know the blessedness of saying, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him."

[Original.]

THE DUTY NEAREST THEE.

BY E. L. E.

"Do the duty nearest thee," is a proverb we have somewhere seen, and it is a suggestion that has been often with us in our thoughtful hours. When we have laid plans for usefulness or happiness, or made arrangements for some other calling than that in which we at present move, the question often reverts: Is there not some duty nearer to thy heart and sphere? something that, suiting ambition less, will have a calmer, holier influence on thy life, and, through thy calm, dutiful, honest life, be helping others upward too?

"It seems as if I should never accomplish anything, I am so hindered!" said a lady friend, and she turned from the window with a sort of frown. "There is old Mr. J. coming up the street; now he will come in and sit an hour, and the time will be lost for what I wanted to do." The lady was a Christian, and the visitor an aged pilgrim, from whose natural eyes the light had departed, but whose spiritual vision seemed clearing for the glory that was shortly to be revealed. And so he came in and sat; and the lady paused in her avocation, and listened while his intelligent mind, through a stammering tongue, told of the greatness and goodness of God, of his nearness to that world where there is no blindness, no mistaking the way, and of his readiness to depart and find the light of God.

"I am always instructed when I talk with old Mr. J.," said the lady afterwards, "though I get impatient with so many hindrances." And so thought we, the hour could hardly have been wasted, though the business of the day stood still. It may be more than we think to converse with one whose feet are so near the eternal shore, and in whose soul we can discern the ripeness which precedes the ingathering of the Harvester.

But the lesson to us was in doing the

duty nearest to our life, often that which comes through no agency of our own.

Now, in the economy of God's arrangements, we know that causes apparently slight and unimportant do, in their sequences, work out for us the greatest results. We do not understand, and scarcely see, the process to which we are ourselves a party; we seem to be weaving but a simple web of coarse, plain shreds; we cannot see how in God's manufactory there will be produced at last a finished and elaborate pattern, of which our little work may be a necessary portion.

And here is an opportunity for our faith to become pure, firm, and availing; — to be willing to do only the slight, humble duties, to bear the trivial burdens, to meet the little hindrances, to see our best-laid plans for good upset, to find taste, interest, and judgment thwarted, — and yet believe that God so rules in all these trifling concerns that if we serve the little present well, we are as useful in his great and complicated plans as though we were doing some work which taxed every resource of our being. We cannot measure the worth of the smallest things, nor can we tell how vain may be that in which we take the utmost pride and satisfaction. It is more, perhaps, to be willing to live a life of small things, — to do "little nothings," as they are called, than to nerve heart and head for some great enterprise. And yet the duty nearest to our heart is oftenest in matters so small as to be forgotten as soon as done.

Shall we speak of our own experience? We had set apart a day in a life where such days are almost rare for thought and pen, to communicate with those whom we shall never meet face to face. There was a subject in mind that almost spoke itself, so urgent was it to be spoken, and our heart warmed tenderly towards those to whom it should be its own message of love and faithfulness. We were all ready with a prayerful spirit, to give expression to our thought, not doubting but that the

day's duty lay in that particular thing, when a child entered with a slight request. She was a frequent and intrusive visitor, but one whom we might not turn away. We were impatient of the interruption, and dismissed the case as briefly as we could. Perhaps one line was written, when another hindrance of a similar nature occurred, and then another, and all so slight that not one is specially remembered,—and yet not once could be thrown aside,—until the day was so far spent that the opportunity had passed. We were disappointed of the pleasure we had planned, annoyed by being interrupted in our arrangements, and sorry to lose the thought that was like a fresh, sweet inspiration, in the morning. The inspiration passed with the time for securing it, and the thought has never been chained into words. We are scarcely sorry now; God evidently wanted other work done on that day, and he as evidently did not want the proposed article written. For ourselves it is as well,—for others it may be better.

We cannot know, probably; but in the plans of God, where thought and deed of ours, unknown to us, are working out his purposes of love and good, there was some better use for trifling deeds in that interrupted day, than for anything else which we might have esteemed a pleasure or a good.

We have tried to take the lesson to heart; sometimes tried to be willing to have no plans at all whose overturning should cause an hour's disturbance; satisfied that God lays upon our life its daily and hourly duty; satisfied, also, to do that which is nearest in the present, leaving the issues of all with One who never errs in his appointments for his people.

O heart! poor, weak, mistaking heart,
That plans and sees its purpose fall,
While tears o'er such a ruin start,—
Forgetting God hath wrought it all;
Look up, and disappointment call
His great love-blessings what would be
E'en to thyself, couldst thou forestall

By thine appointments, such as He?
He leads thee where thou canst not see,
Or lights thy faith for where he leads,
And makes the duty nearest thee,
But simple faith and lowly deeds.
He knows thy nature and thy needs;
He plans the work thou best canst do;
And when thy will or reason pleads,
Chastises will and reason too,
Because he loves thee: 'tis the due
Of wayward hearts and erring creeds
To find correction wise and true.

Dec. 6, 1860.

[Original.]

SELF-WRECK AND SOUL-LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

WITH shivering soul in vessel frail,
Onward I dash,
While tempests fierce, with leaping flail,
Life's billows lash;
The cloud and lightning-glance above
My heart affright,
No rift reveals a glimpse of love
In Nature's night!

Rocks rise along the scowling shore,
Hoarse is the surge;
Mark, where the circling breakers roar,
The whirlpool's verge!
Oh God! my bark breaks on the rocks
That guard thy law;
Despair on all its treasures locks
Yon whirlpool's jaw.

I sink! I struggle strong with death!
Alas! in vain!
Faint, blind, the waters scorn my breath,
Of strangling pain!
My cries for mercy, Heaven! they mock
And hurl me high,
Against thy Law's sharp, penal rock,
Alas! I die!

Yet waves! hurl higher, though ye crush
All good of mine;
Lo! from the rock-rents where ye rush,
Shoots forth a VINE!
Once more! again!—its branch I reach
And trembling clasp,
Though Hate's wild sea-gulls round me
screech
To loose my grasp!

Oh VINE! by thy blest roots so strong,
Woven in the stone,
I clamber up with ransom song,
And, from the throne
Of Peace and Love in th' upper realm
Look down the shore
On rocks that threat, and waves that whelm
My soul no more!

[Original.]

LETTER TO AN ANTINOMIAN
FRIEND.—No. 7.

BY MRS. A. P. JOLLIFFE.

DEAR M.—: You say that if any part of our salvation depends upon our obedience, it would make it to depend in part upon our own merits. But why make a question of merit at all? It is no merit for a man to do well for himself. We do not confer anything upon any one else by seeking our own salvation. And if we refuse to seek it in the only appointed way, we alone suffer. Where then is the necessity of raising a question of merit about it? It is principles and not men that are to be considered in their results. The principle of ungodliness naturally and inevitably leads to ruin; while godliness assuredly leads to salvation. You say truly that we can do nothing to merit salvation; and it is also true that it is not given for our goodness, but because God is good and loves to give good gifts when he has subdued and humbled us enough to receive his gifts in his own way. But because we can do nothing to merit salvation, it does not follow that we can do nothing to seek or procure it. Or what will you do with the case of Cornelius, who had an angel sent to him with an express message that "his prayers and his alms had come up for a memorial before God," Acts x. 4. Take this in connection with his character: "A devout man, and one that feared God, and who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always," Acts x. 2. And this was prior to his reception of the Holy Spirit, for that fell on them afterwards, while Peter was "preaching peace by Jesus Christ," Acts x. 36, 44. The noticeable fact here is that his prayers and alms had procured for him this heavenly messenger, to impart further knowledge of the way of salvation, and the gift of the Spirit. Of course, his prayers and alms must have been conjoined with a godly

life, as far as his light extended. The expressions in verse 2, "a devout man, and one that feared God," would lead us to this conclusion. Cornelius's "prayers and alms" are not spoken of as a merit, but as a means. This haste to disclaim merit is not always an evidence of an humble mind; but it is often an unconscious apology for the conscious want of it, and the absence of desire for it, for all do not want to be good, because to become so they will have to renounce that which they love better. They do not wish to obey; and therefore they try to think that it is not necessary, and subject the Scriptures to exegetical torture to prove their unhallowed theories. They pervert all the passages that require their personal conformity to the "image of Jesus," and construe them in such a manner as would be revolting to an humble and sincere mind,—and all this to excuse men (that is, themselves,) from their responsibility. And this they do under the plea of humility. They are so little, so powerless, that they can do nothing. But this is Satanic humility; falsifying the word by perversion, and tempting God by ungodly sloth. It is the same principle by which the enemy of our souls sought to tempt the Saviour of our souls. After the Saviour had refused the kingdoms of the world, and Satan perceived that he could not tempt him to worldly mindedness, his next effort was to tempt him to presume upon the great power and goodness of God. "Since it is written, angels shall bear thee up, therefore cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple." Does he not tempt us in the same manner when he would induce us to believe that we can have salvation without seeking it, and enjoy the "things that accompany salvation" without diligently using the means through which these blessings flow? In his temptation to the Saviour, he presented one of the most beautiful tests in the whole Scriptures, which was given for encouragement to bear up the fainting

soul under perilous and trying circumstances; and not to induce a rash plunging into dangers, where no good could be done; just to see if he would perform his word. What would have been the consequence, if the temptation had succeeded? Why, it would have been a violation of the very principle upon which the interposition of that preserving power was promised; and consequently the promise would have been forfeited. Does he not also tempt us to violate the principle of grace, by thinking that we can disobey God with impunity, or at least obey imperfectly, or neglect the risk of obedience, because it is by his free grace that we are saved? What sin can be so presumptuous as taking advantage of the goodness of God? Because he is good, and gracious, and long-suffering, therefore we can treat him with disrespect by slighting his commands whenever they conflict with our own pleasure. Not that they would say this much,—but when they want to go their own way, they try to believe that he does not require them to go in his way. When they want to indulge their own wills, they try not to believe that “this is the will of God, even their sanctification.” They strive to construe it into an imputed instead of a personal sanctification, because they love those things which oppose and prevent it; and all their arguments against it are only so many pleas for self-indulgence. It costs the flesh too much to renounce wholly the carnal mind; therefore, to lull their fears they strive to explain the texts that require the whole body, soul, and spirit to be wholly “sanctified,” “to the end that we may be unblamable in holiness before God at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints.”—1 Thess. v. 23, 24, and 1 Thess. iii. 13. And all this under the specious plea of exalting the great grace of God; but they not only prevent the very principle of grace by separating it from its conditions, but destroy its efficacy by tempting

them to cast themselves down upon a foundation of sand, and consequently to share the ruinous fate of “that servant that knew his Lord’s will, and did it not.” To all such it is written, both by the example and precepts of our Saviour, “Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.” You say that Mr. — says, “we have no charge to keep; but that the Saviour keeps it for us.” And is this the reason you like to hear him, because he preaches such fables? If you have fallen into such a snare as this, you have already cast yourself down from the pinnacle of the temple, and your progress in grace has suffered as great an injury, in a spiritual sense, as your body would in a physical sense from the bruises of such a fall, and perhaps result in death. No wonder that your nervousness, your fear and apprehensiveness increase, and “the peace that passeth understanding” is farther off than ever. For there is no healing balm, no soothing unction in such preaching. You ask,—“Does he not keep our souls?” Yes, but does that discharge us from obligation? Have we not “his works to keep?” And is it not implied that he keeps us because we keep his word? “For because thou has kept the word of my patience (or kept his word with patience under trying circumstances) I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth.” He keeps us through the keeping of his word. When we go outside of it, we come under the influence of another power; even “the prince of the power of this world.” “Know ye not to whom ye yield yourselves to obey, his servants ye are?” It was to the church this was said, warning them against this very principle; for some even at that day imagined that the service of righteousness was not required of them. For this reason Paul said, “I write to know the proof of you, whether ye be obedient in all things.” “Lest Satan should get an advantage of us, for we are not

ignorant of his devices," 2 Cor. ii. 9, 11. Intimating that so far as they were not obedient in all things, Satan would get an advantage over them, thus far. And it is so, for it is expressly said that there is "the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience," Ephes. ii. 2. While of the Saviour it is said, "He became obedient in all things, even unto death." "Let this mind which was in Christ Jesus be also in you," Philip. ii. 5, 8. It stands exactly thus: Christ's is the spirit of obedience, and Satan's the spirit of disobedience. And the kingdom of Christ is established over us, and his mind in us, as we become obedient. He saves us by bringing us back to obedience. Chalmers says, "obedience is a part of the power of salvation." "To him that keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power." "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life," lost at the fall by disobedience. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."

[Original.]

EXAMINE YOURSELVES.

BY H. C.

No doctrine has been more mistaken than the doctrine of entire holiness. But its value must be great, since we cannot see God without it. While its necessity is clear, it is also clear that much care is required in its profession. Now it would be a calamity if we were mistaken on this point. It matters not whether we were pardoned, whether we were adopted into God's family, if we mistake the rules of our Father's household. When the earthly household breaks up, if we are not included in the heirship with Christ, why, all is lost, — lost forever. Professor of religion, think of this!

Now let me ask you, do you profess to enjoy the blessing of perfect love? Upon what grounds? You know you should

give a reason of the hope that is in you. I think I hear you say, — "Why, I was made so extremely happy when I was converted, that I *could not be more so*, and I believe God sanctified me then." I am not prepared to doubt it. But, while it is possible, such cases are rare. But let me ask you, has your experience confirmed the fact? Has your conduct told the world that you were *entirely the Lord's*? Does the life you lead show forth the vitality of religion? Have you constant peace, and are you ever ready to do your Master's will, whether pleasant or painful? If not, there is a great deal wrong. Don't deceive yourself. Go to prayer at once, make an entire surrender to God. Plead with him for purity of heart, till you know that you love God with *all* your heart; till you know that all you have is lost in God. Whatever you do, let the possession of this blessing be clear. Let no difference in your feelings satisfy you. Let no opinion of others guide you. Take the promises of God with you to your closet; plead their fulfilment. Forget all around you. Keep your eye on Jesus. Keep your mind on the blessing. Let your language be, "I will not let thee go." Is the blessing delayed? Search around you for your idols. Perhaps you cannot give up some association, — some dear friend. Don't quibble about the matter, or, while you are arguing the point, Christ may leave you. *Speak, speak right out, and mean it, — Lord, I am thine. Take all.* Pray definitely that God would sanctify you throughout, body, soul, and spirit. Rest upon the promise. Believe that he does cleanse you now. The blessing is yours. "Ask what ye will, . . . and it shall be done unto you." Now keep this sense of possession alive by faith. God does not say we walk by a sense of feeling. But, through the apostle, he tells us we walk by faith. Believe for this blessing to-day, — this moment. Continual faith for continual peace.

Can you, dear reader, rest on your

Saviour for a *full* salvation? You may have been deceived by yourself or others on the subject. Perhaps you only thought you were holy. It cannot be helped now what has been. But nothing hinders your believing now. Look up! Cast all on Jesus. Believe for the blood to cleanse. *Be sure* you are cleansed. Don't raise a false light. Better die pleading the blessing than die without it while professing it. May God search his people, give light to the deceived, shake them out of their darkness, and make us a holy church, inside and out, heart and life.

Milton, C. W.

BEARING THE CROSS.

BY RICHARD CREIL.

It is a common remark, how easily we imitate the characters we admire. It is an evidence that we belong to Christ, when we tread in his steps. Thus, if it pleases God to make us pass through pain and difficulty,—if we are in circumstances where it is impossible we can do anything more than patiently to bear and weather suffering, yielding to what we have to undergo in a submissive spirit,—this is being his disciples, and following him, by taking up our cross. Temptation may lead even a Christian to be angry; but Christ, in his example and precepts, teaches us to be patient.

It is a good touchstone for a man to try his own heart by, whether he likes all parts of the Bible: whether he wishes any part altered. There must be something amiss if we do not like to take the whole. Some people, in order to get rid of difficulties, will set aside many parts of Scripture. This truth is repeated by three evangelists, because it should not be set aside. Still, though it is thus recorded, the empty, degraded heart of man will grasp the world, till a divine breath has been breathed into it. A sincere Christian will say, I entirely approve the rule; but, at the same time, I condemn

myself; for I have been trembling lest I should have been deceiving myself; I feel how disposed I am to shun the cross.

Are you a soldier, really fighting the battles within, as well as without? Then you have much to do, but nothing to fear. Christ looks at the principle: there must be that: but "he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." If a soldier were hearty in his desire to fight, would his general cast him off when prevented by sickness? Thanks be to God, he is not a hard master. Aim at the greatest things in Christ's strength, and you shall obtain more than you expect. When the battle is the hottest, look up to your great Captain. Be not discouraged at what flesh and blood may suggest, but say, "In God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me." *Psa. lvi. 4.*

If a man is willing to take up his cross,—if he is ready to set lightly by, and consider as secondary, the things of this life, rather than deny Christ, or give up one truth of the gospel, he shall be Christ's disciple. If he gives up the present for the eternal, he will lay out his talent to the best interest. God demands nothing of a Christian but with a design to give him something better. "He shall receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." For, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." While a man seems to give up and lose everything for a moment, for Christ's sake, he gains heaven and eternity in the end. What is the present life? It is but a dream. Shall I attempt to balance it against that which is to come? If any man is threatened with persecution for Christ's sake, let him remember that Christ will not suffer any one to be a loser for his sake. The husbandman is not throwing his grain away, when he casts it into the ground, and it seems to die. He shall have it again with interest. If a man

loses his life, says Christ, "for my sake, he shall find it;" he shall find a life worth a thousand, in the benefits of my salvation and eternal life. No man has such true ambition as a Christian; no man puts out his property to such good interest. Yet no man will adopt the sentiment of the text, but he in whose heart the Spirit of God dwells.

If this is the case, do you not see how those persons are deceived who say, it is enough to have a sound creed? It is a sad fallacy to suppose that Christianity consists in merely having right and clear views of truth. Whereas, it appeals to the heart, to the principle. A dead man may have a perfect form, but he has lost the animating principle of life. Some men will hear the truth, acknowledge the truth, and say, Hail Master! and yet remain under the influence of sin and Satan.

Some take up the subject doctrinally, and say, "Being justified by faith," we have nothing more to do. But, is there nothing to do in order to evidence this faith? What! can the text mean, Christ has borne the cross for me; and therefore I need not take up my cross? — I believe there is more dishonesty in this, than such persons are apt to believe. It seems impossible that a man can read through the Scriptures, and not see that while a Christian has the cross for his object, he has the sceptre for his government. He is to bring forth fruit. Many volumes have been written upon casuistry; but the best casuist is an upright heart. It is the existence of evil lusts and passions that makes men call for casuists. There cannot be too much honor put on the doctrine of faith in Christ: but remember, it is Christ himself who has said in the text, "Whoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple;" and a religion short of this is not the religion of Christ. Let us call no man master, while the Master himself has thus plainly spoken.

A wise apocryphal writer says, "My son, if thou wilt serve the Lord, prepare

thy soul for temptation." St. Peter expresses the same idea in other words: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." I would therefore say to young Christians, Be prepared; for there will be an attack. I do not say that you should be discouraged, but prepared; for I can tell you, and experience has proved it, that the yoke of Christ is easy. A supply of the spirit of Jesus Christ is promised to the true disciple; and Christ enables him to find his yoke far more easy than Satan's. With Christ's yoke we may sleep securely. The consolations of God are not small; and when we come to die, death will be gain.

To elder Christians let me say: You need not that I should insist on the truth of this declaration. You have an evidence in your own breast. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Jesus Christ." Consider, if there is no cross there will be no crown: therefore, take it up cheerfully. A martyr, who was solicited to act unworthily, simply replied, "I am a Christian; I am a Christian!" That is enough. Men may object against your principles; for how widely do the maxims of Christ differ from the maxims of the world! and, in proportion as we are Christ's disciples, we shall observe the one, and condemn the other. But consider the sanction given to the doctrine of the cross by Christ himself. How can you expect to meet the objections of a blind world? Much less can you meet their taste. God himself, when he came down and assumed our nature, could not please the world; nor will the Church, if she grows like him. The Christian's business is to please his Master. Look at the woman with the box of ointment; her heart was sound and entire; but she gave offence. Our Lord took up her case and said, "Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me. . . . She hath done what she could; she is come aforehand to anoint my body to

the burying. Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." *Mark* xiv. 6-9.

[Original.]

SAVONAROLA.

BY A.

FROM a history of the Reformation, lately published by Carlton & Porter, New York, which shows again and again how the fulness of the love of Christ could support the soul in trials, imprisonments, tortures, and death, we condense the following sketch of Jerome Savonarola, the pioneer of the Reformation in Italy.

Jerome was born in 1452, and lived in gayety and worldly pleasure at his father's house, until he was twenty-two years of age. He often, however, in the midst of earthly joys, sighed for peace with God. At that age, he resolved to yield to his convictions, and fled to a monastery, hoping there to find the peace he prayed for. He dared not tell his father, but wrote to him. Some passages of his letter are as follows:—

"My honored father, I doubt not that you grieve much for my departure. The reason which induces me to become a monk is this: the great wretchedness of the world, the iniquity of men, &c. Many times a day I sang:—

"Alas, fly from these worldly shores,' &c.

"Continually I implored God, saying, 'Show me thy path, for to thee do I lift up mine eyes.' O my Saviour, rather a thousand deaths than that I should be ungrateful, or oppose thy will.

"Then, dearest father, you have rather to thank our Jesus than to weep."

About this time his sentiments were expressed in a lyric, of which we give the translation of a verse or two.

"Heart no more delaying,
Heart no more delaying,
From love divine thus straying.

"Thine own my heart be never;
Wouldst thou repose secure, thee
In Jesus rest forever.
Let not the false world lure thee;
Whom it delights, assure thee
The Lord is he betraying.

"My heart, oh haste to Jesus;
Leave men to their disputing;
His love alone can please us;
To calm the storm transmuting,
His love we'll prove how suiting,—
The world's dread fury staying.

"Heart no more delaying,
Heart no more delaying,
From love divine thus straying."

He became afterwards the preacher known and listened to with rapture throughout all Italy. Frequently, he would descend from the pulpit bathed in tears, amid the sobs and groans of the congregation. Scene after scene of persecution and trial he was called upon to suffer, detailed at length in the history to which we have referred, until, in May, 1498, he was called on to die for Christ. He has left us in his journal his last words. They are written in his prison, and are as follows:—

"Oh wonderful power of hope! before which all sorrow yields, all ready consolation comes. Let, now, sorrow be loud with all its host. . . . Let the world press. . . . Let enemies arise. . . . I fear nothing. On thee, O Lord, have I trusted. . . . Thou art my hope. . . . My refuge art thou. . . . For the sake of thy name, thou wilt guide and lead me."

He died, with two others, in the flames, for Christ's sake.

GLADNESS.—"Serve the Lord with gladness! Your serving him doth not glorify him unless it be with gladness. A Christian's cheerful looks glorify God. It reflects upon a master when a servant is always drooping and sad; sure he is kept at hard commons; his master does not give him what is fitting."

The Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1861.

THE ONE WAY.

THERE is but one way by which man can be justified before God. That way is through faith in the atonement of Christ. There can be but that one way of faith, in the progress of the soul in holiness after conversion. And most certainly the change "from glory into glory," until we arrive at the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace, is by faith, without which we cannot please God.

These are statements of truths so apparent upon almost every page of Inspiration,—so plainly written in the experience of every eminently holy person, and so often repeated, that it might seem unnecessary to reaffirm them. But there is a necessity for their incessant reiteration. Here, more than at any other point, inquirers need line upon line. There is concerning them a continual practical forgetfulness. The manuscript records of earnest struggles for the higher life, which come under our observation, painfully attest this. Even those whose experience has shown them the wonderfully transforming power of "looking unto Jesus," when they have turned only in a measure away from him, forget what that "looking" taught them. They make fruitless experiments in other means by which to conquer their carnal natures, and are themselves continually conquered. How few either of inquiring sinners or hungering and thirsting believers come to Christ *immediately*, believing and receiving! Why is this? Is the way of faith not a simple way? Are the divine teachings on this subject not as clear as direct declaration and historic and parabolical illustration can make them? Do they require in any eminent degree the wisdom of this world to understand them? Surely not. The few that have known God in the largest measures of his grace, have been generally the poor, rich in faith only. What then is the cause that this *one way* is, practically, so little apprehended? Is it not because unbelief is the besetting sin of our fallen nature,—the stronghold of the great enemy of our salvation,—the weight which above all things must be laid aside, that we may run the race set before us?

The proper relation of this one way to other duties is not sufficiently kept in view. Sincere and deep repentance is required,—a clear perception of deep-struck depravity, a hatred of all sin and a turning from it,—on the part of the soul coming to God for salvation. But every perception which the soul obtains of its pollution, every purpose that it forms to turn away from it, and every desire entertained to be made clean, must be mixed with faith,—faith in Christ's cleansing blood. When this fails, or is lacking,

conviction is a continual torture and an insufferable burden. And so of consecration. To be saving, it is inseparable with the one way. Though it be a consecration of the whole body, soul, and spirit, it is nothing, until faith comes to connect it with the atonement. Good works, which reciprocally spring from and inspire faith, are dead only as they draw life from this grace.

Let us abide, then, beloved, in this one, this old, this heaven-appointed faith. There is no need of halting by the way. There is no necessity of fainting amidst tribulations, nor of being overcome of the devil. The path of the holy is made to shine more and more. The heart filled to the brim to-day, may be expanded to-morrow, so that its fullness shall be an ever-increasing measure. In this way there can be no unbelief. Its presence is a step aside. But in it there do lie fiery trials, multiplied duties, and in the end death itself; but all are the servants of faith,—means upon which it seizes to increase its power, and climb nearer to the throne of the Infinite.

THE HOLINESS OF HEAVEN.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be." How wonderful in beauty and capability our bodies shall be, we know not. We only know that they will be made like unto Christ's glorious body. What shall be the outward circumstances of our immortal state, as set forth by the glowing language of revelation, we may not fully apprehend. The imaginings of gifted men like Dr. Dick, may not all be fully realized; but the provision for our happiness will be such as God only can give.

The holiness of heaven, more than its material features, is the theme of the inspired penmen, and is that most interesting to those who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb. Concerning this, we may learn much.

1. It is perfect holiness in a wider and more absolute sense than can be possible on earth. The church then shall have neither spot, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing. Her raiment shall be purely white. Here the highest attainable state of the righteous is qualified by many restrictions upon its perfection. Imperfect intellects and disordered bodies trammel and disparage its development. But there the exalted mind and newly fashioned body will be perfectly adapted to the holy soul. It is said we shall be like Christ; that we shall see him as he is. So deeply convicted shall we be that we are washed and made white, that our purification will inspire a song of thanksgiving to the Lamb forever.

2. The numbers thus purified will give character to the holiness itself. These are often spoken of in connection with the holy character of the heavenly inhabitants. They are more than any man can number. How much enhanced are the influence and happiness of the holy person on earth by the company of congenial spirits. How inspiring would be the atmosphere of a church of

only a few hundred members, each one of whom was made perfect in love. Mr. Finney, in his "Revival Lectures," remarks that he had never seen an entire church, under any circumstances, alive with the revival spirit. How much less can be found a whole church whose every member loves God with all his heart. What an atmosphere would be breathed in a church so purified! How elevating would be its social meetings! What revelations of eternal truths would be given at its sacramental services! What words of spiritual power would come from the lips of a pastor qualified in heart to preach to them! What labors for Christ their inward experience would prompt them to execute! Oh, what a church that would be in whose communion was no unsanctified member! Yet even there would be found the infirmities of mortal, erring men. Charity would still have abundant occasion for its exercise. But in heaven there will not be infirmities to inspire sadness in our own hearts, or heaviness in others. There will be an atmosphere which shall be constituted not by the imperfect holiness of a few hundreds, but by the absolute purity of countless myriads of the redeemed! The inspiring presence of angelic hosts who have dwelt from distant ages there, and the unveiled face of God and the Lamb, will be felt in its midst! If such be the holiness of heaven, how ardently ought we to pant after all that measure of it possible to mortal bodies. How should we inquire after the fullness of the gospel provision for the church below, who are to be made ready for the church above.

If such be the holiness of heaven, surely the servant of God will be satisfied when he awakes with his likeness. How inspiring to the faith and hope of the suffering Christian! How consoling are the thoughts it inspires concerning the state of our friends who have died in Christ!

"The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And light in effulgence divine."

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

NOAH'S FAITH.

"By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith."—Heb. xi. 7.

THE faith of Noah is, perhaps, the most remarkable of any of which we have any record. It was directed towards a stupendous event. It was required to grasp the divine announcement that the whole earth was to be overwhelmed with water, and that the human race was to be destroyed, his own family alone excepted. This word of God, unaccompanied by explanations of difficulties which would naturally occur to a pious mind, concerning the way in which it was to be done and the moral ends to be secured,

Noah steadily believed during one hundred and twenty years, until the object of his faith became the solemn and awful fact of sight.

His faith was remarkable in that it was opposed, first, to the teachings of history.

For about sixteen hundred years man had been upon the earth. No event had happened in that time giving any intimations of the one now foretold. Noah was contemporary with all his recorded ancestors except Adam. The tradition of what had been in man's history which was worthy of note, was direct and reliable. None of the old men had seen or heard anything to give stimulus to faith in such a declaration. Cavillers could truly say, From the days of the fathers all things remain as they were. What has not been, will not be. Fifteen or sixteen centuries are enough to afford grounds of confidence in the future. The waters will not cover the earth.

Thus, doubtless, reasoned many; yet Noah believed God.

His faith was opposed, secondly, by natural laws.

God himself had given bounds to the seas. He had fixed the gauge of the rains. The order of nature had as much determined the relative place of the land and the waters, as it had the relation of the seasons, or of day and night. Noah was called upon to settle down for a hundred years, in the immovable conviction that nature's order was to be broken, — that the rain should exceed its hitherto appointed limits, and the sea overleap its boundaries. This the world did not believe.

Thirdly, Noah's faith was opposed by the general, and, so far as we know or have evidence to believe, the universal sentiment of his age.

Every Christian has felt the influence of sympathy upon his faith. The united faith of a company of believers is stronger than the aggregate faith of each acting apart. Faith, like other Christian graces, is sympathetic in its nature. It derives amazing aid from those of a congenial spirit. But Noah had no such help as this. He stood alone, steadfast under the pressure of the infidelity of a whole generation. Their united scoffs were the fiery trial through which his faith passed, and out of which it came as gold seven times purified.

Fourthly, his faith was opposed by the sympathies of his own nature.

The strength of his sensibilities was increased by the nearness of his walk with God. His faith enabled him to feel the dreadful doom of the infidel people who surrounded him. He could pity them, as a man of God only could do. Many of them were his kindred, — beloved members of the same family. His tender heart would oppose his faith in their consignment by God to a dreadful death. Yet he conferred not with flesh and blood. He rested in God's word.

Noah's faith was connected with a reverential fear. Being "moved with fear," he prepared the ark. The most confiding child has the most reverential awe of his father's authority, because he sees it as something real. It is unbelief in regard

to God's word, not faith, which sees him *only* in the exhibitions of his love. Faith as much apprehends God as a "consuming fire," as a God of love, and "fears."

His faith, like all genuine faith, was *practical*. It led him to use means for his safety. This was to others the proof of his faith, and a condemnation of their unbelief. Whatever reproach the scoffers cast upon him, they could not well call him a hypocrite. The steady progress of his huge vessel from year to year, located far above the rising and falling tides, evinced his sincerity in the hated message which he brought to their ears.

Again, Noah's faith saved others, being blessed to the deliverance of his house. Thus is it ever with the faith of God's people. It is this, more than gifts or money, that is wanting to secure the salvation of the world. This will indeed stimulate the effective use of both.

Finally, his faith had respect not to temporal matters only, however stupendous in their character. It was personal and soul-saving. It made him "an heir of the righteousness" without which a faith which could remove mountains and dry up the seas, would have been nothing. It was the faith that wrought by love, and purified the heart.

We who live in the light of gospel revelations, should have a faith in no wise inferior to Noah's in its strength and fulness.

THE ADVOCACY OF CHRIST.

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—1 John II. 1.

Every step of our progress in the divine life, deepens our appreciations of the precious truth, that Christ appears "in the presence of God for us,"—that "by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place." The Rev. Edward Bickersteth gives a classic and striking illustration of Christ's intercession in the story of Amyntas and Æchylas, related by the historian Ælian.

Æchylas was condemned to death by the Athenians, and was about to be led to execution. His brother Amyntas had signalized himself in the service of his country, and on the day of a most illustrious victory, in a great measure obtained by his means, had lost his hand. He came into court just as his brother was condemned, and without saying anything, exposed the stump of his arm from his under garment, and held it up in their sight; and the historian tells us that "when the judges saw this mark of his sufferings, they remembered what he had done and for his sake discharged the guilty brother, whose life had been forfeited."

LIMITING THE HOLY ONE OF ISRAEL.

"Yea, they turned back, and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel."—Psa. lxxviii. 41.

How self-destructive was the sin of Israel.

They limited the hand which was stretched out to save them. They shut and barred against themselves the open door of heaven's treasury. They forbade the exercise of goodness and mercy towards them in the heart which was moved with compassion at the cry of their sufferings. How did they do this? "They remembered not his hand, nor the day when he delivered them from their enemies" (Verse 42.) That is, they did it by their base ingratitude. They praised him not for what he had done. They gave him no glory for his wonderful dealings with them. Hear this, ye Christians who disparage the grace already received, and give no glory to God for present benefits! He cannot give greater blessings until you properly acknowledge those you have. He is jealous of his own glory. You limit the Holy One of Israel.

Again, this forgetfulness of the past implies unbelief concerning the things now promised. If the Israelites do not remember the parting of the waters of the Red Sea, how can they trust God for water in the wilderness? and thus they limit the Holy One of Israel.

But what great things were done for them, notwithstanding their restraining ingratitude and unbelief! What then *would have been done for them*, had God been permitted to have exercised the fulness of his love! If to unbelieving Israel he gave bread from heaven, water from the flinty rock, and garments which waxed not old, how exalted would have been their state if they had walked in faith and love.

The Christian church has never known the extent of the blessings purchased by Christ for it, because its unbelief has limited the Infinite Giver. Oh that God's children would prove him, and see if he will not open the windows of heaven, and pour them out a blessing, so that there shall not be room to receive it!

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A CALL TO THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

A BROTHER writes, "I would feel obliged to you if you would inform me through your magazine of the nature of a call to the ministry, and the duty of those feeling such impressions."

If a word from us upon a topic so vitally important to the church as that of the nature of a call to the sacred office, can be of any influence for good, we would esteem it a privilege to utter it, though we cannot claim to possess superior wisdom on the subject.

We hold, and we believe the evangelical church of this country hold, that he only is authorized to preach the gospel who is moved to this work by the Holy Ghost. Plainly this is the teaching of the Scriptures. Not only were the apostles and prophets so called, but all of the early minis-

ters. Christ says to his disciples, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest," Luke x. 2. The apostle charges the Ephesian elders, saying, "Take heed to the flock of God over the which the Holy Ghost has made you overseers." We cannot think the Lord of the harvest has now any different way of sending forth laborers into his vineyard.

But what, it may be asked, is the nature of this call of the Holy Ghost? How may it be known as such? We answer, how do we know the Spirit's testimony concerning the forgiveness of sins? Is it not its own witness to our understandings? In neither case is it an audible voice; nor is it, to those who listen, an equivocal utterance. When God speaks he will and does make himself understood, though we may not readily explain how he does it. The Spirit, in this matter, bears witness with our spirits.

Further, the call of the Holy Ghost to the ministry has the corroborative evidence, in some tolerable degree, of "a clear, sound understanding, a right judgment in the things of God, and a just conception of salvation by faith." God works by means; and if he call a man to teach publicly, he will give him power to speak "justly, readily, clearly." He will add to these the gracious endowments required by the nature of the work. He will give fruit too. No man can be called to an unproductive labor; and although the fruit of his toil will not *always* be apparent, nor will it ever *all* be seen in this world, yet *some* fruit, in the conversion of souls and in the edification of believers, must be given to make up the proof of a call to the sacred office.

The duty of those who feel that they have such a call is the same in character as that which belongs to the intimations of God's will concerning any other labor. They must listen attentively, humbly, prayerfully, to the voice thus speaking. It may be a *small voice* at first, and so they will need to pray for a more distinct utterance. They should watch their own hearts while they pray, lest deceptive influences creep in. They should watch God's providence, by which the way to this holy office will be indicated. The means of a suitable degree of education, and the removal of secular embarrassments, will be among the things providentially indicated. One called of God to the ministry, need not force himself into it; he will be divinely led, if he is of a teachable spirit. The approval, in his undertaking, of good men, and the official countenance of the church, will be among the methods by which the Holy Ghost will continue to speak.

Permit us to add, for those who may peruse these lines saying inwardly, they concern me,—*seek to be eminently holy*. Believe for full redemption in the blood of Christ. Those in this state, more clearly than any others, understand the will of God concerning them.

May the Lord of the Harvest so reveal himself to all his ministers. Amen.

A CARD OF CONSECRATION.

We understand that the following "Card of Consecration" is used at the New York Fulton Street daily prayer meeting. It would be well if it were frequently and everywhere sincerely and believingly used:—

CONSECRATION.

I give my Heart to be the Temple of Christ; 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.
 My Will to be the Servant of Christ; Matt. xiv. 24.
 My Conscience to be a Witness for Christ; 1 Thess. ii. 10.
 My Memory to be a Storehouse full of Christ; John xiv. 26.
 My Life to be a Mirror of Christ; 2 Cor. iii. 18.
 I give up All for Christ; seek All in Christ; Luke xviii. 20, 30.
 Consecrate All to Christ; seek to be cleansed. 1 John i. 7.
 From All Sin by the Blood of Christ; 2 Cor. vii. 1.
 To be Crucified with Christ unto Sin; Gal. ii. 20.
 To Live by the Faith of Christ unto Holiness; Rom. vi. 22.
 That the End may be Everlasting Life; Rom. vi. 22.

Name,

"BURNT OUT."

We trust none of our readers will pass over this article in our present number. It will be found worthy of the author of "The Baptism of Fire," and full of subduing spiritual power.

WAIT PATIENTLY.

We beg our contributors to let patience have its perfect work in all things, especially in reference to their communications. Some MSS. from our most valued writers were crowded out of this number. We hope, notwithstanding, the pens of our friends will be busy; by so doing you may sow precious seed, whose fruit shall appear to the glory of God in the day of judgment.

A. G. R.'s communication on "The Closing Year," came too late for the January number, and would now be inappropriate. We shall be glad to hear from her again in another article.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ABOUT MYSELF.

My hands, — how nicely they are made,
 To hold and touch and do;
 I'll try to learn some honest trade,
 That will be useful too.

My eyes, — how fit they are to read,
 And mind my work, and look;
 I ought to think of that, indeed,
 And use them at my book.

My tongue, — 'twas surely never meant
To quarrel or to swear;
To speak the truth my tongue was lent,
And to be used in prayer.

My mind, — for what can it be given?
For thinking, to be sure;
That I might think of God and heaven,
And learn my faults to cure.

My heart, — and all the fear and love
That in my bosom dwell;
My love was made for heaven above,
My fear, to fly from hell.

THE TWO GOLD DOLLARS.

BY RENA RAY.

"O mother, grandpa has given me two little gold dollars, to spend just as I please!" exclaimed a bright, rosy-faced boy, as he came hastening into the room where his mother sat reading.

"Has he?" Well, how are you going to spend them, Joey?" and sweet lips smiled upon him, and a soft hand passed caressingly over his head.

"I am going to buy a Christmas present for cousin Louey; but I don't know what to get. Say, what shall I get, mother?" inquired the boy, lifting his sparkling eyes eagerly to the face which was bent lovingly upon him.

"Just what you please, my son."

"But, mother, there are so many things, I really don't know what to get. Say, can't you tell me, mother?"

"I guess not, Joey. I think you would know better than I; exercise your own taste, and you will be sure and make a good selection. But it is getting late, and you had better go now and make your purchase."

"Where shall I go, mother, — to Victor's?"

"Yes, my dear: I believe Victor keeps a good assortment of Christmas toys." And the little boy hastened out with a light heart.

"O dear! O dear! what shall I do?" groaned a barefooted, thinly-clad little girl, with tears streaming like rain down her pale cheeks.

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired a soft, gentle voice beside her.

The little girl looked up through her tears, and seeing pitying eyes bent upon her, she replied, through choking sobs, pointing to the gutter: "See there! the beautiful white bread which I just bought, is all spoiled with the dirty black water."

"But how did you drop it in there?"

"I didn't drop it. A bad boy came along and knocked it out of my hands, and then he laughed, he did. O dear! what shall I do? Now grandma and little Nannie will have to go without their suppers. O dear!" and the tears flowed afresh.

"But can't you buy some more bread?"

"No, I can't get any more, because that was all

the money my grandma had got; and we'll have nothing to eat to-morrow neither."

"There, don't cry;" and the two gold dollars were slipped into the little red hands. "There is money enough to buy you more bread, and a pair of shoes, too, for your cold, bare feet." And little Joey did not stop to hear the joyful cry and grateful words which issued from the pale lips; but he turned hastily away, and bent his steps homeward, with a happy heart, feeling that it was better to buy bread for the hungry to eat, than to buy toys for his little cousin.—*Evangelist.*

BOOK NOTICES.

THE WESLEY OFFERING; OR, WESLEY AND HIS TIMES. By REV. D. HOLMES, A. M. Author of "Pure Gold," etc., etc. Boston: For sale by J. P. Magee, and at all the Methodist Book Depositories in the United States and Canadas. 1860.

The story of Wesley and his co-laborers never tires. It has been many times told, and will bear to be repeated many more times. Mr. Holmes has brought the facts in their history together with skill, and stated and illustrated them with clearness. His book is well calculated to be useful.

THE PERCY FAMILY. *The Baltic to Vesuvius.* By DANIEL C. EDDY. Boston: Andrew F. Graves, 24 Cornhill. New York: Sheldon & Company. 1860.

This is the fourth volume of the series under the general title of *The Percy Family*; the last, "Over the Alps and down the Rhine," will immediately follow. In this number we have interesting views of Hanover, Hamburg, Rome, and Naples, with glimpses of intervening cities. No point along this route, having striking natural features, or rich in historic associations, seems to have escaped the notice of our travellers. The male members of the company had the sad and exciting privilege of witnessing the memorable battle of Solferino, which made an occasion for the introduction into the narrative of many interesting facts concerning the leaders in the Italian war. We can cordially repeat what we have heretofore said, that the "*Percy Family*" series of books are among the very best lately published for young people.

Since the above was put in type, we have received the fifth volume of the series, — "*The Alps and the Rhine*." This closes the first journey of the *Percy Family*. We are glad the author proposes to issue another series, entitled "*The Percy Family in the East*," which will comprise volumes on Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Turkey. They should be bought as fast as published, by all desiring an addition of real value and interest to the family or Sabbath-school library.

[Original.]

CHRISTIAN POWER.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

THERE is a feverish excitement in the political world. Upheavals and revolutions indicate the action of violent passions, and of profounder principles than those which have heretofore fixed the boundaries of nations. Asiatic hordes are hurled against each other in deadly conflict. The Tartar-pagan rule over the Celestial Empire is disputed and broken by the energy of a semi-Christian force. The reign of progress is grandly inaugurated in the Orient. Christian powers, by barbaric deeds, have battered down the gates which shut out the commerce of the world from nearly half the human race, and the thunders of cannon in the interior announce the march of new ideas and new dispensations towards the centre of the realm.

The reconstruction of the map of Europe has commenced in earnest. Papal domination in Italy is broken, and virtually destroyed. The secular power of the Roman pontiff has been suddenly reduced to little more than metropolitan limits. Provinces, by their own election, change their rulers, and group themselves under the control of high moral principles, which few understand but all obey. Liberty advances with bold and daring steps, while her advocates and representatives tremble for her fate. Tyrants and constitutional monarchs, consciously or unconsciously, elevate the masses, and recognize the advancing reign of the popular will. Fierce antagonisms growl and gnash their teeth at each other. The peace of the world and the carnage of war await, in appearance, the word of a mortal; *in reality*, the decree of God.

The great republic of the western hemisphere is roused from the repose of three-quarters of a century, and brothers in religion and blood are looking suspiciously

and angrily at each other. It is dreaded that the most favored and enlightened nation upon the face of the earth, and the most terrific energy of the human race, shall be rolled in blood, and exhausted in death-conflicts, until the sun of liberty shall go down in the night of despotism, as the result of the grandest mistakes ever made among men in interpreting each other.

Where now is the church of God? What are the functions with which Heaven has endowed her? What is her sphere, and what are her prerogatives?

Religion is justice; it ignores no rights of God or man, of individuals or nations. It asserts the sovereignty of Jehovah and the claims of law through the whole universe. It holds every human being on earth responsible to God for the purest exercise of piety toward him, and right towards his fellow-man. How evident and imperative, therefore, is the demand of the times for its presence and influence everywhere. Angry passions are never just. Selfish ambition is never just. Despotism and revolution, repose and anarchy, will scorn the right, and the reign of power will crush the hearts and hopes of men, where a sense of religion is unknown, or its voice is unheard. The presence of Christianity is not merely justice existing and living, but it is justice in action, and justice in power. It rebukes the devourer, it restrains the wrath of man, it rocks the throne of iniquity, it thunders in the ears of tyrants, it breathes courage into the despairing, and life into the dying. It is immortal justice,—justice which can be overborne by physical force, but never be annihilated,—justice which may be buried by the convulsions of ages, but which will rise again and survive them all. Oh for the prevalence of religious justice among the nations! Faint as are its notes of warning, they are yet distinctly heard amid the roar of a frenzied age. Limited as is the compass of its power, it is yet the hope of the world. So far, and only so far as God

reigns among men, may the nations expect justice in the strife.

Religion is wisdom, — the wisdom that is from above. Its eye is clear to see the way to the right. The plans of the world are obscured by selfishness. The true solution of the great social problem is hidden from the gaze of mad ambition. The standpoint of human philosophy is low and remote. The individual is larger than the race, the passions are sovereign of the reason and the conscience, and time swallows up eternity. Mistakes fatal to the coming ages, errors to be atoned in blood and sorrow, must arise from the dominion of motives "earthly, sensual, devilish." But in the soul of true religion is the wisdom of patriarchal age, of apostolic elevation; the wisdom of history and prophecy, of law and gospel; the wisdom of the invisible outshining upon the darkness of the visible, "which taketh the wise in their own craftiness, and bringeth to naught the counsels of the ungodly." In this sphere, and with these prerogatives, it is known against the ever-failing devices of men, and even against the headstrong and worldly in the church of God. How loud at this moment are the calls for wisdom above the natural wisdom of man. Princes and powers, politicians and diplomatists, are confounded by the mysterious problems and startling crises rising up before them. The age will be red with ruin unless the counsels which prevail rise above the Satanic and human, — unless the voice of God is heard above the din of the battle-field.

Religion is love. In its true significance and effect it removes the malevolent passions, and enthrones the benevolent in their stead. Love to God reigns supreme in the sanctified affections. No proud ambition, no bitter resentment, no angry revenge, can have place in the Christian heart. Tender compassion and holy sympathy throb in every emotion and every desire. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." Love sends out no aggressive

armies, charged with commissions of death to unoffending millions. Love makes no exorbitant demands, imposes no oppressive burdens. "Peace on earth and goodwill to men," is its heaven-originated motto, and its grand effect wherever its sway is acknowledged. How sublimely this spirit contrasts with the madness that rules the hour. How much to be regretted that its premonitions have not the power to arrest and command the nations, as its judgments, *after* the ragings of the storm, will command the regrets and the admiration of the world. How strange that men cannot see in prophetic light, as they must in historic, that the results of love offered in advance of angry collision are the highest and best within the reach of mortals after the reign of legalized murder is past, and sanctified reason has resumed its sway. To see and to feel this is the glory of true Christianity. Her unworthy professors, who misrepresent her before men and angels and God, will be found with the weapons of vengeance in their hands, and will be too deaf to hear it whispered from revelation or thundered from the heavens, — "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." But this divine voice *will* be heard, and like the voice that hushed the storm on Galilee, it will say, "Peace, be still;" and the "calm" of the ages will follow.

Finally, religion is progress. Its principles are all powerfully practical and operative. They begin to transform the soul, to go on with the work until the renovation is complete. They begin the living state, for an endless growth in goodness and wisdom, in power "to glorify God and enjoy him forever." They begin to expand the immortal mind, to enlarge its scope and extend its sphere of usefulness without restriction in the limitless future. They begin to diffuse the life of God amid the elements of civilization, to advance till the end of time. Religion grapples with the foes of the race, to con-

quer one by one, until their countless thousands are subdued by her "weapons of warfare, not carnal but spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." Onward, right onward she presses, to the grand consummation of holy prophecy, when "the nations and kingdoms of this earth shall become the nations and kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." In her mission of love she presses hard upon the track of bloody war, to heal the wounded, to give hope to the despairing, to lift up the ensign of peace amid the ragings of human fiends, and pour the light of Calvary into the darkness of moral death. This is progress,—the advance of pilgrims in steps they need not retrace. This is the ongoing of redemption in the career of Christian civilization, the grand march of the world toward the ultimate perfection of a renewed earth and a glorified humanity.

In just the crisis that is upon us, then, we appeal from the folly of man to the wisdom of God,—from the acts of churches to the system which has originated them,—from the records of politics to the Bible,—from *Mars* to the *Messiah*. Who will sustain the appeal? Let him bow himself in the dust before the Sovereign of the Universe; let him bathe his soul in the blood of Calvary; let him take to himself the power of prayer and faith, and reveal to the world the elements of true Christian power. Let him stand forth the living representative of a religion of justice, of wisdom, of love, and of progress. Let neighbor call to neighbor, saying, "Come, let us return unto the Lord, for he hath torn and he will heal us, he hath smitten and he will bind us up."

There is wrath in the heavens over us. We have sinned—grievously sinned—as churches and nations, and we must suffer. The woe is out against us, and we shall answer for our crimes in the blood of the father, the son, and the brother, unless, like Nineveh, we meet our insulted judge "in sackcloth and ashes."

[Original.]

"WHEREAS I WAS BLIND, NOW I SEE."

BY M. R. S.

LOOKING o'er the path I've trodden
In the years gone by,
Surging waves of bitter sorrow
Force the eager cry,—
"God be gracious!—kindly pardon
All my enmity."

Oh, how strangely have I wandered
In the ways of strife;
Loving sin,—despising Jesus,—
Seeking not his life;—
Hating good,—what evil passions
In my heart were rife.

Oft my Father, kindly calling,
Bade me seek his face;
Yet I cared not, but resisted
All his proffered grace;
Though his Spirit, softly pleading,
Cried, "Thy steps retrace!"

In the darkness ever groping,
If, perchance, I find,
Round the Cross, some hidden pathway,
Where, with carnal mind,
I might onward press to heaven,
Leaving Christ behind.

Sickness came. I vainly trusted
In my wayward heart,
As it told me, "Christ hath pardoned;
He'll ne'er say, Depart!"
Oh, how weakly then I yielded
To the tempter's art.

Then God sent the dark death-angel;
Very near he came;
Two were taken; I, the sinful,
(Blessed be his name!)
Still was spared. Alas! his judgments
Left me still the same.

Yet my loving, precious Saviour
Would not let me die;
Though I'd grieved him long and deeply,
Still he lingered nigh.
And, in words of sweet compassion,
Bade me look on high,—

Showed me that he *now* was pleading
At his Father's side;
Ever making intercession,—
All in him might hide;
Guilty sinners, lost and ruined,
Dared in him abide.

Oh, the blessed, strange assurance,—
Jesus loveth *me*!

Though I've been sin's willing captive,
Christ will set me free;
Washed from sins as dark as crimson
One like *me* shall be.

Wondrous love! my heart responded,
(Drawing yet more near,
"Lord, I come, bowed down and burthened,
While thy voice I hear;
Take me, — cleanse me, — be thou ever
Unto me *most* dear.

I have naught to plead but weakness,
Only sin I bring;
Thou must save, or else I perish;
Hide me neath thy wing;
Lord, be thou my God and Saviour,
Reign within, my King.

"All I have I humbly proffer,
'Tis already thine;
Thou hast given, for my ransom,
Love and life divine."
Never more from Christ I'll wander,
All in him is mine.

He hath rent the veil that shadowed
All the world unseen;
Jesus stands a perfect Saviour,
On his breast I lean,
And, by faith, I gaze in rapture
On a brighter scene.

Just beyond uprise the mansions
Where the holy dwell;
Oft I find my spirit joining
Heavenly lays to swell;
Oh, the bliss of Christ and heaven
Language ne'er can tell!

[Original.]

SCATTERED THOUGHTS.

BY. Y.

THE religion of Jesus opens a mine of intellectual wealth in a man, as well as bestows a mine of wealth upon him. If he is poor in this world, it indorses his notes at the bank of heaven, signed by his own poor name, "Lord, I believe;" if he has no friends, he is introduced into the society of kings and priests; if he is very ignorant, it enriches him with the knowledge of prophets, seers, and teachers, who have never stood corrected for a mistake in doctrine, or for a perversion of truth. But he quenches his thirst for knowledge at

the sublimest fountain that earth can boast; no wonder, then, his dormant faculties are aroused to feel the dignity of their high creation and destiny.

The types in their fulness go beyond the substance if the death of Christ has not purchased for us a salvation equal to the extent of the fall,—to the uttermost of our need. The Jew presented his prescribed offering, and left the temple with entire confidence that it was accepted, and his sin cancelled; he had left his guilt and offering together at the altar. The great point with us is, when we confess our sin, and truly purpose not to commit it again,—do we accept the promise, "the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin," and realize that we are forgiven?

Sometimes our heavenly Father so frees us from care, by hedging up our way, that we can do nothing by taking thought,—and we just leave all with Him, *to do all* for us. We are controlled by true wisdom when we see this is our state, and lie passive in his hand, sweetly subject to his will. And our after-experience proves to us that we have been led in the best way,—both for time and eternity.

How precious it affects our hearts to have the foreground, eternity, pleasantly before our faith; if all is settled for that, the incidents of time are not of much importance.

The Sabbath bell is musical to him who keeps holy day, abiding in the commandment of the Lord his God. But oh, the blight the Sabbath-breaker brings upon himself!

How dreadful to be self-deceived, and think we are doing well, while we are doing very ill, and some one's prayers are only staying back the hand of vengeance from cutting us off with a stroke in the midst of sin and iniquity.

We should seek to know the meaning of some of our chastenings,—so the Lord's people of old used to do,—and by the mouth of his prophets he let them know the becauses.

(Original.)

THE CHRISTIAN'S LIGHT.

BY C. W.

THE Christian church is said, by our Saviour, to be the "light of the world," and he who bears no light, or keeps it concealed under a bushel, where it must inevitably grow dim and finally be extinguished for want of nourishment,—in a word, he, professor though he be, who is not a waymark for travellers through this dark, sinful world, cannot be a member of this sacred body. The true Christian is a light. But how necessary to the continuance of this light, that he ever bears in mind the source from whence it emanates. Not from himself surely, for darkness hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the people, but Christ, who is the true light, the source of all light, hath shined into the Christian's heart, dispelled its darkness, and sent him forth into the wilderness as guide to others. But he still ever remembers that his is only a borrowed light, reflected from the Sun of Righteousness, and that to be useful, as guide to those around him, he must maintain a position in which he can receive the greatest number of rays upon his own heart. I have often looked upon our own little moon as a beautiful example of meekness, obedience, and steadiness of purpose, and well would it be for us as Christians to follow the humble copy. How calmly and steadily she maintains her proper path,—no turnings or deviations, but right onward, day by day, moment by moment, she follows in her appointed circle, ever looking unto the sun as the source of all her light, usefulness, and beauty. Clouds sometimes float in between her and the world, hiding for a time her cheering rays, yet she hesitates not, but bides God's own time to remove these obstructions, knowing that then her light will but appear the brighter, and be the more appreciated on account of the short period of absence. Neither does

she grow discouraged or falter in her course, because her light cannot be seen by all the world at once; but, content with her sphere, humble though it be in the great universe of God, she trustingly, obediently follows on, swerving neither to the right nor left from her proper orbit. We, as Christians, are our Saviour's reflectors. In the Christian's heart, our orbit of duty is marked out so plainly that none need mistake its course, or err therein; and yet how few comparatively keep within the prescribed circle. Many of the backslidings, and much of the barrenness in the church is caused by the Christian's beginning to look upon his light as proceeding from himself. Instances are numerous of those whose clear conversion and rapid progress for a time seemed to promise much for their future usefulness as lights in the Christian firmament, and workers in the Lord's vineyard. Trusting in the strong arm of Jehovah for strength, and looking unto the "bright and morning star" for light, they have but to meet the enemy and he is theirs. The dark places of the earth see their light; dark minds are illumined, and souls are brought to the Saviour as fruits of their love, faith, and obedience; but at length they begin to be unduly elated with their victories, begin to lean upon the arm of flesh. Imagining their light and strength are in themselves as they leave their orbit around the sun of righteousness, alas! only to become a black and shapeless mass, devoid of life or light or beauty. Others there are whose light is as unsteady as that of the fitful fire-fly. During seasons of revival, and for a short period afterwards perhaps, they appear to enjoy the favor of God, but, forgetting that there is no strength or victory, save through the captain of their salvation, when the enemy comes in, they have no standard to lift up against him. They are overcome in the first fierce conflict, and their light extinguished. But in the providence of God, affliction visits them,

or there is another outpouring of the Spirit in the neighborhood, and they repent of their wanderings, renew their consecration to God, and again receive in their hearts the seal of love and pardon. But, oh, how sadly do they hinder their usefulness by the unsteadiness of their light! How unlike the onward, steady, ever-burning light of a Moses, Daniel, or Paul, which neither the storms of affliction, the winds of persecution, nor the approach of the dark waves of death could extinguish or cause to grow dim; which shone just as brightly in the dark wilderness, as in the splendid court of Egypt's king; which illumined as well the lion's fearful den, as the palace of the chief of princes; which shone so brightly even within the walls of Philippi's jail, as to cause the sinner to see his ruined state and to cry with anguish, "What shall I do to be saved," and which when the headsman's axe was being made ready, and the dark waters of death were drawing nearer and nearer in view, could cast so clear a light through and beyond the "dark valley," as to cause the aged Paul to exclaim with joy, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Ay, Paul, and well mightest thy soul rejoice in such a prospect, for many and bright are the stars in that glorious crown which now encircles thy brow. Who would not fight to win such a crown? Who would not labor, and suffer and die, if need be, that others might be made partakers of this heavenly inheritance? Brother, sister, how is it with you to-day? How is *your* light? Are you like Paul steadily, meekly pursuing your onward march? Forgetting those things that are behind, is your eye fixed, *unwaveringly* fixed on the prize which lies at the end of the race? Are you, by putting away every evil word or work, by an upright walk and godly conversation, and by a living faith upon the merits of the Re-

deemer, preparing your heart for the reception and reflection of that heavenly light, which you, as a Christian, are commissioned to shed on a benighted world? If so, you too, may, with Paul, in everything rejoice, knowing that there is laid up for you, not a fading wreath of laurel, but a crown of unfading glory, adorned and beautified by the stars of redeemed spirits, led to the Saviour by your ever pure and advancing light? "But," says the desponding soul, "I am poor, and without talent or influence; God surely never intended that I should be a laborer in his vineyard, or a light to the wandering sinner."

This is one of the most specious, and consequently the most dangerous of all Satan's stratagems. Coming in the garb of humility, the young convert, unless he flies to the word of God for light and instruction, is easily deceived. He does not, indeed, say at once, "It will *never* be your duty to speak or act for God; you need *never* say to the sinner, 'Come,' or by your counsels and prayers strengthen the hearts of your brethren. No, the young convert whose heart is filled with love to God and man, would far more readily recognize the tempter. But he begins by keeping the Christian back from *present* duty.

Moses came very near falling into this snare of the evil one. He could willingly renounce all worldly honor for God's sake and his loved brethren's, but ineloquent and slow of speech as he was, how could he appear in the presence of the greatest monarch on earth, reprove him for his sins, and bid him let God's chosen people go? But poor as he was, much as he complained of want of eloquence, by obedience he became, in God's hand, the light and leader of Israel, the type of Christ, the mediator between God and his people. What matters it, fellow-disciple, though our tabernacle be pitched in the valley instead of on the mount? John the Baptist was poor, living upon "locusts

and wild honey," "yet," says our Saviour, "he was a burning and a shining light;" and so clear did his light shine forth, even in the wilderness of Judea, that thousands were attracted by its loveliness, and many a dark heart was illumined and made to rejoice in his light. The lantern in the hand of the guide is of far more service to the benighted traveller as he nears that fearful precipice, than the light that he sees glimmering from the height of that far-distant lighthouse; though that, too, is useful in its appropriate place. It is the clear, pure, and steady light that is honored of God and blessed to the salvation of souls.

Each Christian has his own work to do, and in order to retain the favor of God and secure the salvation of his own soul, must be a light and a waymark for others. I would exercise all charity, yet I seriously fear for the safety of that professed follower of Christ in whom the world, sinners nearing the verge of the precipice of death, can perceive no light. What blind guides! What faithless shepherds! It is true that clouds of persecution and de-traction may sometimes conceal for a time the Christian's light, but the true disciple of Christ, who swerves not, but follows on in the orbit of duty, still "looking unto Jesus," shines on still; the light is there, though his enemies in their blindness perceive it not; and in God's own time these obstructions will be removed; his light will be seen, acknowledged, felt, and followed, and sinners will be led to seek in Christ, their Saviour, the fountain of light, the illumination of their own dark souls.

Oh, in all God's holy church, there is not one idler! Among all his "peculiar people" there is not one who does not bear a light. Oh, my reader, let us see to it that our hearts be cleansed from everything that can hinder the reception and reflection in its purity, of this glorious light, lest in the judgment-day, some poor, unsaved soul rise up against us saying, "I never saw in you the light of Christ."

"CHRISTLIKE."

BY A. NEWTON.

Oh, I do so intensely enter into what you say of the deeper experience of riper years, as so much more abiding than the highest experience of the babes in Christ! Lambs frisk and play, for they have nothing to do but enjoy themselves; but how different when they become sheep, and have to travail in birth and feed their young.

Is it not a true picture of Christ's fold?

I could not at all tell you how I have been made to feel, lately, that this later and riper experience is coming upon me, and the earlier and former and more lightsome kind passing away.

I have so felt other people's sins, and seemed so identified with my family, the house, the parish, the congregation! I feel as if I must make confession of all their sins for them.

I believe it is precious experience; for it is Christlike, is it not?

His ear is "not heavy," but "open to our cry!" Go when we will, and where we will, we find him ever listening.

"Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations." It has been made very precious to me in two ways,—one as showing how Jesus prizes and appreciates the constant love of his people, and their protracted endurance of suffering for his sake; and the other, as showing the preciousness of protracted life, when it is viewed as a continuing with Jesus, in the fellowship of his sufferings. It seems to be only in advancing experience that one can at all enter into the deep meaning of his words; but when continuance amidst temptation is felt to be trying, they are precious words indeed, are they not? and if I can feel them so, how much more can you! But I must stop,—only wishing you great grace to enable you to rejoice greatly in

the Lord, and to make your boast in him continually. Don't you like to give vent to your feelings in those three words, "Blessed be God?" Cowper has beautifully said of contemplation:—

"Her power is such that whom she lifts from earth,
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen;
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing."

[Original.]

MY SISTERS.

BY E. L. E.

A PRAYER for those I love,—
Twin sisters of my heart;
Unlike, yet one where'er we move,
Together, though apart.

I kneel alone to pray,
Yet are they sweetly near;
For every word my heart would say
Insures their presence here.

I ask for strength and grace,
For every needful good,
And pause,—I cannot name the want,—
But thou hast understood.

Jesus, I feel my own
Are sisters, too, to thee;
The Elder Brother thou, as when
The guest at Bethany.

When sitting at thy feet,
Thy teachings still they claim;
And when the Martha craves rebuke,
Thy chidings are the same.

Thou art the mother's guide,
The widow's helpful friend,
The orphan's father,—strong for all
To counsel and defend.

My love I often feel
A painful weight to be;
So weak in all things, I would yield
This precious trust to thee.

I long for them to rest,
Unharm'd by pain or ill;
Yet better plead for what is best,
And most thy righteous will.

I kneel,—but since my heart
Would all to thee resign,—
I rise, rejoiced that what I love
Is less my care than thine.

NEW YORK YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

WHEN the last tea-meeting was announced to take place at Mount Pleasant Chapel, Liverpool, the following conversation occurred between Joseph and his mother:—

"I think the tea-meeting will be out of our reach this time, mother."

"Yes, love, I think it will; for I could not think of going without your father, and for two or three to go would be as much as would provide bread for some time."

In a tone of sweet submission, "Yes, mother, it would."

The little fellow wished very much to go, yet he did not fret or cry when his mother told him why he could not go, for he saw the reasonableness of the refusal; but he could forbear now and then talking about it. His mother told a lady of his strong desire to go, who very kindly promised the child a ticket, and greatly did he rejoice when he was told of it. He gave great attention to the speeches of the ministers and gentlemen; so that he remembered all the anecdotes, and repeated them to his friends, making observations which would have done credit to one of riper years.

Joseph's friends were deeply grieved to see his health again fail; and it became quite evident that he would soon be removed, "to brighter worlds on high."

His mother wrote the events of the last few days of his life as well as her engagements would allow her. I think my readers will see, from what follows, how great a blessing a pious mother is to her children.

"February 11, 1852. Glory be to God. I feel a weight of gratitude which I cannot possibly express for the great love and condescension manifested by the Saviour of the world when he said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid

them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the glorious change produced in my dear, afflicted Joseph by the Holy Spirit. He has always been a thoughtful, studious child, fond of the Bible, and particularly attentive to the ministry of the word. These, with other qualities, I have observed with a mother's admiration, and with unspeakable gratitude to God; but this gratitude swells into a burst of praise, which I trust will increase to all eternity, that he was made sensible that those gifts could be of no avail without a change of heart.

He was encouraged by his aunt to seek for this change. He felt that, though a little child, he had sinned against God, and that sin was hateful to that holy being.

The precious promises he now saw and felt more deeply than before were promises for himself. He prayed earnestly for "a new heart," and Jesus heard the young suppliant's cry, for soon he proved the truth of this promise, "They that seek me early shall find me." What a rich treasure he found when God made known to him "the riches of the glory of this mystery, which is Christ in us the hope of glory!" On the morning of the day in which salvation came to my humble dwelling, I felt unusual sweetness while commending my family to the care of the good Shepherd of Israel;—being engaged out to work for the day. On my return home, in the evening, I found my Joseph rejoicing in the God of his salvation,—being a little more than nine years of age. "What hath God wrought? Surely, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

March 2. The following conversation took place.

"Are you comfortable, Joseph?"

"I am as happy as I can be, unless it was that I could be instrumental in saving souls. I praise God for the operations of the Holy Spirit. I have had a form of

religion a long time; but what a mercy it was that, by the light of the Spirit, I have discovered that was not sufficient."

"I am thankful, my dear."

"And so am I, mother. Let us call on all that is within us, and on all the people of God, to praise the Lord, and bless his holy name."

A little boy brought him some pudding for which he had expressed a desire.

Joseph looked very happy, as if he wished to say something; and then he asked the little boy, "Do you know who can make a poor sick boy happy?" The little boy replied, "No." Joseph said, with earnestness, "Jesus Christ, who both can and will reward you for your kindness to me."

Towards the evening he became much worse; his friends thought he was dying, and he was asked how he felt. He replied, "As well as I can be. I am happy."

March 3. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, with pleasure and composure, he began to talk about his snow-drops. His grandmother observed, he might yet be spared. Joseph said, "I have given over thinking about that, unless my father was saved." He was desirous that his friends should not have a hearse to take him to the grave. He wished to be carried, as that would be less expense; thus showing his usual consideration for his parents.

He suffered much from thirst, which gave rise to the following short but sweet dialogue between Joseph and his mother.

"I feel as if I longed to drink of the streams."

"The streams that make glad the city of our God?"

With deep feeling, "Yes, yes, mother; and then I shall thirst no more. You won't be sorry to let me go, shall you, mother?"

"Not in some respects, love, because I shall know how richly you are provided for."

"Yes, mother, you will know where I

shall be,—at my Father's right hand. Oh, how happy I feel in the prospect of being forever with the Lord! I hope you will not be impatient to come; will you, mother?"

"I hope not, my love; for your father and brothers need my care, and you will not."

"No, mother; and, if I am permitted, I shall be often about you to comfort you, for are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

March 4. Being asked how he was, he replied, "I am very ill; but I am happy, and that is everything. I have no fear of death; I know that Jesus will do all things well; I should like to meet you in heaven. Will you get ready for death? I see great beauty in religion;—Jesus Christ is altogether lovely. I think I could not possibly have lived till now, had it not been for this peace I have through believing in Christ. Oh, how he supports and comforts me!"

March 5. He said, "Mother, do you think I do wrong to sleep so much?"

"No, my dear; the Lord does not require of us more than we are able to perform."

"Oh, what a comfort that is, mother."

The last chapter he was able to read was the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah: "Ho, every one that thirsteth." He read with deep interest; he thirsted for the water of life.

His mother read him some Psalms after the family retired. He said, "How beautiful!"

Afterwards, he was engaged in prayer; his mother overheard him saying, "O Lord, bless my mother; thou knowest she has much to pass through; may the consolations of thy Spirit be her support, for her hope is in thee, and thou art her Father." Then he prayed for the rest of the family and closed, "for Jesus' sake."

As she was talking with him, these lines came into her mind, and she began to sing them, her dying boy joining in the sacred song:—

"Surely, he will not long delay;
I hear his Spirit's cry:
Arise, my love, make haste, away,
Go, get thee up and die."

His mother said, "How encouraging, my dear; and he will come, both for you and me, and will not tarry." He appeared much revived, and, with a sweet smile, said, "He will, hallelujah!" He slept for a short time. About nine o'clock, he said, "Mother, will you sing 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me?'"

At half past twelve, at noon, March 6, 1852, his happy spirit found a resting-place at his Father's right hand, where he said he should no more want, and his mother would know where he was.

That bereaved mother has been enabled to say,

"Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun."

THE WORK OF HOLINESS IN LONDON.

Speaking of the sudden departure of a friend, the writer says: "I was just flattering myself that I would have the pleasure of giving him a full account of the work of holiness which is spreading on all hands, and multitudes are in the full enjoyment of the blessing. The Methodist friends have caught the flame, and at a love-feast at King's-cross chapel, on Sunday last, twenty witnessed to the cleansing power of the blood of Christ, and they were obliged to adjourn the meeting to another evening, in order to give others an opportunity of testifying to the same enjoyment."

At our meetings, Islington, Kentish-town, King's-cross and city, we seldom, or never, meet without souls being saved, and believers sanctified. And this is the fruit of our beloved brother Knapp's labors. What a glorious monument he has left behind. We do acknowledge the instrument, while we ascribe all the praise to God."

[Original]

GO AND TELL JESUS.

BY A. C. B. L.

JOHN came to prepare the way for Jesus, instructing those who followed him that they should believe in him who should come after, that is, in Christ Jesus.

His disciples, no doubt, were strongly attached to him, and when Jesus was made known, many of them believed in him, but still seemed to consider John as their leader and guide. Therefore we may well suppose that when John was beheaded, they were greatly tried and afflicted. Their leader was cut off by the hand of the wicked king. What now could they do? What did they do? "They took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus." The evangelist does not tell us what words of comfort he spoke to them, but we may suppose they were "gracious words," and such as healed their wounded hearts. We know how the burdened heart is often relieved, the bitterness of sorrow sweetened, and the spirit cheered and strengthened, by telling our griefs to a dear friend who is deeply interested for us. How much more, then, if Jesus is our friend, by telling him.

The love of Jesus in condescending to become our Saviour is *wonderful* beyond our feeble comprehension; yet he not only saves us from our sins, but takes us to his very heart, and makes us partakers of the *divine nature*, whereby we become *one* with him, in a nearer and dearer relation than can exist between any earthly friends.

The oneness of sympathy and interest in the marriage relation, where it exists in the highest possible degree, is but a dim shadowing of the oneness between Christ and the sanctified soul. "The servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but he has called us friends;" — and what wonderful and glorious communications he sometimes makes, filling us with

joy unspeakable for the same reason, doubtless, that he once gave his disciples why he had spoken such things to them, which was this, "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." If we truly partake of his joy, will it not remain in us? — must it not remain in us?

When afflictions come, we will go and tell Jesus, — "for in all our afflictions he is afflicted," and he can and will speak such words of comfort as will cause us to joy in tribulation also, if, indeed, his joy remains in us.

"Foes may hate, and friends disown us," but we may go and tell Jesus; he has suffered the same, and gives us the privilege to be like him in suffering; and he will also strengthen us to endure as he endured, and comfort our hearts with his own sympathy and love. When all earthly comforts die, we may bury them, and go and tell Jesus, and know, assuredly, "that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus," so long as his joy remains in us.

[Original]

SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND.

BY S. E. G.

SHOULD sorrow be thy lot,
Should grief rest on thy brow,
Should every hope depart,
And sickness lay thee low, —
Cleave close to Christ, and let
Thy heart to him be given;
Then thou shalt gain at last —
For this vain earth — a heaven.

Should every wave of life
With it new troubles bring;
Or should it round thy brow
Its sweetest pleasures fling, —
Still let thy talents, time,
And influence, all be given
To Christ, and thou shalt gain
Thy sweet reward in heaven.

London, C. W.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BRO. DEGEN: The following letter met my eye as I was looking over my journal, and I thought it might meet the case of others, who, like the sister addressed, avoided the direct and bold venture of faith, by a sort of soothing opiate falsely called *submission*. If acceptable, you may give it a place in your ever welcome "Guide."

M. D. W.

MY DEAR SISTER: It gave me much pleasure to hear from you again, and I hasten to reply. . . .

And now a word or two in regard to your experience. I know not as I rightly understand your position, and if I write on a false supposition, will you bear with me, and not deem me severe? May I probe your heart just a very little, to see if there is a sore spot there?

It is not pleasant to give pain, yet the healing balm cannot always be applied until the probe first be used. In *love*, I write you. I wish to do you good, yet I am very liable to mistake the best course by which to do it.

Did you ever hear an unconverted person say, when urged to repent, "Oh, I am in the Lord's hand, he may do with me just as he pleases?" Is this *true submission*? Is there in this any real abandonment of soul to the will of God? Or is this said to avoid responsibility, to excuse action?

You see at once this can be no true *submission*, for the will of God is that he *repent*, and *do* the commands of his Lord. True submission involves true obedience.

Now the passivity of mind resulting from such a principle is far from being the *rest of faith*.

I do not mean by this illustration to imply that your position is that of the unrepenting sinner, but I have feared, from the time of our conversation in the R. tent, that there was to some extent a throwing off of responsibility, and a seeking to avoid the direct point of faith, where, by one bold venture, we *step off the plank*.

I thought the state of passivity you assumed was not fully the result of a vigorous faith, based on this simple fact: "I have dedicated myself without reserve to God, and now, on the evidence of his promise, '*I will receive you*,' I reckon myself the Lord's; live or die, I am the Lord's. Whether in joy or sorrow, *I am the Lord's*."

I say, I feared your expressions of indifference as to whether you felt the inward assurance and the fulness of joy or not, was rather an avoidance of that step which requires usually so much resolution and seeming risk. I decided in my own mind, that if it was as I suspected, instead of increasing in strength, you would become weaker and mourn the "void within." I feared your faith did not reach up and grasp the throne. Your duty was to give yourself wholly away to Jesus, believing that he accepted and saved you. But not always does the soul receive the fulness, even when saved. To be justified, is the first experience of the Christian. A state of justification allows no condemnation. To be justified is to be made free from the guilt of transgression. To be *sanctified* is the second stage of experience. This embraces a renewal of the mind, a purification of the disposition, which mere justification does not effect. The third stage is to be *baptized with the Holy Ghost*,—to be "*filled with the fulness of God*."

When the Christian is not only pardoned of his past sins, renewed in heart by the Holy Ghost, but also *endued with power from on high*, filled with faith and the Holy Spirit, he is just prepared to successfully resist temptation, and fight manfully the battles of the Lord.

Now to stop short of this fulness,—to be satisfied without it, when God commands us, saying, "*Be ye filled with the spirit*,"—is not true passiveness, nor true rest.

"*Fulness!*" just take your concordance, and trace it out in Scripture, and see if it

is not made your duty, both by precept and promise, to be *filled with the fulness*. Think you that if thus filled, you would be destitute of "joy?" The apostle expresses himself as *always rejoicing*, even when sorrowful. Don't be afraid of joy. Jesus says, "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full."

If thus filled, would you be destitute of "light?" "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be *full of light*." Would'st thou be destitute of "love?" He that dwelleth in God, *dwelleth in love*. You perceive, my dear sister, that while thus fearing to ask for these, yea, to be *filled with them*, you have been depriving yourself of the bread your heavenly Father has for you, and which you very much need to make you a strong and a joyful, efficient Christian.

Just here let me quote a promise especially adapted to your present necessities. "Blessed are they that *hunger* and that thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Will you not claim it? Will you not ask to be "*filled with the Spirit*?" and when you ask, "believe that ye receive, and ye shall have." God does not wish you to rest without this fulness. He will not let you be satisfied without it. You need to be "endued with power from on high." This power is embraced in "the promise of the Father." "The promise is unto you;" will you claim it by simple faith? Just as those disciples in the V—tent received, so may you. "*Lord, I believe, I claim the blessing mine!*" Having received this "tongue of fire," you will be prepared to pour forth burning testimonies upon those "frozen" hearts, and they will bow in penitence before God.

Dear A., it is what we need in the church to give it *power* and efficiency to labor for souls. It is your duty as an individual member to possess this power. God has caused you to feel your need, and now offers to supply that need. If

you refuse to yield to your convictions, to keep pace with the shining light, to accept the proffered grace, you cannot be justified. I bear you in my prayers before the throne, and expect God to direct and help you.

Yours in love.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY I.

BELIEVING that I should write the dealing of the Lord with me, I desire to do it in the name of the God of Israel.

In the winter of 1854 at the age of 19, at B—, a revival of religion being in progress, I attended the meetings a few evenings; being deeply convicted before, and hearing excellent and pointed sermons, I could quench the Spirit no longer. I made my way to the altar, where, after a struggle for two days and three nights, I became willing to believe that Christ could save and that he did save. The first evidence I had was that I loved Christians. I felt that all things had become new. I was indeed quite happy before I left the meeting. I continued to enjoy myself; the way seemed to grow brighter.

The day that I united with the church I was blessed, and often, both in private and public prayers, I was greatly blessed; but, notwithstanding, there was something that was not right. There was a shrinking from the cross, and when I did bear it, it was with trembling and fear. I began to feel that there was something more for me to enjoy, and also that, in the present state I could do but little or no good in the vineyard of the Lord.

I began to pray that I might know my duty, and to search the Scriptures. While meditating upon it, the Spirit often suggested, "he that hungers and thirsts after righteousness shall be filled." I soon met with the well-known book, called "Faith and its Effects." I received a great deal of light from it. May the Lord bless its author, crown her labors with ever in-

creasing success, and give her a seat at his right hand.

I had searched and prayed diligently day and night, for a long time, that the Lord would show me what to do, that I might possess the blessing of a pure heart.

In September, 1854, I was permitted to attend the camp-meeting of the Black River District. By Tuesday I began to feel keenly that all was not right. I did not enjoy myself as others did. Wednesday it seemed as though I could not live if I could not get relief. We had a prayer meeting in our tent that night. Thanks be to the God of heaven for that meeting, for it was a time that I ever have and most assuredly ever will look back upon with pleasing, yea, heavenly joy. There were several there seeking the blessing of holiness, and consequently a seat was vacated that those wishing to be prayed for might come forward. When the invitation was first given, I thought I would not go,—that it was not a call for me.

I looked to see who was going. Presently the Spirit returned to strive with me, saying, Why do you not go? what have you promised? what have you desired of me? now is the time. I immediately arose and made my way to the altar; several came forward. They presently united in prayer. I seemed for a time lost, and after a few moments I found myself listening. Then in a moment I was aroused to a sense of my situation. My first inquiry was, Lord, what shall I do? I felt willing to do or to become anything the Lord would have me; all was given up, and I was then in such agony of mind that I was willing to do anything to get relief. I saw, at last, it was unbelief. I saw that I must believe that the blood of Christ could save from sin. I then said, Lord, I do believe that thou canst sanctify. Oh, how soon my Saviour did appear! Tongue can never express the joy, the peace, the calmness, that rested upon my soul at that time, when my Saviour, that precious, that

bleeding Lamb of Calvary drew near unto me, a worm of the dust, and said, You are saved,—you are accepted,—you are sanctified. My feelings at that moment I cannot better describe, than in these thrilling lines from the Guide.

“I was filled, I was filled with the power divine,
I felt that the joys of an angel were mine,
I was filled, I was filled with the goodness of God,
I drank from the streams of his blissful abode.”

I returned from camp-meeting happy in the Lord. I am happy still. I rejoice in our blessed Saviour, and I still trust in his blood to save from sin. Blessed be his name, he is able and willing to save all that will come unto him.

Since that time I have had trials to overcome. At first, I thought I must not speak of holiness or perfect love. I saw that there were many who did not believe in it, consequently did not enjoy the blessing. For fear that I might offend them, I thought I could live it and not speak of it. But I soon found that that would not do. I lost my enjoyment, but I was soon willing to tell of it. I have been trying, since then, to declare it humbly to the glory of atoning blood. I thank the Lord I have come off conqueror, and can sing to day, “Glory to the Lamb, the world is overcome by the blood of the Lamb.”

My prayer is that I may ever love the Lord with all my heart, and with all my strength, and serve him with a right and willing mind, and proclaim a free and full salvation, that I may live a humble Christian, and at last have a seat at the right hand of the Father, with the redeemed in glory.

PIETY IN LITTLE THINGS. — “It requires less piety, I verily believe, to be a martyr for Christ than it does to love a powerless enemy, or to look upon the success of a rival without envy, or even to maintain perfect and guileless integrity in the common transactions of life.”—*Bushnell.*

[From the Northern Christian Advocate.]

THE CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE
OF MRS. EDWARDS, WIFE OF
THE VENERABLE PRESIDENT
EDWARDS.

THAT eminent lady, Mrs. Edwards, in the year 1742, sought and obtained what she called "the full assurance of faith," and what Methodists call, "perfect love," "holiness," and "entire sanctification;" and then gives her glowing experience in the following words: "I cannot find language to express how *certain* the everlasting love of God appeared,—the everlasting mountains and hills were but shadows to it. My safety and happiness, and eternal enjoyment of God's immutable love seemed as durable and unchangeable as God himself. Melted and overcome by the sweetness of this assurance, I fell into a great flow of tears, and could not forbear weeping aloud. The presence of God was so near and so real, that I seemed scarcely conscious of anything else. I seemed to be taken under the care and charge of my God and Saviour, in an inexpressibly endearing manner. The peace and happiness which I hereafter felt was altogether inexpressible. The whole world, with all its enjoyments and all its troubles, seemed to be nothing; my God was my all, and my only portion. No possible suffering appeared to be worth regarding; all persecutions and torments were a mere nothing.

"At night, my soul seemed to be filled with an inexpressibly sweet and pure love to God, and to the children of God, with a refreshing consolation and solace of soul which made me willing to lie on the earth at the feet of the servant of God, to declare his gracious dealings with me, and breathe forth before them my love and gratitude and praise.

"All night I continued in a constant, clear, and lively sense of the heavenly sweetness of Christ's excellent and transcendent love, of his nearness to me, and

of my nearness to him, with an inexpressibly sweet calmness of soul in an entire rest in him. I seemed to myself to perceive a flow of divine love come down from the heart of Christ in heaven, into my heart, in a constant stream, like a stream or pencil of sweet light. At the same time, my heart and soul all flowed out in love to Christ, so that there seemed to be a constant flowing and reflowing of heavenly and divine love from Christ's heart to mine; and I appeared to myself to float or swim in these bright, sweet beams of the love of Christ, like the motes swimming in the beams of the sun. My soul remained in a heavenly elysium. I think what I felt each minute during the continuance of the whole time, was worth more than all the outward comfort and pleasure which I had enjoyed in my whole life put together. It was a pure delight which fed and satisfied my soul. It was a sweetness which my soul was lost in.

"In the house of God, so conscious was I of the joyful presence of the Holy Spirit, that I could scarcely refrain from leaping with transports of joy. My soul was filled and overwhelmed with light, and love, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and seemed just ready to go away from the body. I had in the mean time an overwhelming sense of the glory of God, as the *Great Eternal* all, and of the happiness of having my own will entirely subdued to his will. This exaltation of soul subsided into a heavenly calm, and a rest of soul in God, which was even sweeter than what preceded it. My mind remained so much in a similar frame for more than a week, that I could never think of it without an inexpressible sweetness in my soul."

Such, dear reader, was the glorious experience of that devoted Presbyterian lady, as given by herself over a hundred years ago. Can you find a more *strong*, or a more *clear* and *glowing* profession of "purity," or "perfect love," or "entire sanctification," on record? I have read the great mass of Methodist Biography,

and am free to say I don't remember one that will equal it.

1. Her entire consecration is expressed as follows: "I had an overwhelming sense of the happiness of having *my own will entirely subdued to his will.*"

2. Her fulness of the Divine Spirit is expressed as follows: "My soul was filled, and overwhelmed with light, and love, and joy, in the Holy Ghost."

3. In the following paragraphs she asserts her certainty and assurance of the grace and presence of God: "I cannot find language to express how certain the everlasting love of God appeared,—the everlasting mountains and hills were but shadows to it."

4. She says: "The presence of God was so *near* and so *real*, that I seemed scarcely conscious of anything else."

5. She declared, "Her safety and happiness, and eternal enjoyment of God's immutable love, seemed as durable and unchangeable as God himself."

6. If the following statements do not express a state of perfect love, and entire sanctification, I am at a loss to know how to express them. "At night, my soul seemed to be *filled* with an inexpressibly sweet and *pure* love to God, and to the children of God." "All night I continued in a constant, clear, and lively sense of the heavenly sweetness of Christ's excellent and transcendent love; with an inexpressibly sweet calmness of soul in an entire rest in him." "At the same time my heart and soul all flowed out in love to Christ, so that there seemed to be a constant flowing and reflowing of heavenly and divine love from Christ's heart to mine." "My soul remained in a heavenly elysium." "It was a sweetness which my soul was lost in."

Hallelujah to the great God! Thousands can testify to this same baptism of power, of love and heavenly sweetness, which Mrs. Edwards describes, and which she experienced more than a hundred years ago. The description of her ex-

perience harmonizes perfectly with vast multitudes in the church of God since her day. She writes a glowing experience; but it falls infinitely short of the reality. The intense sweetness, the superior excellence, and the divine glory of Christ's love, can never be fully described. And when a soul can truthfully say, as Mrs. Edwards did, "My soul was filled and overwhelmed with light, and love, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and seemed just ready to go away from the body," there is no danger of exaggeration.

Brooklyn, Pa., 1860. J. A. Wood.

[Original.]

APOSTROPHE — ENTREATY.

BY RUTH.

SOUL! thou must reign, reign absolute henceforth!
All, all too feebly heretofore hast thou
Thy heaven-born right asserted. Rouse thee now,
And reascend with haughty step thy throne!
To passions fierce too long thou'st given slack
rein;

Sordid desires, too clamorous appetites,
Inordinate affections,—these too long
Have virtually dethroned thee. Rouse thee now,
Thou native of the skies, offspring of God;
Half dead thou liest grovelling in the dust.
Soul! in God's name I bid thee rise and reign!
Body! be thou a slave, a willing slave;
Thy pampering, thy adorning,—think no more
With these to engross thy rightful sovereign's
powers.

Obey and stand in awe! for thou art crumbling
dust.

Earth! with thy transitory things, recede!
Heaven! draw, oh, draw thee nearer to my sight!
Time! from thy magnified dimensions shrink;
And let me see thee as thou art, a point.
Eternity! loom up in all thy grandeur,
And fill my soul with awe, till I for thee shall live.

Thus, thus, my soul, do I apostrophize
Soul, heaven, eternity. But all in vain
My heart's devoutest purposes; in vain
My grief-wrung vows, if thou assist me not.
Listen to my beseeching, O my God,
"Teach my best wisdom wisdom; my best will
Teach rectitude, and fix my firm resolve."

"There are *silver* books, and a very
few *golden* books: but I have one worth
more than all, called the Bible, and that
is a book of *bank-notes*.—Newton.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

REMARKABLE WORK OF GOD IN BANBURY.

Enraged infidel — Five hundred saved in eleven days — Zion clothed with strength — Primitive scenes and primitive power — Early morning meetings — Noon meetings — Written and verbal petitions and thanksgivings — Extraordinary answers to prayer — The prize-fighter after his "pals" — Will he have me? — Scenes in the school-room.

DECEMBER 20.

An amazing work of the Spirit is going on here. Sceptics and cold-hearted professors look on with wonder. One infidel has become so enraged in seeing the multitudes pressing their way to Jesus, that his pitiful revilings in embryo are to be issued in a tract, which we are told is now being published in London, because he could find no one willing to publish it here.

High and low, rich and poor, young and old, are subjects of the work. Rev. Mr. C., superintendent, announced to the audience last night, that during the past eleven days, since the commencement of the revival services (Sabbath, Dec. 2), over 500 had been brought to Christ. Added to this the secretary's report shows scores of disciples whose names are recorded among those who have sought and obtained the baptism of fire, and are now mighty through the Spirit in bringing others to Jesus.

People are coming in from many miles distant to participate in the work, and many are bringing their unconverted friends from near and remote distances, and great crowds are attending, yet the best order prevails. Yes, the best of order, for "the best of all is, God is with us," in his Spirit's power, and the army of Israel is daily being clothed with an increase of strength and wisdom, and, as a well-trained host, is daily making yet more surprising aggressions against the hosts of sin.

If some of your London Methodists, acquainted with the archives of early Methodism, should chance to spend a day with the Banbury Wesleyans now, they would find themselves brought back to scenes of power such as were witnessed in primitive days. Such scenes as when Wesley and his heroic coadjutors, mighty in the freshness of the Spirit's baptism, gloried in the reproach of Christ, and proved to the world that "The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." Few of the devotedly pious of any sect but now recognize in the self-sacrificing principles and earnest manifestations of early Methodism, a revival of primitive Christianity. But not more truly, according to our perceptions, might a revival of Pentecostal order have been witnessed in Dec. 1760, than is now being witnessed in Banbury, Oxfordshire, Dec., 1860.

Do you want to see five-o'clock morning meetings, attended by persons whose hearts are burning with an all-consuming fire, encompassing the sleeping world around in the arms of mighty prayer, look into Church-lane Wesleyan Chapel, any or every week-day morning, between the hours of 5 and 7 o'clock. Then again at that same place from half-past twelve till half-past one o'clock, when you will find a crowded assembly. Here is the lowly man of toil, the man of comparative ease and position; here the busy tradesman casting aside his noon-day cares, and the praying Hannahs and Marys, all with one accord in supplication and prayer.

"And heaven comes down their souls to greet
Around the blood-bought mercy seat."

Many written and verbal petitions are presented as special subjects for united prayer. Not less than from 15 to 25 written requests are generally read daily. Some of the written, as also verbal requests, are of touching interest. One at hand reads thus:—

"A young man anxious to give his

heart to God and unite himself with God's people, desires the prayers of this congregation for wisdom, courage, and strength, for in so doing he will have to leave home and go into the wide world. Therefore he also asks for the conversion of his wicked father, whom he hopes to bring to the house of God with him before the close of the week."

A little deformed girl stepped up tremblingly to Dr. Palmer, as he was in charge of the meeting, and with tearful eyes requested that the prayers of the congregation might be asked for her father. The father of that crippled child was a confirmed drunkard, and in an evil hour had thrown that little daughter down stairs and deformed her for life, and now she comes and entreats the prayers of the pious in his behalf.

Another note reads thus: "The prayers of this assembly are requested for a master who will not let me attend the meetings; says it is all excitement. I pray, therefore, that you will in faith ask that the Lord will give him some of this excitement, that he may be brought to Christ."

A woman who had been a Roman Catholic stepped up to Dr. Palmer at the noon-day service, and said, "I have come four miles to this meeting, and must now return. I hoped to receive pardon before I went, but I must go this afternoon, and I want you to pray for me this evening." He labored with her some time after the close of the service, endeavoring to point her to Him whose prerogative alone it is to pardon sin, and she went away looking to Jesus.

In very many cases these special requests for prayer have met with speedy and remarkable returns. The notes of thanksgiving and the verbal returns from lips filled with praises at our noon meeting to-day were so many that time fails to specify, and we could only say, "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion. I will only refer to a few of these written and

verbal thanksgivings, as a specimen of many others. One gentleman returned thanks that his wife and three of his servants had been converted.

Another returned thanks that his aged father, for whom prayers had been asked, had been saved. A minister from a neighboring circuit desired public thanksgiving, that he had been enabled within the past few hours to prove the power of that blood that cleanseth from all sin. Would that you had listened to his sublime, glorious testimony to the infinite efficacy of the atoning blood.

Another returned thanks for conversions in his family. Another (the superintendent-minister) returned thanks for the conversion of his two sons. Another said that a few days ago he sent in a written request for the conversion of all in his establishment, and four of his young men had been forward seeking mercy, and three were already happily converted, his two porters were trembling under the power of conviction, and three of his household servants also were among the newly converted. But I must not multiply after this sort, or I shall have to omit many other interesting features of the work.

Two morning meetings are being held, one at five o'clock and the other at six, both of which have been well attended, and signally owned of God. It is thus that the Church in her individual membership has, in humble waiting and earnest pleadings before the Lord, clothed herself with power from on high, and the manner in which some of the taller sons of Anak have been brought over from the ranks of sin to Christ reminds one of an ancient battle, when every man was after his man.

One accustomed to this personal mode of attack told us of an effort he had made to win over a man who had become hardy in the service of sin. He rewarded evil for good. An insulting reply was his reward. It was received in

silence, and a prayer unheard by other than the divine hearer was darted to heaven for the immediate arrest of that servant of sin. Among the first penitents that came to the vestry that evening was that man, with his heart all broken for sin. Before the close of the service he was raised up to testify of the power of Jesus to save. This champion for sin had been distinguished as a noted prize-fighter. He now seems likely to become valiant in the service of his Saviour. He was met a day or two ago by the one who was instrumental in his conversion, to whom he said. "I am after my 'pals,' (meaning his companions.) I don't intend to wait till they shall attack me; but they are running from me like rats when a ferret is after them." He also said, "This is my wedding-day, and I am going to spend it in the house of God. For the last twenty years since I have been married I have always been drunk on this day;" and then he said to the gentleman, who was about turning away from him, "Stop; my children have got plum-pudding to-day and they have not had it before for years."

The week previous to his conversion he went to the bedside of his wife, intending to take her life, and then thought he would let her live another day, but had fully purposed she should not live beyond Thursday evening; but he was induced to attend the Wesleyan chapel, and was that evening converted to God, and went home and told his wife what he had purposed to do, and what God had done for him. "Was not this a brand plucked from the burning?" He shortly after brought his wife, and she also was enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God.

A lady approached the altar with tearful eyes, bringing her husband with her, and, addressing Dr. Palmer, said, "Do you think Jesus will have me?" He answered, "Surely he will; for Jesus has invited you." In a few moments she was rejoicing in the pardoning love of God. Before the close of the service her husband

was also made a partaker of like precious grace.

For several evenings past the chape and the vestry being so crowded, the penitents have been invited to the adjoining school-room, where many have been converted. Last night after the meeting in the school-room had closed, I was pressing my way out, when I was asked to speak to an old gentleman who, I was told had been seeking the Lord several years. "Are you a sinner?" I asked. With trembling emotion, he replied, "I am." "Is Jesus the Saviour of sinners?" "He is." "Then, he is your Saviour, is he not?" "Yes." "Then why not call him your Saviour? Why not say just now, 'Jesus, thou art my Saviour?'" Presently he began to say, "Jesus, thou art my Saviour; I thank thee that thou hast died for me. Thou hast borne all my sins in thine own body on the tree; thou wast wounded for my transgressions; thou wast bruised for my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon thee; and with thy stripes I am healed."

Jesus the crucified now revealed himself, and joyously he said, "O Lord, I will praise thee; for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." The seeking sinner and the seeking Saviour had now met; and blissful was the recognition. "Oh, this is a most happy evening for me," exclaimed the man with whitened locks, as we unitedly joined in the joy of his new-born spirit and sang the chorus—

"Oh, he's taken my feet from the mire and the clay,
And he's set them on the Rock of ages."

I crowded my way from this scene of triumph to the door where the friends were awaiting me; but, ere I reached it, was again delayed by hearing one say in an imploring tone, "O Mrs. Palmer, do speak just one word to this dear young woman! She has come from about four miles' distance, seeking Jesus, and is now about returning without finding

him. I turned to the young seeker, and assured her that the idea of her returning to her distant home without finding Him of whom Moses and the Prophets did write, was all wrong. Jesus was seeking her before she began to seek him, and she must now receive Jesus into her heart by casting all her sins on him as the atoning Lamb, and listening to his voice. "I will receive you." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." In less than five minutes her eye of faith was fixed on Jesus, and she joyously magnified his name, and went on her way rejoicing.

A few evenings since, amid a multitude of seekers, knelt a reputable physician of the town; two students of medicine were also kneeling at the communion-rail at the same time. The physician who had long been secretly seeking his way to Jesus, came out openly and knelt at the altar of prayer. Before leaving, he by faith saw his way to the cross, and was enabled to say in spirit—

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God."

An evening or two after this, a young physician, with whom the Doctor was deeply interested, was converted; and again the next evening, the medical assistant of the physician first mentioned. This is only a sample of the manner in which the salvation of one seems to have been the guarantee for the salvation of another and yet another in the same circle. Said a lovely Christian lady, who during the services sought and obtained the witness of purity, "I asked the Lord that he would set his seal to the work by giving me my husband, whose salvation I had so long desired." It was only two or three evenings after that the seal was set, and her husband rejoicing in the witness of adoption. Instances of similar interest crown upon my mind; but I have already wholly exceeded my purpose in the length of my letter, and must pause. Yours in
P.

[Original.]

PURITY OF HEART.

BY M. A. BERNHERD.

NOT for earthly bliss I pant,
Earth has little that I want;
Little that can grieve or cheer,
Little that could bind me here.
I ask not its fleeting joys;
I seek not its glitt'ring toys,
But I want a holy heart,
Sanctified in every part.

Let the world revile and frown,
Bosom friends look coldly down:
Let my earthly lot be low,
Let those early day-dreams go;
Let me all thy chast'ning share,
Sickness, sorrow, pain, and care,
Let all earthly good depart;
Give me, Lord, a holy heart.

When my conflicts here are o'er,
When I reach that heavenly shore,
When I join the angel throng,
And commence their endless song;
When in robes of white I stand,
With palms of vict'ry in my hand;
Then I know this sinful heart
Will be pure in every part.

But must I, while I tarry here,
Still the yoke of bondage wear?
Though I hate the tempter's chain,
Still his wretched slave remain,
Grieving oft my Saviour's love,
Making all his smiles remove?
Yes, without a holy heart,
I shall oft from him depart.

Must I seek and strive in vain
This matchless treasure to obtain?
Is it then thy righteous will
That I be a captive still?
Wilt thou with less love regard,
That I would be like thee, Lord?
That my heart be free from sin,
Where only thou alone shalt reign?

Precious truth! on thee I lean;
Jesus wills that I be clean;
And the blood he freely gave,
"To the uttermost can save."
While his grace he's promised too,
To keep me all my journey through;
Then my gloomy doubts depart,
Jesus loves a holy heart.

Cleveland.

CHARITY.—"It is often our imperfection that makes us reprove the imperfections of others."—*Fenelon*.

[Original.]

LETTER TO AN ANTINOMIAN
FRIEND.—No. 8.

BY MRS. A. P. JOLLIFFE.

DEAR M.: You say that if Christ suffered for us you cannot see the necessity of our suffering for ourselves. I have explained the difference before, but I will endeavor to make it plain. Man was adjudged to the penalty of death for the sin of the fall. Christ died our death, and thus the penalty of death was removed from man. But suppose you were condemned to capital punishment for a crime, and another suffered in your place, would that change your character? It might fill you with gratitude towards the person who had so generously suffered for you; but would that remove all evil affections from your heart, and implant a holy nature within, which would destroy the very desire to sin? Man was redeemed from death by the death of Christ; but regeneration is the Spirit's work. If the Spirit's work is not done in us, that which was done for us can avail us nothing. For as flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, neither can the natural man claim an interest in the atonement, so long as he refuses to surrender himself to the regenerating influences of the Spirit. If man remains in his carnal nature, the death penalty still stands against him; "because the carnal mind is enmity against God;" and at variance with his righteous government, "for they that are after the flesh, do mind the things of the flesh." To pretend that the blood of Christ has done this in you, because you believe, when you feel the power of the flesh constantly prevailing over you, is as inconsistent as it is unsafe. Paul makes a very plain distinction between the two offices of his death and resurrection. "He was delivered for our offences, but was raised for our justification;" (Rom. iv. 25.) Do you not see here

the difference between his death-work, and his resurrection-work? How plain it is that but for his resurrection, his death would have availed us no more than any other man's. And it is equally plain that those who have an interest in that death are justified by a spiritual resurrection above the principles and motives of the natural man. "For they that are in the flesh cannot please God." Therefore those who remain in the natural man, and say they are justified by his blood, are building their hopes upon a phantom of their own imaginations; or rather upon a misunderstanding of their own judgments. You say that if we are elected, all these things will be done for us. You are not elected then, for they have not been done for you. So far from having the self-denying, world-renouncing spirit of Christ, the principal part of your grief is because you cannot indulge yourself more, and cannot get more of this world's comforts. Is this like the pilgrim spirit of those whom Paul cited for our example; "who dwelt in tents, and tabernacles, even in the promised land?" "For they that do such things declare plainly that they seek a country." What country do you declare plainly that you seek, by such grief about the breaking up of your worldly prospects? Is it not evident that you are seeking a country here, and living for this life, when you are so anxious to have an establishment here? See the difference between you and them. "For if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned." But now they desire a better; that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city." But you have never left the country which is congenial to the natural man; on the contrary, you are grieving because you cannot have a better establishment in it. You are not only a stranger to the spirit of self-denial which would enable you to

refuse to return to self-indulgence, if you had opportunity, as they had; but you are bowed down because you cannot have more indulgence. Yet you claim to be in the same redemption by the blood of Christ, when you have not a particle of their spirit. It is nothing that you are upright in your conduct, "while your heart goes after other things," for this is outward conformity to "the letter of the law which killeth, while destitute of the Spirit, which giveth life." Desire is the test of character before God. "For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Not only are we judged by others according to outward appearances, but we are apt to judge ourselves in this way. We frequently hear Christians inquiring, what have I done? And because they have committed no overt act of impiety, and walked uprightly so far as their outward conduct is concerned, they conclude they have done nothing worthy of rebuke; and if this is so, the divine rod has been undeserved. They would not admit that they are charging God with dealing unjustly towards them; but it is so in principle, whether admitted or denied. "This spirit will bring further chastisement upon them, for when once God undertakes to humble a soul he will not leave a particle of arrogance or self-assertion. "I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it," was David's position under the divine hand. Let those who are inclined to plead the uprightness of their walk, as a reason why they should be exempted from affliction, look within, and see if they do not find there emotions, and desires, and plans, and purposes which are at variance with the mind of Christ. We frequently hear the remark, "It isn't required." Is it not? Has God given a word for our guidance; and can those who evade it in spirit, while professing conformity to it, escape the condemnation which it adjudges to the

disobedient? The Saviour said, "The words I speak unto you, they shall judge you at the last day." Has this sentence ever been abrogated? To this some reply, "That is for the wicked." But this is a mere pretext to excuse their unwillingness to conform to the will of God, and their determination to follow their own, when it costs the flesh much to surrender their own way. But notwithstanding their eagerness to explain away the word of God, when it does not suit their carnal wills to conform to it, it is said "judgment shall begin at the house of God." "For we must all appear at the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to his gospel." "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." There is a class of professing Christians who speak as if they could do things that are condemned in his word, without coming under its condemnation; because they are, or profess to be, in Christ, while if they were not, they would be condemned for these very same things. But this is wholly inconsistent and at variance with the word of God. The gospel does absolve a man from the sins of the past, and though the blood of the atonement blots out the very handwriting of sin that stood against him, but so far from licensing him to commit the same sins again, it supposes the "new creature," or creation "in Christ Jesus," to be so changed in his tastes and principles that he will not only forsake, but abhor those things which pleased the unregenerate man. When we therefore see Christians arguing against holiness, and eagerly searching the Scriptures to find some way to be saved without it; are they not seeking their own way, instead of God's way, — seeking themselves even in Christ? If there is one principle of

the gospel that is conspicuous above another, it is the absolute renunciation of the natural man, in the principles and motives, pursuits and pleasures of the carnal mind. It is also taught that they cannot exist together; that there must be perpetual conflict between the two principles, and that the work of grace is not completed until the natural mind is wholly subjugated, — not subdued, and kept as a prisoner within, but cast out by the spirit of grace. We are not only taught not to grieve after the loss of worldly things, and the conduct of those “who took joyfully the despoiling of their goods,” set up as our example, but we are taught a voluntary renunciation of them. What could be plainer than the following passages: “Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.” “Yea, and if any man come to me, and hate not his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.” “For he that loveth his life, shall lose it; but he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal.” “Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. No servant can serve two masters.” These things, at least, are not imputed to you. How absurd it is, that when he tells you to do a thing, for you to tell him that he does it for you; or that he does not require it of you; as if his word, that declares he does require it of you, was insincere. His word says you cannot serve two masters; but you are endeavoring to serve three, — your Saviour, yourself, and the world. Such is your love of self-pleasing, that if you could please Christ, you would not be happy unless you could please self too; and if you could please both, such is your love of approbation that you would still be unhappy if you could not please the world too. You could be above your Saviour, “for even Christ pleased not himself.” And his chief apostle said, “If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ,” showing both the incompatibility and the impossibility of

such a thing. It is this unsubdued will, and determination to serve self and please men, while professing to serve Christ, that necessitates suffering. I will give you the Scripture proofs for the necessity of suffering in my next.

[Original.]

GOD'S MERCY ABOUNDING TO THE “CHIEF OF SINNERS.”

BY SAMUEL JAMES.

“I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me.”

Your heavenward helping Miscellany has been a source of so much edification and joy and gladness to me, more especially those articles in it, which, in Christian simplicity, narrate the soul's escape from the “City of Destruction,” and how it has “fared by the way,” until it has at length been ushered into the blissful “Land of Beulah,” that I feel I should not be doing as I would be done unto, nor, perhaps, duly honoring our glorious Lord, to withhold the small mite of experience which he has empowered me to cast into his treasury. Surely, I am not singular in feeling so much delighted in hearing a brother's or a sister's tale of conflict and of victory, since a great poet represents it as constituting one of the happy employments of the blest inhabitants of heaven:

“There we shall to each other tell
How we escaped the pit of hell.”

I had the happiness of having been born where religious influences accompanied my infancy and youth, and, without knowing when a change from a child of wrath to a child of God was accomplished in me, have full reason to believe that such was indeed the case quite early; but, having arrived at the age of eight or nine years, I became gradually led astray by wicked companions, into whose company I was thrown at school. I soon, after many sinnings and repentings, became very wicked in all the vices commonly practised among

boys, until I arrived at the age of a little over fifteen. My eyes were so fully open, all the time, to my spiritual condition, as to know that nothing but hell awaited me after death. About this time happening to be alone a considerable portion of a day, God graciously also threw upon me a spirit of reflection. I took up an old book ("The whole duty of man"), in the preface of which the writer compared the soul to a jewel of inestimable value, and the body merely to the casket or case for holding the jewel in, and then went on to show the utter and miserable folly of a person's putting all his thoughts and care about the casket and paying no attention whatever to the jewel of priceless worth. This clear showing of my folly led me to decide, at once, in the strength of God's assistance, to seek unswervingly the salvation of my soul. It was, however, a hard beginning. I was so sure of being made a laughing stock and public jest by all my acquaintances, that I would rather have suffered death, if that would have done; but I determined to pray, and to pray often, for grace to help in time of need. "The kingdom of heaven" within me was truly like a grain of mustard seed, so very weak did I find myself to bear the brunt of "the world's dread laugh." I retired into secret places, regularly, three times a day, and prayed with sincerity and sorrow, but, through shame, at that time my greatest enemy, was led to do, and to leave undone, many things for which conscience condemned me; but one thing I had, by God's grace, determined on, NEVER TO DESPAIR, and this, under God, secured my salvation; and whose will it not secure, however small and feeble the beginnings otherwise may be? I fully resolved, sin or not sin, to pray regularly three times a day, and not seek to hide or palliate my transgressions. Strength came on by degrees, almost imperceptibly, but I found it was growing. Some months after, a fierce trial came across my way, but the Lord helped me because I had asked him. I

had then to hate for Christ's sake (that is, to disobey and give up,) parent and friend, and what was dearer than life; but, the Lord stood by and strengthened me, and through him I came off more than conqueror! To God be everlasting glory! I still went on much as before, except, that I was considerably strengthened to bear the cross, sometimes enjoying seasons of sweet refreshing at a throne of grace, but, for the most part, seasons of sorrow because I kept not God's law. At length, about six months from the commencement, being much weighed down on account of my shortcomings, I undertook, as advised by Ambrose in his work "*Looking unto Jesus*," to write down all the sinful acts of my past life that I could remember, in order to bewail them more thoroughly; I had scarcely begun to write before the Spirit of God came upon me in mighty power, forever blessed be his holy name! and brought all the long black catalogue of my sins to my remembrance, which I then saw were more in number than the sands upon the sea-shore, and were felt as a literally heavy burden on my back ready to sink me into the bottomless pit, which was laid open before me, and over which I hung suspended as by a hair. My hard heart was softened, and I could do nothing but weep and lament for three days and nights, and cry for mercy, scarcely eating, drinking, or sleeping. I then knew what it was to feel myself to be "the chief of sinners;" all shame and dread of man was then swallowed up in the fulness of my grief, yet hope was ever present, and even the bitterness of repentance was sweet. After the expiration of about three days, these deeply sorrowful feelings, with the sight and heavy sense of guilt for my past sins, left me, and I became like one possessed of a heart of adamant, and filled with all manner of foul, and horrid, and blasphemous thoughts which caused the intensest agony. This lasted nearly six months, with very little intermission; I retired to pray, regularly,

seven times a day, attended all the public services of divine worship, and used rigorous abstinence, with frequent entire fasting; the latter, perhaps, to an injudicious extent, as I suffered from hereditary taint of scrofula, and my nervous system became greatly deranged. What I then went through no one but the Invisible knows, yet it might have been all necessary to my salvation, and preservation from falling away afterwards in time of temptation. At length the blessed hour of deliverance drew nigh. I had gone to bed in my usual unhappy state of mind, in which I envied the condition of the brutes that perish, but, on awaking in the morning, became immediately aware that a wonderful change had some time during my sleep taken place, and my first impression was that God was reconciled to me, to whom, through Christ, I could look and cry, "Abba, Father!" This was further corroborated by a "dominion over sin" of which I was immediately conscious, for should any improper thought present itself, I could instantly, by faith, look to the Saviour, and at once it would be overcome; joy sprang up in my heart while I could triumphantly say —

"Passion, and appetite, and pride,
Pride! my old tyrant, bosom foe,
I see cast down on every side,
And conquering, I to conquer go!

All nature appeared to be altered, *all things seemed new*, whether animate or inanimate; and my language of confidence and praise was —

No condemnation now I dread!
Jesus, and all in him, are mine!
Alive in him, my living head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own!

Walking in the light of God's countenance, the evidence of my salvation became yet more clear, and the witness of the Holy Spirit yet more powerful and direct; and a very important thing it is to be able to discriminate between the

operations of the imagination, and the voice of God. It is easy and clear to those who are subjects of this divine grace, because *it is received into*, and not *raised up out* of the mind; and is stamped on the soul itself, with more or less of divine power, and always *with divine proof*; yea, oftentimes marvellously exceeding that of the direct and clearest testimony of the senses. It is the "white stone," only to be known by him who receives it: can never be, in the slightest degree, *imagined* by him who has never been *fitted* to receive it. Having suffered so much from the plague of my own heart, and having been so deeply assured of the value of everlasting life, it became my one great care to keep in that narrow way, into which God had so graciously brought me, and, in accordance with what I had previously learned from the writings of good men, the teachings of Holy Scripture, and the evident need which I found in my own experience of having "a heart in every thought renewed," it became my one concern to follow on to know the Lord yet more and more. Through God's infinite mercy my mind was constantly kept in view of the mark to be aimed at, and no self-denial or cross seemed to be shunned, being well assured that the way to holiness was that of fully denying one's self, and taking up the cross daily, even as our blessed Lord has taught us. This, friends, depend upon it, is the only true way to life eternal; and a way in which we shall never deceive ourselves, nor disgrace our profession. James says, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." In what way? "Cleanse your hands," (of all unrighteous, though, perhaps, *lawful* gains,) "ye sinners;" (by making *restitution* to those whom you have not done by as you would be done unto; and to the poor, as your creditors on God's account;) "and purify your hearts," (from "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life,") "ye double minded," (wanting both *earth* and *heaven*

which ye never can have.) Having read of many who did run well, but who had "made shipwreck of faith," and "returned as a dog to his vomit, or as a sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire," a deep concern rested on me, lest I should also be found, after all, among that dreadful number; for my heart, I perceived, was still ready to start aside, without constant watchfulness, cross-bearing, and prayer, and I feared, lest in these things I should fail, when so many mighty ones had fallen. This led me to cry, for a considerable time, incessantly, I may say, to God to save me from falling, because he alone could do so, and Oh! for ever blessed be his holy name! he both heard and answered, saying, "Thou shalt never perish, neither shall any one pluck thee out of my hand." After this my heaviest fears were over, and this has been kept as one of my *priceless jewels*. In this way, through much infirmity of body, and oppression of mind arising therefrom, which, at length, became a settled case of melancholy of the deepest kind, as deplorable a condition, temporally speaking, as I can form any idea of, I toiled along the gloomy vale of life, with scarcely a ray of sensible happy emotion of spirits, yet kept by the power of God unto salvation. In the midst of this condition, about, it may be, two years from the time of my experiencing the knowledge of salvation, the Holy Spirit, without any special, or perhaps I should say, *striking* act of faith on my part, produced the blessed consummation of my desires after purity of heart. My feelings on that occasion were not so much of anything that was destroyed, as of the bringing in of "everlasting righteousness," and thereby making an end of sin; the last, and at all times the most notorious of which, was *pride*.

"High as heaven aspires thy brow,
Thy foot sinks deep as hell."

Since then about thirty-six years have rolled along, a long, long night of afflic-

tion, which God in mercy has lightened by providentially leading me to see the necessity of observing his physical, as well as his moral laws; and, also, to the use of such wholesome medicines as have greatly benefited me, but, *all has been well*. Many have been the instances of what may be called *miraculous providences*, meaning, thereby, signal displays of God's goodness and preserving care. *Not one thing has failed of all his promises*. Many years ago it was thought by my friends that I was near death, but it seemed to me that it would be no other than going from one room into another. Comparing now my state with what it was then, I find my faith in every word of God, whether of promise or of threatening, temporal or spiritual, to be more strong and instantaneous, together with a more heavenly promptness to fulfil at all times God's ever blessed will, with more vigorous courage on all occasions; and Jordan's flood seems to be so dried up that not a drop of that dark water is there to damp the sole of the foot. Does any one weakly ask, Do you now feel the need of a Saviour? O yes, *never so much so!* "Every moment, Lord, I need the merit of thy death." Alas! who out of Christ can appear before God? Before him the cherubim and seraphim *continually* do cry,—Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!—heaven and earth are full of thy glory!" It is most awful to take that holy name into our lips when we consider how little we glorify him, and how far short of that holy reverence which is his due, our minds are capable of conceiving and rendering unto Him! Through Christ alone, "the eternal victim," in virtue of his infinitely meritorious atonement, the God-man, our only mediator, dare we ever to appear before God. As the air we breathe and the food we consume sustains our animal life, so the Holy Spirit sustains each moment our spiritual life, which would perish at once if he were withdrawn from us.

NOT LEFT ALONE.

BY A STUDENT.

"The Father hath not left me alone, for I do always those things that please him." — *Christ.*

What happiness to be able to adopt this language of Jesus! To do always the things that please the heavenly Father, — this insures our not being left alone; if it does not always, without exception, insure the *feeling* that we are not left alone, it insures the foundation for the faith to believe it. There may be times when, from some physical or constitutional cause, we may be so lonely in heart as to feel that God, even, does not give us his company, nor send an angel to make society for us, though we are bereft of all that is human; and yet we may feel all the while that we have done those things that pleased him, — that we have not offended in anything. Or it may be that from no physical or other earthly cause do we suffer this feeling, but that it is a dispensation that we are under for some future good; as in the case of our Saviour, when he cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? He felt in that hour that he had done the things that pleased the Father; and yet he felt *alone* under the weight that was pressing upon him. This can be seen by the language he used, "*Why hast thou forsaken me?*"

His was a suffering for others; ours, under such feelings, may be in part for others, and in part for ourselves; for our discipline, which shall result in good to ourselves, and to others, too. But we can bear this suffering with composure, while we have the foundation for our belief that our being left alone is in feeling only, and not in fact; which foundation is preserved to us by the continued consciousness that the judge of the heart approves, not seeing evil there, though we may cry out for lack of support on account of the weakness of the flesh. On the other hand, if we do wrong, — if we do even that of which we are doubtful

whether it is the will of God, we shall be left alone in another sense; and one which shall make us cry out with a broken spirit. "The spirit of a man will sustain him; but a *wounded spirit* who can bear?" I saw a plain illustration of this in the case of one who married a man of wandering affections. She had had sufficient reason to know him to be a man of this character, and therefore to know that it was not the will of God that she should marry him; that he was not a suitable subject for marriage. In a short time she found her heart filling up with envy toward those who might have the advantage of her in personal beauty, or anything else that might please the wandering eye. With what bitterness of grief did I hear her cry out, and ask why she should be feeling this envy, saying that she had not felt envy for years before, and she thought she was never to feel it again. She did not realize that the mind itself is a machinery for producing either good or evil emotions; and that if God leaves the mind of either man or angel, Satan will come in at once and use that machinery to more or less advantage to himself, as God is farther off, or nearer. But she could not bear the *wound in her spirit*. She said, "I could suffer as a martyr, if I had married a man who, at the time, was above suspicion, having done it with good faith in God, if he had afterward proved himself unworthy of my love. But how can I bear this alone? I have offended God, and failed to secure the human heart that I thought to make as my own, and my own heart is filling up with evil feelings." How different the desertion which follows the doing of that which does not please God, from the temporary hiding of his face, in which we can say by faith, "though appearing to be deserted, not feeling sustained with any sensible pleasing presence, the Father *hath not* left me alone, because I do always those things that please him."

The Guide to Holiness.

MARCH, 1861.

HOLINESS AND CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

THAT holiness of heart and life are inseparable is one of the first principles of the gospel. Every providential circumstance in which the Christian is placed brings its peculiar obligations of action or suffering for his Master. Every well-established or incidentally occurring relation to his fellow-men involves responsibilities which must be met. Nor will the greatness of these duties or the frequency of their occurrence be burdensome, if the heart be right with God. On the other hand, they will be accepted with gladness, and discharged with cheerful and prompt obedience, as so many favored opportunities of laying up a treasure in heaven.

Among the Christian's relative duties, none, perhaps, are more important than those growing out of church-membership. We need not pause here to show the obligation of every disciple of Jesus to unite with some body of his fellow-disciples, who have the preached word and the required ordinances. Extraordinary indeed must be the circumstances justifying its neglect.

Assuming, therefore, the duty of church-membership, what are its peculiar obligations? or, rather, how will eminent holiness be best shown in this relation?—how will those who are entirely sanctified show it to their brethren and sisters with whom they are in immediate covenant, and with whom they gather around the sacramental altar, and mingle in the social and public means of grace?

It is manifest that they will exhibit this eminent attainment in divine grace in the temper of mind with which they meet the trials and discharge the duties of this relation. We have remarked that there are duties and trials peculiar to each of our several Christian relations. So long as God's people are beset with infirmities will there be provocations which the enemy of souls will use as occasions of offence. This he did in the early church. How sadly does the apostle tell the Corinthians that it had been declared unto him that there were contentions among them. How earnestly he exhorts them to put away all divisions. The apostles everywhere command the churches "to love as brethren;" to "consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works;" they enjoin upon the members to see that they love one another "with a pure heart, fervently," and to be "kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love." Their Master had before given them like injunctions; he had said, "As I have loved you, that ye also love one another." "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love

one to another." The truly sanctified take the lead in the churches in obeying these commands. They have hearts filled with the very spirit which dictated them, therefore obedience is easy. On all occasions for hardness among brethren, they know how to show the excellence of "forbearing one another in love." They have put away "all bitterness and evil speaking." They have learned to be "gentle towards all men," but especially towards their brethren. We know that it has been said that many professing perfect love, separate themselves from the rest of the church with which they are connected, and form cliques of their own numbers, and thus cultivate coldness and jealousies; that they are impatient of reproof, and unkind in their judgment of others. Doubtless these are often slanderous reports, growing out of a want of sympathy with and a lack of appreciation of the deep things of God. But if any professing to be cleansed from all sin are fairly chargeable with such a spirit and conduct, they have need to learn the true state of their own hearts. Without discouragement, but with true humility and sincere confession, they should cry unto God saying, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." The pastor of the church should find those of his members professing this high attainment the most "easy to be entreated," the most patient under reproof, the most teachable,—in a word, the most loving and lovely of his flock. They should be its peacemakers, patterns of holy tempers, "bearing all things," so that "they who are of a contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of them." As the church is the "salt" and "light" of the world, those perfected in love are the salt and light of the church.

There is a wonderful power in being holy,—in being filled with all the fulness of God,—and nowhere may it be exerted at the present time more to the glory of God, than in the church itself. The substance of what we have to say, then, under this head is, that the first duty belonging to the church relation of the wholly sanctified Christian is, that he show the spirit of this blessing under all its trials, and in spite of every provocation to depart from it, growing out of his own or others' infirmities.

We may add a few words concerning the practical duties of such to and in the church. The divine injunction is, that we do good unto all men, "especially unto those who are of the household of faith;" to let our light shine before men, that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven; that we "do good and communicate, and forget not;" that we do not shut up our bowels of compassion from a brother who has need; that we "be filled with all the fruits of righteousness," being ready to every good word and work. But the duties which belong more immediately to this relation are the

support of its worship by our moral and material aid. We are to exalt it as a God-appointed way of promoting his cause. We are to exert our influence *through* the church, as much as possible. We will not say how far a holy person may act with organizations and societies outside of the church, in order to promote religious ends; but we can say, most emphatically, that we believe that God intends that the church, as constituted by the covenanted relations of his people to him and one another, should be a power of supreme good in saving the world. We must honor her, then. We are to "take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof." Our substance should be laid freely upon her altar. We owe her much even for our temporal prosperity, and our offerings should not be of the lame of the flock, nor the gleanings of the field, but of the fatlings and the first fruits.

The above is a statement in spirit, we think, of the practical duties of *all* church-members; and what is the duty of all, should be eminently illustrated in the conduct of those "filled with all the fulness of God." They must not complain that they are watched narrowly for the fruit of their blessing in this respect. According to their means, they should abound in every self-sacrificing effort for Zion. When she requires labor and money, it will not do to give her loud professions instead. As the person enjoying this blessing understands better than others the true relation of the world to the soul, and of time to eternity, he can exercise a stronger faith in God, and make greater sacrifices.

Our sentiment is, therefore, that perfect love will make better elders, deacons, stewards, classifiers, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers; in a word, that it will perfect the believer as a church-member so far as erring man can be perfected. Oh that Zion would arise and shine; that she would put on the beautiful garments of holiness, separating herself from the world, and shaking herself of its dust, and come up out of the wilderness, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners!" Then would the time to favor her, the set time, have come. To this end let the lovers of holiness stand by her. Let them recollect that He who has sanctified them, loves her. That he has purchased her with his own blood, to this very end, that he might redeem her from *all* iniquity.

"FEAR NOT."

Why should you fear, trembling disciple of the gentle Jesus? Is he not as strong to save as he is tender of those who confide in him? What if the tempest howls fearfully, and the billows go over you? At his bidding there shall be a great calm. Why should you fear? Is he not an infinite Saviour? Has your unbelief robbed him of his divinity, at the same time that it has taken from you the consolations of his all-sufficient support?

Think of his works of mercy while upon earth! Was anything too hard for him? The foulest leprosy, the fiercest demoniac possession, the chains of inexorable death itself, all yielded to the touch of his power! How timely was his appearance in the hour of his people's distress. "Be not afraid,"—"Be of good cheer,"—"Let not your heart be troubled,"—were exclamations ever falling from his gracious lips upon the ears of trembling believers. Is your case so peculiar that the "exceeding great and precious promises" do not include it? Is there no example of his past loving-kindness to his people which affords you encouragement?—Not one of those who through faith inherited the promises, who is a fitting pattern for you? Are the deliverances so signally marking your own history, ungratefully forgotten? Come, ye who weep with Mary, behold the dead raised to life again. Look up, ye who doubt with Thomas, and be assured that the Master does not mock you with a shadowy semblance, but that He who stands before you is "The First and the Last," who "liveth and was dead;" and behold he is alive forevermore.

Why do you fear? Is it for others,—some dear friend,—a beloved child,—a brother or sister,—whose exposure to danger alarms you? Are they in peril by land or sea? or are any of these in the more fearful danger of the second death? Why cannot you trust *them* in the hands of Him without whose notice a sparrow cannot fall to the ground? How full is the sacred record of examples of successful prayer for others? How touching an example has Christ himself left us in this respect! "Simon, Simon,—I have prayed for thee." "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me." Fear not then for the loved ones, nor let painful anxieties be indulged concerning them. Your arm cannot save, nor your eye guide them. Commit them to the great Keeper, and fear not.

Do you think how *tormenting* your fear is? how it robs you of sleep by night, and of social comfort by day? How dark are the clouds overcasting your spiritual sky! Fear has gathered them. How rough is the path you are called to tread! Fear has cast stumbling-blocks in your way. How heavy the burden which is constantly pressing you earthward! Fear has imposed it, while faith would have cast it upon Him who has "carried our sorrows," bidding you mount up on wings as eagles.

Do you think how *dangerous* your fear is? It drives away the Sanctifier and Comforter, admits the Tempter in his place, exposing the soul to his assaults. It lets in upon the heart the world like a flood. At its bidding the old man rallies again, and struggles successfully for his former ascendancy. Indulged, it shuts the door of heaven, for the "fearful" shall not enter there.

Do you consider how *wicked* your fear is? It steals all your sweet fellowship with Christ and

his people. It spoils your holy hours. It makes the God of truth a liar. It violates his express command; for he has said, again and again, tenderly and persuasively, "Fear not."

Cast then the hated thing from you, trembling one. Venture upon his mercy. Honor his promises. Lovingly rest your aching head upon his breast, for *there* can no evil befall you.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

A YOUNG DEBORAH.

"The inhabitants of the villages ceased, they ceased in Israel, until that I Deborah arose, until that I arose a mother in Israel."—*The Song of Deborah; Judges v. 7.*

FOR "inhabitants of the villages," several able critics read, "champions," or "chiefs;" the sense then, is, that there were no chiefs in Israel until Deborah, *a mother*, arose to bring deliverance. God wrought wonderfully at that time for his people, by a pious woman; and so has he done in modern Israel, and so is he ever ready to do. The following narrative from "The Year of Grace in Ireland," illustrates this. The writer had been speaking of the extension of the revival among the females. He then specifies the case of one whom he met when he was going to visit some awakened persons:—

"She had visited some houses, read, exhorted, and prayed. 'The Lord,' said she to all the people in these houses, 'has sent me to bring you to him. He is waiting for you. Arise, and follow me.' And strange, but true, they 'immediately arose and followed her.' A widow woman, her sons and grandchildren, a mother with one child in her arms and another at her feet, trembling, and in tears, girls and boys who had risen from their looms, and men who had dropped their spades and left their work in the open fields, all followed her across the country, while she marched at their head like a general. 'Here,' said she, when I met her, pointing to her train of followers, 'is my day's work; is it not a good one? They wanted me to stay at home, but I would not, for I knew that the Lord had work for me to do. He has given me these.'

"'R. dear,' said I, 'do be quiet, and don't excite yourself, or people will say you are going mad.' She drew herself up in the most commanding manner, and measuring me from head to foot, exclaimed, 'I am astonished at you, Mr. M.; did you not teach me in your Sunday-school and Bible-class? Oh, I can teach the children now. I will bring them to Jesus. I must do the will of my heavenly Father. Oh, I have a Father *now*. Do you not remember the words of Jesus, when the Pharisees reproved him because he did not silence the little children who shouted hosanna as he marched into Jerusalem?—'If these should hold their peace, immediately the

very stones would cry out.' I cannot hold my peace. It is not I, but the Spirit of the Lord, that is speaking.'

"I was awed into silence as I stood before this young Deborah, and in the mean time fell into the rear, and became one of her followers. It is right to state that, in a few days, she calmed down, and became what she still continues to be, a warm-hearted, zealous, and consistent follower of Jesus. The excitement is gone, but not the Spirit which gave it birth. She did her work. She roused the country, and then retired into private life; and in the quiet home of the family circle she and her sisters are adorning the doctrine of the gospel by a becoming walk and conversation."

THE LIVING ONE.

"I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore."—*Rev. i. 18.*

The unbelief of the disciples of Christ buried their Master with his body which had hung upon the cross. Even the confiding Marys, and the affectionate John, thought of him as dead. How astonishing, then, to them is the declaration that he lives! What conflicting thoughts trouble the two disciples while walking to Emmaus! They had been made astonished by certain women, who were early at the sepulchre, and declared that he was alive; but they were about to be made more astonished by that living Master himself. It was the faith grounded upon this and other most abundant evidence that he lived, which wrought so radical a change in the hitherto timid followers of the Crucified One. By it they went forth preaching Christ and the resurrection. They suffered in life, and sealed with their death the testimony that he was dead, and behold he is alive forevermore. The enemies of the cross could better endure any of its doctrines than this fundamental one. Yet it is just here that the believer receives all his soul-inspiring hopes. "He ever lives to make intercession for us." "Because he lives, we shall live also." He has gone to prepare a place for us; that where he is, there we may be also. "We shall see him as he is;" and this is our assurance, not only that we *shall* be "like him," in a sense yet incomprehensible, but that we *now have* in some measure his image graciously formed in our hearts.

But our thoughts not only run forward to that "forevermore" of the text, in which we shall be with him, but our faith is strengthened by the sublime truth that he "was,"—"the Beginning"—"the Alpha." As he said of himself, "Before Abraham was, I am." "In the beginning was the Word." Under his eye creation in its magnitude and order and beauty came forth, because "by him all things were made." The oldest of the angels have known and worshipped him from their youth. He has always been the familiar name in heaven.

John had looked upon the face of this Living One, and pillowed his head upon his bosom, while the divinity was veiled in humanity; but when he saw him in apocalyptic vision, he "fell at his feet as dead." Yet still, in heaven as upon earth, whether among his people "as one that serveth," or as their judge sitting upon "the great white throne," his language to his people is ever that of tenderness and love. "Come, ye blessed of my Father,"—"Fear not." Surely "we have a strong consolation who have fled for a refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." While the Living One is this consolation, our hope is "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

THE Rev. Brother B. writes in reference to an inclosed article, in which his recent experience is sketched:—

"Various hindrances have delayed the inclosed article. As it is, I have written it hurriedly to-day with a sore hand. But though imperfect, it conveys a true history of an experience to me richer and grander than I could have conceived. Nevertheless, it may be hard to acknowledge. I wish sometimes that I could write more plainly when I touch upon my religious experience. But to me it is like walking amid the gardens of the wealthy, and listening to summer breaths, whenever I think of God's deeds and words to me. I hope you and your readers will understand me, and receive my word as true, and my experience as real. However, when the church comes spiritually to read the Canticles and the Apocalypse, they will deem my language faint and inexpressive."

Another brother thus alludes to the recent possession of a spiritual blessing, and the means by which it was obtained:—

"Though I am a stranger to you, I feel, while I write, that we are of the same family. I thank God from the depths of my heart that he ever put it into your mind to engage in a work so inconceivably glorious. Be encouraged, brother, for your labors are extending the glory of God, and, of course, the happiness of man. This is illustrated in my own experience. Last fall, after being a professor for about two years, I discovered, by reading the Bible, and by the teachings of the Spirit, that there was a higher life, and I began to struggle to attain it. In my struggles I met with a sister, providentially, who had a year's subscription of the Guide, from July, '55, to July, '56. She loaned it to me, and by the aid of the Spirit in reading its pages, I was led into the liberty of full salvation. I then subscribed for

it; and, it comes to me as a more than welcome visitor. I would not part with it. I should be in a measure lost without it. I consider it the best publication of the kind with which I am acquainted. I shall labor to get subscribers for it, as a duty, for in so doing I feel that I am doing good."

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

A brother writing from Okolona, Mississippi, after proposing to the readers of the Guide to meet in secret prayer during the closing light of each day, says:—

"Dear Christian friends, there never did probably exist a greater necessity for earnest, importunate prayer, than at present. There is now a dark cloud hanging over us as a nation. The prayer of faith is mighty, and must prevail. 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.' But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.' Let us then beseech our heavenly Father to scatter the clouds of darkness, and lift the light of his countenance upon us.

"Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

"Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend."

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

The foreign correspondent of the Pittsburg Christian Advocate, writing from England under the date of Dec. 6, says:—

"Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of New York city, have now been in this country more than twelve months, incessantly at work in continuous revival efforts. Their labors have been restricted almost exclusively to places of worship belonging to Conference Methodists. Several attempts have been made by the evangelical clergy of the Church of England to induce them to labor within their pale; but only in one instance have Dr. and Mrs. Palmer yielded. The Vicar of Swanage prevailed on them to conduct one service under his direction, which was made a great blessing to the villagers."

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

A communication from Rev. I. S. NULLIS, of Ireland, came too late for this number. It will appear in our next.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHILDREN BROUGHT TO THE FEAST.

We have observed that when, in any religious society, or in any community at large, there is a festival, at which good things are prepared for the table, parents generally are very sure to secure the attendance of their children. Nor are the children themselves at all backward in availing themselves of the privileges of the occasion. This is right, when used with proper discretion. How blessed it would be if parents and children would together attend the spiritual feasts which God prepares for all who choose to come! The Lord invites all.

The year 1859 was distinguished in Ireland by a wonderful revival of religion. It has been called "the year of grace," and a book has been published with this title, giving a very interesting account of the work. We notice that many young people and children partook of this feast prepared by Christ. We make a few extracts for the youthful readers of the Guide, hoping that they too will come, for the tables are now spread here in mercy in this year of 1861, and all things are ready.

THE PLOUGHBOY AND HIS MUSE.

At Portrush, one of the principal watering-places in the North of Ireland, the revival broke out in wonderful power. During the prayer-meeting in a farm-house, one day, there was much emotion. At its close a tall, stout, able-bodied young man, twenty years of age, R. R., the farmer's eldest son, approached one of the ministers, trembling, and seizing him by the hand, as tears flowed fast,—"Mr. S., you can't leave." "Why, Robert?" "Oh, you can't leave me in this state!" "Why, what is wrong?" "Oh, I'm so ill,—*such a load upon my heart.*" "But can't you go with your load to the cross, and Jesus will take it from you? He says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" "Oh, but I can't go." "Can't you pray Christ to take you?" "No, I'm so ill, I can't; will you pray?"

So saying, he fell on his knees before the minister, who proceeded in prayer. The young man had just come in from the plough, with his horses, just in time to catch the prayer that by the Spirit's grace enabled him to put his hands to another plough, and, thank God, *he did not look back.* This converted ploughboy wrote a piece of poetry called "The Convert's Prayer," which found its way to America during the revival, and has been published in several of the papers. May God make the Irish ploughboy a mighty worker in his vineyard.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN MAID.

The story of the fatherless and motherless little servant-maid is thus told by her pastor:—

"She is only thirteen years of age, and when about seven was left by a wretched mother in a farm-house, and she never came back to inquire after the child; and some time after, the poor thing heard that all the being she had for a mother was dead. It was early for the little creature to put down her tiny hands to work for bread; but so it was, and she can say, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' She, by the kindness of her mistress, is permitted to attend regularly the Presbyterian Sunday school, and, by the care of an excellent teacher, can read very well. In the beginning of August, her mistress being from home, she was left alone in the house, and there came under deep conviction of sin; and when her mistress came home, she found her lying in bed weeping; and afterwards she was again stricken while pulling flax in the field. When I called, in answer to the question, when this work of grace began in her soul, her reply was, 'Several weeks ago.' 'What brought you to think?' 'Just felt I was a great sinner, and needed Jesus.' 'Have you got him?' 'Yes.' 'How do you know?' 'Because my sins are taken away.' 'How do you know that?' 'God says the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' 'Are you resting on that word of his?' 'O yes, sir.'

"As additional reasons for her being forgiven, she said she now loved the Bible, which she did not do before; loved prayer, and felt it sweeter. She was next asked what she prayed for. 'For the blood of Christ to cleanse my sins away, and the Spirit of Truth to renew and sanctify my nature, and that he would be father and mother unto me.' During these answers tears fell fast, but at the last allusion to her orphan situation, a convulsive sob shook her breast, and the shower from her eyes came on heavier. It may be easily supposed that there was no one present unmoved. As a last question, she was asked whether there was any particular text, more than another, on which her soul reposed since she found peace. 'Yes,' she replied. 'What is it?' She raised her hand over her eyes, it seeming vain to try to stem the flowing springtide, and in broken sobs repeated, as well as choking utterance would let her, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

"One of the Scots worthies departed this life sitting at his breakfast table, having requested his daughter to open the family Bible and lay it before him, and place his forefinger on those two verses; and the priceless passage that formed peaceful anchorage for the happy spirit of the departing worthy going home, forms anchorage for the little Irish orphan maid, stunted in bodily growth by toil and hardship from a child, yet admitted a daughter of the *Great King.*"

[Original.]

"HOLINESS IS THE GREAT SECRET OF SUCCESS."

BY REV. ISAAC SEPTIMUS NULLIS.

So wrote a venerable old man, who said once in our hearing, in a large market-place, amidst hundreds of people, *"I've been one of the Lord's ministers for nearly thirty years, — have knelt by the side of hundreds crying for mercy, and never saw one (who came believingly to the Saviour) turned empty away."*

This, coming from an old warrior in Christ's army, has encouraged us in many a conflict, and caused the words at the commencement of this article to have greater effect.

There is a power in holiness, — a power that will cause the most hardened to feel and own that "there is a Christian, — a living representation of Christianity, — a follower of Christ." And when a man is seen to live a holy life, his words will have a greater effect, — his prayers will be believed in, and his profession credited; for *there it is before you*, you cannot contradict it without belying your own convictions.

The nature of this holiness, and manner of receiving it, we do not purpose entering upon now, but shall only speak of some of its effects. Let us look at them.

1. *In the Sabbath School.* See that teacher. School time has almost arrived. With a heavy, reluctant heart, she goes towards the school. Satan whispers, — "You've labored long. The children are getting worse. You'll do no good. Better give it up, and have your liberty." The temptation continues, and Sabbath after Sabbath the heart responds, "No use, — I'll give it up the first opportunity." But let this same teacher obtain the blessing of purity of heart. She then sees her failures, — unfruitfulness and unfaithfulness, — feels her responsibility, — thinks, — resolves, — acts. The children may have been light, trifling, inattentive. Now see the change! But why? Ah! you

can now read *concern, earnestness, and belief of eternal realities*, in the teacher's eye. The tear, sigh, groan, and solemn inquiry, — "Do you love Jesus?" — all tell that some great change has been passing on her spirit. That change is *holiness*, and this is the fruit. But does it end here? No. The children *feel* the influence, repent, pray, seek mercy, and obtain it, — go home, — tell their friends, — deep concern is manifested, — a revival follows, and God is glorified.

Take an instance. A teacher (in a Sabbath school well known to the writer) obtained the blessing of entire sanctification, and when meeting her little class, repented deeply of her unfaithfulness, and commenced at once to act for God. She spoke of Jesus to them, with her heart yearning for their salvation as it had never yearned before. One little girl, under ten years of age (who was more light and trifling than any of the others), went home and prayed, — was deeply convinced of sin, and after attending a six o'clock love-feast, on Christmas-day morning, 1858, retired to her room, and found the pearl of great price. She attended a tea-meeting shortly after, and when the congregation had been requested to speak to one soul about Jesus, every week during the year 1859, she raised her hand (with some others) as one who would *try* to do so. Her teacher said: "And who do you intend speaking to?" "*My father and mother first*," was the little girl's reply. One morning, at a five-o'clock prayer meeting, we saw a young woman upon her knees, weeping, seeking mercy, and another woman near her, weeping bitterly. We kneeled with one, and prayed for her. The woman thought the other had forgotten her pocket handkerchief. We heard a noise, — looked up and saw the woman tear her own handkerchief in two, — give the young woman half to wipe her eyes, and keep the other half to wipe her own. They both found salvation, and, when we arose from our knees, found it to be the

mother of the little girl and her servant. At night, they brought the father, and he wept, trembled, believed, and then rejoiced in the Lord. A young man lodging with them, and in training for a captain, next became an object of their solicitude. He stood out some time, but in about a month his distress was so great one night (after returning from a preaching service), that he could eat no supper, and they were obliged to take him to a minister's house for his instructions and prayers. They knelt to pray, and deliverance came. He passed his examination, took command of a vessel, and on leaving the shores of Old England, wrote to say he was "quite happy." And who knows where this may end? *And all to be traced back to this teacher's obtaining the blessing of holiness of heart.*

2. *Let us now visit the Class-Room.* Look into that little room. See the leader there, with his four, five, or six members. Now they sing, but it is not much in the spirit. He prays, but it is hard work, — his members do not lay hold with him. It seems as though he cannot rise. He proceeds to inquire into their state. His way of asking them does not awaken any thought. The old stereotype answer comes, — "Well, I thank God for his mercies to me; find a good many troubles and trials, but am determined to get on better." He gives them a few generalisms, and passes on. And when the close comes, they feel relieved to think it is over. But let this same leader obtain that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." He longs for class-night. He is there in time. Members increase. Singing is different. Prayers are mighty. He has some new victory to acquaint his class with. He opens his mouth, — his soul is all on fire, and it burns in the hearts of his members. His experience is not a number of words without meaning, — not something he makes up as he goes along, but *his experience*, — *something he has passed through*. His inquiry awakens

thought, — his looks, — his all. You cannot sit and make up a tale. You must either get into a better state, or stay away; but this last will not do, for the leader is alive, and will be after you. "Well," thinks the member, "if God can sanctify him, he can me." He seeks and obtains, — goes to class, — his heart burns, — the leader comes round, and with a joyful heart, he tells of Jesus' love and full salvation. It has an effect on others. The class-room becomes a little heaven, and the scene of hallowed conflicts and victories. Members grow in grace, and the work spreads out into the church, and a revival follows. *And all through this leader's obtaining full salvation.*

3. *Look at it in the Pulpit.* There's a man in the ministry. His call by the Holy Ghost and church has been clear. He reads, studies, and prepares his sermon, — a sermon which (according to its composition, doctrine, and adaptation) one would think could not fail to produce a mighty effect; but it seems to fall almost powerless upon the hearts of the people. But few go away weeping on account of sin, — but few filled with the glory of God. The fault is not in the sermon, but in the preacher's heart. He feels a strange want of power within him. The Holy Spirit urges him to get entirely sanctified. He yields, — lays all upon the altar; the fire descends; burns up self and inbred sin; love fills his heart, — he is all love, — the image of Christ is stamped upon him, and he shouts "*God is love*." Now see him in the pulpit, with the same text, — same sermon, but the heart, how changed, — it is all on fire. His words cut, — fall with a power that must awaken, and move the people to act. Some fall out with *him*, — some with *themselves*, — but many fall in with Christ. See that careless sinner there, — his attention is gained, — how portrayed, — his danger pointed out, and the remedy shown, — while the sinner thinks some one has been telling the min-

ister all about him, and he is ready to cry out (as a sinner did once, under the preaching of a beloved brother of the gospel), "*He means me,— he means me.*" The penitent longs for the prayer meeting to commence, that he may go to the penitent form or communion rail, to pour out his cries to God for pardon, and receive instruction from God's people. This holy minister is surrounded with weeping ones, and believers seeking purity of heart. Classes are filled up, and a glorious revival enjoyed, *all through the baptism of fire received by this one man.*

4. *Look at it in the Family.* The "form" of religion is kept up, and something of the "power." The house of God is attended, class meeting, prayer meeting. Family worship is not wholly neglected, but in what spirit is it conducted? Often in a hurry,—must read a *short* psalm. Then follows the *long*, cold, round-about prayer, enough to drive one off to sleep, or keep the children counting over the old, hackneyed sayings, which have so much of sameness in them,—like the flowers on the paper in our rooms,—telling us, by their sameness, that they are artificial. It is no wonder that family worship is disliked, and children throw off the fear of God, there is so little of the religion of love in it. But let one of the parents seek the baptism of fire, and receive the inward anointing of the Holy Ghost,—which is promised in no less measure to them, than to Peter, James, or John, or any of the persons who received it at the day of Pentecost,—we say, let them receive it, in all its fulness,—obtain the blessing of purity of heart, and then family devotion is no drudgery. The sacred hour arrives,—the old family Bible is reached, and read with a pathos that constrains the children to believe there is something in religion,—that the Bible is a true book, and that their parents, at any rate, believe it. The verse of a hymn is sung. They kneel to worship God, and, as the prayer ascends, all feel that it is

real. God is in the midst. No going to sleep. All enter into the spirit of it, more or less,—all are benefited and strengthened for the day. Children then see religion shining in the lives of their parents, and through their earnest cries to God, and entreaties with them, they yield their hearts up to God,—are accepted of him, and thus the family circle are all "bound up in the bundle of life,"—presenting to all around a spectacle which angels may look upon with joy, and *all the fruit of holiness.*

Take an instance,—a true picture. A mother was convinced of the necessity of holiness,—sought and obtained the Spirit's baptism. Her mind was so absorbed in God for one fortnight, as almost made her forget to eat, drink, or sleep. While her hands were engaged to secure the bread that perisheth, it might have been said of her, that, "her hands were full of earth, and heart full of heaven." Next morning, after receiving that gracious visitation (which has never left her), we took breakfast with the family. She commenced to *plead*, first for her son,—put her arms around his neck, and said, "*W—J—, will you give your heart to Jesus?*" He articulated as well as he could, for weeping,—"*I'll try.*" She then said, "*He says he'll try,*"—he has never said such a thing before,—he's no hypocrite,—he means it,—*W—J—*, (uttering his name before the Lord), *write his name in heaven.*" Never shall we forget the influence, the deep solemnity that filled the room. The tears rolled down our faces until the handkerchief of one, at least, was wet through, as though dipped in water. He obtained salvation, and then was offered for the missionary altar, as we have never heard the like. Next came the daughter; her heart broke down before the Lord, and they rose from their knees "new creatures in Christ Jesus," and all through that mother receiving the baptism of fire and of the Holy Ghost.

May it spread through Sabbath schools, class-rooms, pulpits, family circles, and the "whole earth," until "HOLINESS" UNTO "THE LORD" becomes so prevalent as to be "written on the bells of the horses."

Portadown, Ireland, Jan. 14, 1861.

(Original)

ONLY BELIEVE AND LOVE.

BY J. B. H.

.... My companion and myself were thirsting after deeper draughts from the river of life than any we had hitherto enjoyed. Our blessed Master, whom we had followed, alas! afar off, had not left us to our wanderings; but in infinite mercy was calling us to walk in his more immediate presence; and his gracious Spirit having shown us our bondage to sin and Satan, we were led to turn with deep loathings from our poor vile selves, and to cry out in agony of desire —

"Oh for a heart from sin set free!
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone."

Father in heaven, oh, write upon us "holiness to thyself," was our unceasing prayer.

My own burden became too great to bear; I felt I could not live without the gift from God of a clean heart. Oh, with what unutterable groanings I wrestled day and night at the throne of grace! At length my bodily strength failed, and then indeed all the billows went over my head.

One evening, after being absent all day from home, my companion met me at the threshold (I had left her like myself an earnest, though not so distressed an inquirer); our first words, I believe, were in relation to the great matter that engrossed our thoughts. To my question, "How has it been with your soul to-day?" she replied much as follows: "Oh, all is well with me now, I trust. Why, I have been thinking I must be as distressed and agitated as you, before I could receive the blessing I desired; but I have found that

it is only just to *believe* and *love*." Blessed discovery! Yes, this was and is *all*. And though at the time I did not understand in their sweet comprehensiveness these words, I, too, after many days of weary seeking, found that, leaving all else, I had only to fall prostrate at the feet of Jesus and there just "believe and love."

The following extract from the journal of the dear one who was thus before me led into rest, tells with sweet simplicity the story of her deliverance. Speaking of her exercises she says: "For several days I was in agony of soul, not knowing what to do, trying to make myself better, but failing in every attempt, till at last I had to give up in despair; I could do nothing for myself. I could not do right; it was failure after failure. I thought there was no holiness, or even reconciliation for me; but one day, just at this point, as I was busily engaged with my work, I was filled with peace and joy; I wondered I had not seen before what my difficulty was: I was trusting in myself, — *trusting in myself*, when there was the blessed Saviour to trust in, and I would not let him do the work, but wanted to help him. How could I hold out so long? It was only to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love him with my whole heart.

What could I have been thinking of, seeking to cleanse my own heart, when the Saviour was able and willing to do it for me? Since then I have been a *new creature* in Christ Jesus. I know that I have been growing in grace. I am not at all times joyful, though always peaceful, and at *times*, it seems as if my heart would leap for joy, feeling that God has accepted me for his child. He is my heavenly Father, — I know it, for he has told me so. Oh, with what blessed assurance I can go to the throne of grace! I delight in bringing everything, however small, to my "Father," and I rest in Jesus. Blessed Jesus, my tongue is filled with thy praises!

Newark, N. J., Nov. 1860.

[Original.]

SANCTIFICATION — ITS NATURE.

BY W. J. BLOWERS.

It implies, first, a perfect consecration. In justification, this was general; but in sanctification it must be specific.

This is so from the nature of things, for by it the will is subjugated to God entirely. By the action of sin the powers of man have been alienated from God, and used for a different purpose than that originally designed by God. In his sinful state, man naturally considers the things in his possession his own. His body he calls his own, and thinks that he may indulge in sports and practices as he chooses. He can eat such food as he desires, at such times and in such quantities as he wishes. His mind is his own, and he can read such books and contemplate such subjects as he desires. His property is his own, as he has toiled diligently to acquire it, and he may use it as he likes.

Examined by the test of God's word, we learn that "ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." "The silver and gold are mine," saith the Lord. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." We must give our bodies to God to be used as he directs, and in no other way; and we cannot lawfully misuse them. Many individuals grieve the Spirit and prevent him performing the work of salvation, by indulging in practices that do no good. A good father in Israel, who was seeking full salvation, and agonizing for it, said, "Lord, I will give up everything." A friend by his side, knowing that he used tobacco, said, "Will you give up your tobacco too?" "Yes," said he. He had no sooner thus replied than the power came upon him, and prostrated him.

Our friends must be given up. We must not murmur if they are taken from us. We must do as Dr. Clarke did: he told

the Lord that should his child be lost if it should come to maturity, to take it in infancy.

In like manner every power pertaining to us must be dedicated to God; we have no right to use anything, unless the Lord permits us.

Second, it implies perfect faith.

This in the justified state is spasmodic; in the sanctified state, it is constant and steady. It is emphatically a life of faith. Jesus appears very near to the heart, — indeed, "he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him," so that the communication between God and the soul is perfect. The channel is opened, all obstructions are removed. How easy, then, to pray. How glorious to *trust* in God. How it glorifies him. Oh, glory to the Lamb for this energizing power! We can then "pray without ceasing." It brings the blessed Trinity, laden with blessings, close to us, so that we can touch the hem of his garment.

Third, it implies perfect purity.

The roots of bitterness remaining in the heart at justification are exterminated; every sinful motive is reversed. The Lord has said, 1 John iii. 3: "And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as he (God) is pure."

This purity is not as capacious as that of God, of course, but it is of the same nature. The little sapling is not as large in its structure as the full-grown oak, but it is as perfect in its development.

The capacity of the heart just cleansed from all unrighteousness, is perfect and filled with purity, but oh, how much more capacious it is after Deity has dwelt in it many years! From such a soul we never hear those painful confessions, "This day has been spent for naught; Oh that I might be saved from sin!"

Fourth, it implies a perfect baptism of life.

A certain measure is infused into the soul at justification, but the perfect baptism of the Holy Ghost energizes the

soul, body, and spirit, so that it is perfectly sensitive to every influence. Man in this state cannot be indolent. He cannot rest as long as there are sinners to be saved; as long as there is a world to be redeemed to Christ. No externalities can engross his attention,—no place too degraded and impure to prevent his applying the blood of Christ, through the eternal Spirit. The “highways and hedges” are visited daily. Without this the intellectual powers cannot be rapidly cultivated. It is natural to be indolent, and let much time waste. But thus energized, the knotty truths of mathematics and metaphysics are quickly unravelled, and every moment is faithfully spent.

Oh, how glorious in the expression of Jesus, “I am the way, the truth, and the life!” “Life!” what an infinity of truth in that word! When the poor soul sees its inherent depravity, loathing it in the extreme, and feels the spirit led captive by the flesh, evil passions rankling in the breast, and pours forth its agony in the language of Saul, “Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver from the body of this death?”—to that soul these words have meaning.

Oh that this power might pervade the entire church! How soon the millennial star would dawn on the world. How soon all the stagnant elements of mind would be in motion. How soon the kingdoms of this earth would become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. How the harps that are now swept by sin would be attuned to divine harmony. How soon the equilibrium of the moral universe which has been destroyed would be restored, and the heart of the sentient world beat in unison with the divine heart.

O thou great life-giving Power, touch these dead bones, and may they move with life; touch these cold hearts, and may they pour forth thy praise.

Evanston, Ill., Jan. 15, 1861.

[Original.]

THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION.

BY REV. F. BROWN.

TEMPTATIONS arise from our probationary condition. Since man stepped upon the surface of this beautiful world, they have surrounded him. Consequently, no state of grace, however elevated, is entirely free from them. Many a pious Christian has been greatly disturbed with the fear that simple temptation had, of itself, the nature of sin. If, however, temptations are essential, constituted and circumstanced as we are, such fears are groundless. Even Adam, in all the vigor of his new-created powers, had to be tested by them; nay, a greater than Adam was “led up of the Spirit to be tempted of the devil.” There must have been much less prospect of success in the temptation of the wilderness than in any form of temptation that can be presented to the holiest Christian in the world. If the arch-adversary was unwilling to waive the exercise of his fearful power on that memorable occasion, we may rest assured that, as long as we tread the checkered paths of the wilderness of this life, we shall be subjected to the influence of the prince of evil. Only when the will accedes to the suggestion, or permits the mind to dwell upon it with favorable feelings, does the temptation produce sin. Mere excitement of mind, mere agitation of the sensibilities, is not sin. That agitation may be the result of the soul’s repugnance to evil, and the effort to cast out the dark suggestion. We have found persons in the enjoyment of entire holiness much troubled in consequence of their inability to distinguish between simple temptation and the earliest yieldings of the mind to its power.

Temptations, though they expose us to danger, are not unprofitable, if we pass through them victoriously. Suppose some one tempts us to become a traitor to our country; we are righteously indignant,

and spurn the base attempt to destroy our manhood; will that temptation make us love our country less? No, it will but press her closer to our hearts. Satan tempts us to an act of disobedience to our spiritual sovereign; our sanctified spirit with holy indignation spurns the unhallowed attempt;—do we love the Great King less? No, we feel the warm sympathies of our purified nature clustering around him as we resolve that

“We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow.”

When these temptations are repeated with similar results, in accordance with a law of our being, we gain a habit of resistance of untold worth. There may be less intensity in these exercises with every repetition, but the habit strengthens steadily and surely; so that the triumphant believer can ere long adopt the language of the Great Apostle,—“None of these things move me.” Such an experience is attainable by every sanctified Christian. Let us press up from the initial triumphs of the pure in heart to those more advanced positions in which victory comes with less effort, but with equal, if not greater profit.

We see, then, that, under the gracious supervision, and with the kind interference of our heavenly Father, temptation, like the ladder of Jacob, leads to glory. Its lowest round is planted on the earth; its highest on the margin of the flowery meads of the upper Eden. Step by step let us ascend,—firmly, deliberately, with our eye fixed on the great prize above. Every advance will bring us nearer, every temptation will lift us higher, until the last shall throw us upon the soft, verdant carpet of the temple of the Lamb. What then? Shall we ascribe our salvation to temptation? By no means. It is but the tool in the hand of the Great Architect. It is but the scaffold by which we build for eternity. It is but the process by which we are fitted for our future

position. All glory to the Lamb! Hallelujah to the Great Atoner, “who has made us kings and priests unto God, even his Father.”

And as we cast our minds backward from the mount of final victory through the long range of temptations that will stretch out in almost endless perspective before our gaze, we shall feel that we had not one too many, not one too severe. The regimen was a sharp but a safe one. And as we have fuller and clearer perception of the purpose and conduct of the Great Refiner, we shall raise loftier pæans of triumph to “Him that sits upon the throne, *and unto the Lamb forever.*”

Berlin, Conn.

[Original.]

THE OMNIPRESENT.

BY C. N. GRANT.

If there's one spot where God is not,
In all the realm of space,
'Tis in that heart which hath no part
In his renewing grace.

The desert drear, however sear,
Hath some wild flowers in bloom;
On every hand, in every land,
God's lamp lights up the gloom.

Yet far away from glare of day,
There's many a hidden cell,
Where no life teems, no sanctified gleams,
Through all the dismal dell.

Let God ordain this earth a plain.
Vales rise, and mountains fall!
Each yawning void is soon destroyed,
And noontide gladdens all.

Deep buried in a pit of sin,
No life-lamp to illumine,
Man's stubborn will refuses still
To choose a brighter doom.

O arm Divine! the strength is thine
To lift the direful pall,—
To lead the way to living day,
And save man from the fall.

To let him feel thy power to heal,
To make his heart thy home;
Come and engage thy heritage,
Thou Omnipresent, come.

Harts Grove, Nov. 10, 1860.

EXPERIENCE.

BY J. L. H.

I both love the "Guide" and need it. The personal experiences you have published have been food for my soul, and I have felt it a duty to send you a few points in mine. In July, 1849, I engaged J. M. B. to assist me in my business. We found our experiences to almost exactly correspond. For about twelve years we had anxiously desired to discharge our whole duty, had rejoiced in the prospect of meeting our Sunday-school classes and our brothers and sisters in the land of rest; and, in the use of the means of grace, had often been permitted to enjoy "the substance of things hoped for;" and yet we were conscious that *we were not what we ought to be*, — that God did not possess the heart entire; that our lives were a continued succession of good desire and good resolution, with each day witnessing something that caused a tear of repentance at night. I put the question, "Is this of necessity, or may we be saved from it?" That holiness is attainable, is our theory; and can it be within the reach of *us*, whose business calls us amongst all classes of people, and where there is so much litigation? I am unwilling to live as I have been living, and I propose for you to watch over me, and if I say a word that is not necessary, in our business, or for the glory of God, you shall remind me of this our engagement, and that moment I will desist and ask forgiveness; and I, in the same manner, will watch for you. He answered that he would gladly accept the proposition. From that hour there was no necessity of warning from each other, for as soon as an improper or useless thought suggested itself, before the word could reach the lips, conscience would speak and bid the thought "be still;" and this was the first moment of my life that I *really knew* that the violation of conscience was not a matter of necessity.

All trivial conversation being thus cut off, I was left to calm reflection, and, by God's grace, was enabled to see more clearly the depravity of my own heart, and the sinfulness of having lived in the *habitual* violation of conscience, and the *continual* neglect of the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" and in proportion to the clearness of my view of the goodness of God and the sinfulness of sin, I felt sorrow on account of it, and an increasing desire to be saved from it; yet my mourning heart would ask, "Is it possible to cleanse so vile a soul as mine?" The enemy would say, "not unless I was a better man," "I must do something." Not that there would be any merit in what I could do, but there was such presumption in so vile a wretch asking God for a clean heart. Such was my anxiety for mourners bowed at the altar, that I would forget for a time my own necessities, and while I was whispering to the struggling penitent that Jesus was present with a pardon purchased with his own blood; that he offered it freely, not because they were worthy, but because they needed it, and without it they were lost forever; and that the only condition was, "*Believe and thou shalt be saved*," the advice to the weeping mourner appeared to return with irresistible force, *Believe for full salvation*; "*His blood can make the foulest clean*;" and when I was struggling, almost in an agony, for the blessing which I began to think possible even for me, I felt that I had not yet made full consecration; yet I thought I was willing to give up all. For weeks I prayed God to discover to me the idol of my heart that claimed a part of my love. Then came the trying hour. If God should take my property, would I be willing? Yes, take what thou wilt, but cleanse my heart. If God should call for my life this moment, am I willing? O yes, if God should call I'd freely go. If God would call this moment for my wife and children, am I willing? I hesitated a moment, but

settled faith in Christ enabled me to say, *O God, I give them all to thee.* If the glory of God required my character blasted, myself shut up in prison walls, and my family reduced to degradation and want, am I willing? My proud heart shrunk back; I said, Surely God desires the happiness of his creatures, and it cannot be his pleasure, nor can it add to his glory, to punish any of them thus. Yes, that is true *in part*; but if separation from God be the legitimate result of sin, and eternal death be the just consequence, cannot any suffering in this life be chargeable to the same cause, without detracting from the glory of God? It appeared clear to me that I did not make full consecration until my body was presented a *living* sacrifice to God. That appeared to me to be a continual sacrifice of myself while life should last. It was required of the primitive Christians, and I felt that it was required of me; and by the grace of God I was enabled to say, "Here, Lord, I give myself away," do with me as thou wilt. Let anything come upon me, if thou wilt cleanse my heart. I had never had so strong faith, and never before had I felt so much love for the Saviour. My heart was filled with love, and I felt to believe as far as I knew the promises of God. Thoughts like these rushed swiftly through my mind. I do not doubt the virtue of the blood of Christ, but can it be that God notices so vile a being as I am? I have laid all upon the altar, but are there any plain and unequivocal promises that it will be accepted? May I believe that God *does* accept? Here I wept because I did not fully know what were the plain declarations of the word of God. I asked, What does it say on the subject? I said, from the bottom of my heart, God forgive my neglect. I arose from my closet and hastened to the Word of Life, and as, in the anxiety of my heart, I turned from page to page, I saw it written as clearly as the noonday sun, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

"I will also save you from all your uncleanness." "If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." I returned to my closet without a doubt that it was the will of God that I should be holy; and I believed that God would save me from *all* sin, but I did not feel that the work was done. I asked, Is not all upon the altar? Yes, I have made full consecration. Can I do more? I feel that I have done all that I can. Why then may I not believe that God *does* receive me? I feel willing, and that I *do* give up my property, but that I know will not purchase spiritual blessings; I give my friends, my life, my family; yes, O God, I give my reputation, my *all* I give to thee; but I know that they are thine already, and all the enjoyment I have ever had in them has been through the merit and intercession of Jesus Christ, who pleads for me! In every effort to consecrate myself to God, I see, plainly, that *God prepared the sacrifice, and more; prepared my heart to offer it!* And every step, in my approach to God, instead of being a reason why God should give additional grace, has increased the debt I owe! And here I am, without anything to pay; helpless, poor, and blind and naked, deserving eternal death, and no power to extricate myself, nor anything to purchase one drop of comfort! Oh, can I ask God to cleanse me and take me to heaven? Is it possible that there are provisions made, consistent with the honor of God's law, to save me? Yes, glory to God, *Christ died to save sinners!* Sinners whose souls are stained so deep as mine? Yes, the sacrifice is sufficient to satisfy the law, and there is virtue in the blood of Christ to cleanse so vile a soul as mine! Will he cleanse me? Yes, glory to God,

he has *promised* to do it, and, stripped of every other hope, *I hang my naked faith upon his word.*

Does he now cleanse? He does! he does! I am safe! Glory to God, in Jesus Christ I am safe. God sent the Holy Spirit to witness to my heart that "all is well," and my joy exceeded anything that I had before known. None can describe my joy, when I contemplated that but a short time previous it almost rent my heart asunder to sacrifice myself and family upon the altar, and now to find that there is no harm done them; they are all here yet! And the Lord has said, "Lay not thine hand upon" them! I feel that they are now in the hands of God, and I would not have them anywhere else for the world. I do not love them any less, but more than I did before I gave them up to God, and God seems now to say, "Occupy until I come."

I went to my work, and my joy began to decrease.

I thought that I was falling from the state of grace to which God had raised me. I returned to the closet, and the witness to my heart was renewed. I again went to my work, and my joy began again to diminish; and I was tempted to think that purity of heart, which I thought always secured the same measure of joy, could not be retained while pursuing the avocations of life; still, the language of my heart was, "Take what thou wilt, but take not thy Holy Spirit from me. If I must continue, most of my time, at the mercy-seat, in order to retain the blessing, let me do so, for I cannot let go this precious treasure." I would go to my closet, and would scarcely fall upon my knees before the light would break upon my soul, and about the first words would be, "Glory be to God, I am safe." I continued for some days going to my work, and then to my closet, experiencing each time the same result, until the thought was suggested to my mind, that "God has renewed the evidence, from day to day,

that he is mine, and I am his; he gave me the witness when I was willing to believe,—must I ask of him to make me thus happy all the time, before I am willing to trust him?" Oh, how I reproached myself for unbelief! and I then said, Let affliction come, let sorrow come, let darkness or anything come upon me; yes, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." For three years, though not in an ecstasy, I was happy all the time. I felt truly that "the kingdom of heaven was within." A person referred me to the Scripture, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves." Too sorely had I felt the weight of sin to be deceived in the fact that I was a sinner, and too great was the agony of my proud heart, for months, when being "crucified unto the world," to ever forget the fact that we may die to sin. I rejoice, to-day, that it is possible, in this life, to be "dead unto sin and alive unto God." If I ever heard, from the pulpit, the subject of holiness urged by commandment, or referred to as a privilege, hope sprung up in my heart that some would be induced, from a sense of duty, or enticed by its loveliness, to embrace it. I thought that the change in my heart would be made manifest to all around, and that I, with the help of a sister, could persuade some of our classmates to consecrate themselves to God. Some were, for a time, deeply interested in the subject, but finding things remain for two or three years nearly as they were before, I thought perhaps my zeal might not be according to knowledge, and I said less about the subject of holiness, and consequently enjoyed less; until I felt that my affections were divided, and I was often led to cry out,

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone;"

But now I rejoice that, much of the time, all is so calm and peaceful that I am permitted to witness to the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 15, 1860.

JAMES BRAINARD TAYLOR.

BY J. A. WOOD.

INCLOSED I send some extracts from the pen of J. B. Taylor, touching his experience of the blessing of perfect love.

FIRST. *His conviction of his need of holiness.*

In a letter to a friend, he says: "I am tired of living by halves; God says, 'Son, give me thy heart.' I answer, oh for an entire surrender, ~~+~~ I long for complete deliverance from remaining corruption, for sanctification in soul, body, and spirit, for that perfect love which casteth out all fear; and, until I attain this, I shall feel that I shall be unfit to be a minister of Jesus Christ." "I have had keener sorrows for indwelling sin than I ever experienced before conversion. Oh the distress which I have felt on account of pride, envy, love of the world, and other evil passions which have risen up and disturbed my peace, and separated between God and my soul!" "I felt that I needed something which I did not possess. There was a void within which must be filled, or I could not be happy. My earnest desire then was, as it has been ever since I professed religion, six years before, that all love of the world might be destroyed, all selfishness extirpated, pride banished, unbelief removed, all idols dethroned, everything hostile to holiness, and opposed to the divine will, crucified; that holiness to the Lord might be engraven upon my heart, and evermore characterize my conversation.

SECOND. *His consecration previous to the reception of the cleansing power.*

Speaking of the time that God sanctified his soul, he says: "At this very juncture I was most delightfully conscious of giving up all to God. I was enabled in my heart to say, Here, Lord, take me, take my whole soul, and seal me thine, thine now, and thine forever."

THIRD. *His victory through the blood of the Lamb.*

He says: "But the Lord heard my cries and groans, and was witness to my tears and my desires for holiness. I pleaded and wrestled with him, and, praise to his name! after six long years, I found what I had so long and earnestly sought. It was on the 23d day of April, 1822, when I was on a visit to Haddam, in Connecticut,—memorable day! The time and place will never, no, never be forgotten. I recur to it at this time with thankful remembrance. For then, through the great power and love of our Lord, my feet were set in a large place." "There then ensued such emotions as I never before experienced; all was calm and tranquil, silent, solemn, and a heaven of love pervaded my whole soul. I had a witness of God's love to me and of mine to him. Shortly after, I was dissolved in tears of love and gratitude to our blessed Lord. The name of Jesus was precious to me,—'t was music in my ear.' He came as king, and took full possession of my heart, and I was enabled to say, 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' Let him, as King of kings and Lord of lords, reign in me, reign without a rival forever. But this is not all; since that blessed season, I have enjoyed times of refreshing in which I have gained nearer access to God. I have enjoyed his presence from day to day. Not one, I believe, has passed in which I have not had the witness in myself that I am born from above. Oh the peace which I have had, and joy in the Holy Ghost! It has flowed as a river. I have been happy in my Lord; I have exulted in the God of my salvation." "I know, and am as fully assured of my acceptance with God as I can be of my own existence; that is, if love, joy, and peace are evidences of reconciliation. I have a hope full of immortality. The perfect love of God casteth out all fear of death, of the grave, of judgment, of hell. Filial fear, fear of offending my heavenly Father and my brethren possessed me.

Surely I am a miracle of grace, a sinner saved by grace, free grace, sovereign grace, Almighty grace."

FOURTH. *His willingness to profess and to proclaim the blessing he obtained.*

He writes to a friend as follows: "Shall I tell you? My tongue could not, much less my pen, express the loving kindness of the Lord to me, who am less than the least of all his saints. Eternity is too short to utter all his praise. But I may tell you some of the merciful dealings of the Lord to my soul."

In a letter to another friend, he writes: "I am ready to testify to the world that the Lord hath blessed my soul beyond my highest expectations. People may call this blessing by what name they please,—faith of assurance, holiness, perfect love, sanctification. It makes no difference with me whether they give it a name, or no name; it contains a blessed reality, and, thanks to my heavenly Father, it is my privilege to enjoy it; it is yours, also, and the privilege of all, to enjoy the same, and to go beyond anything that I have ever yet experienced."

In a letter to a sister of his, he writes: "My experience has been so different from what it was before," (before God sanctified his soul,) "and accordant with those who enjoy the blessing, and with the Scriptures, that I have concluded, and do still believe, that my soul enjoys the blessing of full redemption."

In the same letter, he utters the following: "My mind loves to dwell on this delightful theme, — *holiness*. It is a blessed doctrine. Ah! why did I not come to possess it before? Why, because, like many other professors of religion, I looked for a death purgatory, not believing that the blood of Jesus Christ, and not purgatory, cleanseth from all sin. That is the present tense; it is efficacious now. And the Lord has proved to me a full and complete Saviour."

He closes the letter, containing some of the foregoing quotations, as follows;—

reader, will you weigh every sentence? "Please remember me affectionately to dear friends. Some, I expect, are a little disaffected to think I profess the doctrine of perfect love. They do not understand, because they have not experienced it. You must, as you will have occasion, fight for the Lord, in fighting for me. Clear up mistakes, and come out bold when occasion requires." — *Northern Christian Advocate*.

[From the German of Sturm.]

"I HOLD STILL."

PAIN'S furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in its hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
And trusting to the end, hold still

He kindles for my profit, purely,
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest bows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in him, and suffer still.

PRAYER.—"Sometimes, perhaps, thou hearest another Christian pray with much freedom and fluency, while thou canst hardly get out a few broken words. Hence thou art ready to accuse thyself and to admire him, as if the gilding of the key made it open the door the better."—*Gurnall*.

[Original.]

LETTER TO AN ANTINOMIAN FRIEND.—No. 9.

BY A. P. J.

DEAR M.: I promised in my last to give you the scriptural proofs in reference to the necessity of suffering. I will commence with Peter's prayer: "The God of all grace, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, establish, strengthen, settle you," (1 Pet. v. 10.) This is a very remarkable passage indeed; for, if Peter had not been deeply impressed with the necessity of suffering, he would not have prayed that they might be made "perfect after they had suffered awhile." It was doubtless by inspiration, as well as experimental knowledge, that he formed his estimate of man and his requirements, as well as the remedies of grace, and how and when to apply them. The necessity of suffering, as I have frequently remarked, arises from the self-willed obstinacy of the carnal mind; for even Christians are thus actuated by it, so far as it still remains within them. This is frequently evinced in the pertinacity with which half-evangelized Christians pick out the promises, and apply them to themselves; while they will not even hear of the conditions, which are as much a part of the Scriptures as the promises. But this wish to separate God's promises from his commands, so evidently originated in the carnal mind that it is surprising that they do not see that they are in that very state of carnal enmity which prohibits their application to them; for if they were wholly evangelized, as they assume themselves to be, they would have the mind of the Spirit, and would therefore love the commandments as well as the promises. If "the mind of Christ" was in them, it could not be at variance with the mind of Christ in the word. There is another thing in which this self-willed obstinacy of the carnal mind is very manifest. It is in their unwillingness

to suffer; and not unwillingness only, for some evince even angry feeling, or at least a spirit of murmuring, as if they were hardly or unjustly treated. Such a state evidently necessitates further suffering; for it was a part of the mind of Christ to endure suffering willingly and meekly. "Who, though in the form of God, yet made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." And it is said, "Let this mind which was in Christ Jesus be also in you," (Philip. ii. 5-8.) "And unto you it is given, not only to believe in him, but to suffer for his sake." "For even hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow in his steps." "Forasmuch, then, as Christ hath suffered in the flesh for us, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind; for he that hath suffered in the flesh, hath ceased from sin; that he should no longer live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God," (1 Peter ii. 21, and 1 Pet. iv. 1, 2.) In the first place, the reason here given for our suffering is because Christ suffered for us; and it is remarkable that this same reason is also given in the two following chapters (1 Pet. iii. 17, 18, and 1 Pet. iv. 1), making three times in three chapters that it is said we must "suffer because Christ suffered for us." There are two conspicuous facts in these passages: the first, that after we have so suffered, we have ceased from sin; the second is, that this sin consisted in the indulgence of the flesh; for after we have thus suffered, and ceased from sin, we no longer live according to the lusts of the flesh. Ceasing from sin, and ceasing from the flesh, seem here to be synonymous terms. The next question that arises is, What is the Bible definition of "the lusts of the flesh?" It includes all expensive luxuries and superfluous things, of whatever nature or character. Paul narrows it down to food and

raiment. "Having food and raiment, therewith be content, for godliness with contentment is great gain." "For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition." "For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." "But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." "And fight the good fight of faith. I charge thee; in the sight of God, that thou keep this commandment without spot and unrebukable until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ; which, in his times, he shall show who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords." Paul very plainly shows the ensnaring nature of wealth, because it will tempt men to the indulgence of the flesh. He speaks of these temptations as being of such a dangerous nature as to "drown men in destruction and perdition." Yet where are the godly who are fleeing from these things, and following after righteousness and peace? Are they not rather following after these very things by which they may fall into a temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts? And have they not found the truth of Paul's words in the "many sorrows with which they have pierced themselves?" Here the apostle emphatically declares that "they pierced themselves with sorrows;" and that this was by their following after those things that were forbidden in the word. Do you not also feel that you have pierced yourself with the very sorrows you are bemoaning? Had you been contented with food and raiment, and followed after righteousness only, instead of the indulgence of your tastes, your pride and appetites, you might have

known experimentally "the great gain of godliness," in undisturbed peace and tranquillity; verifying the truth that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that is and that which is to come." Not all things of the world are the flesh, but all the spiritual peace that is promised, and all necessary supplies for the body. "For my God shall supply all your need." You say he has not supplied all your need; but this is a mistake, for he has supplied Paul's estimate of it. You have always had food and raiment; and this is as far as the promise extends, for he has never promised to supply your pride. We must give close attention to the word of God, to ascertain what he does promise us, and what we have a right to expect; and not ignorantly and presumptuously to accuse God of not keeping his promises. There is great sin in this murmuring, fretful disposition, as if God had promised more than he has given us, or as if he was in any way indebted to us. When once we perceive the sin of dissatisfaction in reference to God's providences, we shall not be astonished that we are chastened for a quality of the mind or an inward emotion, when we consider that quality or emotion is directly opposed to God's Spirit and providences. We may walk earnestly according to the rule of the law without, yet if the inward man is a rebel, he must be subdued, or he would soon dethrone his King, and let the flesh take "the kingdom within." And for this he must suffer, if he will not renounce the dominion of the flesh without. But there is another phase of suffering, before the process is completed, that is often overlooked. It is "suffering for well-doing." "For Christ also suffered for us, the just for the unjust." "This is thankworthy: if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye then take

it patiently, this is acceptable with God," (1 Pet. iii. 17, 18, and 1 Pet. ii. 19, 20.) We see here that when we suffer for the correction of faults, there is no reward connected with this, for it merely puts us in a right position; it is suffering for ourselves. "Let none of you suffer as an evil-doer." "But if any man suffer as a Christian, let him glorify God on this behalf." "For if ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the Spirit of God and of glory resteth upon you." "Rejoice, therefore, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad, also, with exceeding joy." "For we are joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him, that we may also be glorified together," (1 Pet. iv. 12-19; Rom. viii. 17.) Here we see that if we would be partakers of his glory, we must have a partnership, also, in his sufferings here. But it is not suffering with him, or like him, if we suffer for our faults; for he had no faults, but suffered for the sins of others. So that we only suffer with him and like him when we suffer for well-doing. "For Christ also so suffered." "The God of all grace, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect."

UNSANCTIFIED AFFECTIONS.—"Hereon some have other thoughts of good and evil, of things eternal and temporal, of God and their own duty for a season. And so some of them may and do persuade themselves that there is a change in their hearts and affections which there is not; like a man who persuades himself that he hath lost his ague, because his present fit is over. The next trial or temptation carries them all away again to sin." — *Owen*.

LOVE.—Love is mightier than fear. It is the soft, silent, but powerful attraction of the moral worlds.

[Original.]

PRAYER.

BY M. M. J.

As the creatures of God, it is reasonable and right that we should praise him. If we had received nothing more than the ordinary blessing of existence, we should be by duty bound to laud and magnify his great name, but we could have no right to plead for any special blessings. How great, then, is the condescension of the mighty God, when he permits us, even in our sinfulness, to approach the throne of his grace, and have not only our temporal blessings continued and sanctified, but also our spiritual maladies healed in such degree as renders us "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." We are indeed privileged when we can know how an offended God may be approached, and his wrath appeased. The oppressed feel it a great privilege to present their grievances to their earthly sovereign at such time and place as may be appointed; the promise of redress being received, they feel they have not exercised their prerogative in vain. But mankind are all oppressed and grievously tormented, yet every individual is permitted, at any time, and in any place, to lay all his unnumbered grievances before one who is Lord of lords, and King of kings, who has given his promise of redress, even before the grievances are made known to him. By prayer and supplication we are exhorted to make all our requests known unto God. If we do this faithfully, prayer will increase our love to God, and give durability and solace to all the ordinances of religion. Reader, can you pray in *your heart* this prayer of the poet,—

"Gracious Redeemer, shake
This slumbering from my soul!
Say to me now, 'Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole.'

"Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power!"

Since we are surrounded with all temporal good, and circumstanced so as to obtain all spiritual benefits, prayer becomes a certain duty; we are responsible to God for all we *may* obtain. Moreover, since it is the will of God, even our sanctification, we are expected to *watch* and *pray* lest we fall into temptation; if we neglect this, Satan will soon sift us as wheat, and our portion shall be appointed to us amongst unbelievers, where there are weepings, and wailings, and gnashing of teeth! Religion is a beautiful flower planted in the barren sands of humanity's heart, and unless nourished by unceasing, fervent prayer, must fade away as certainly as the odorous lily would lose its perfume if placed in the burning sands of the African Desert.

Then, there is a power in prayer,—"the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." *Availeth much!*—eternity alone can explain the extent of the little word *much*; what fruit shall hang upon its branches, our eyes shall then behold; but let us ever remember the precious "*availeth much.*" Many stars, undreamed of while in this vale of tears, shall adorn the crowns of God's believing children, who thought only to secure sweet, imperishable waters for their own souls. If astonishment be ever known in heaven, it will doubtless be when the child of tribulations and sorrows shall receive his heavenly garments from the hands of the Eternal. Childlike follower of the Lamb, hold that fast whereunto thou hast attained, and all the power and promises of Jehovah are on thy side,—no power in earth or hell can move thee. With God all things are possible. Then believe on him, and thy goings out and comings in shall be immovable. *Doubt not God, for he cannot lie. He has promised,—this is enough.* Pray for the strengthening of Zion, and thy voice shall

be heard, listened to, and honored by the hearer and answerer of prayer. *Praying breath was never spent in vain.* But do not at all times expect immediate fruit (enough of this will be granted to encourage faith), for God is sometimes pleased to long delay or reserve the answer to "effectual, fervent prayer." Let faith be still unswerving; put the promises of God in *thy heart, and trust*, believing on the Lord Jesus. There are prayers of glorified saints yet unanswered, and some are being answered every moment. Holy men and women have prayed, and their prayers are reserved and remembered for our benefit. Profligate sons and daughters have been, and shall yet be saved, in fulfilment of promises to their pious parents or friends. No doubt we are daily receiving such blessings from our departed friends. Oh, what an incentive to prayer! Though we see them not answered while we have an earthly being, yet in God's own good time they shall fall upon the world like summer showers, bringing honor to the cause of God. What encouragement! Whatsoever we ask believing, *not doubting*, shall be given without fail. Then we should pray for present blessings, in submission to the will of God. What are not granted now will be treasured up in the bosom of heaven, and given to future generations. It is the will of God, and consequently our duty, to be a benefit to earthly worms for all time to come. Need I strive to give a higher sentiment to prayer? It must be the example of our blessed Redeemer. He separated himself from his disciples, and went into the mountains to pray. He entered Gethsemane and prayed, sweating in his agony great drops as of blood falling down to the ground, and on his cross he prayed for his murderers. Oh, here is an example of prayer! This Sufferer said, "If any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow ME."

Canada West, Jan. 5, 1861.

WAIFS.—No. 3.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EUREKA."

"So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief."—*Heb. iii. 19.*

THIS conclusion the apostle reaches in regard to the Israelites after stating God's forbearance with them, and his threatenings for their disobedience. The sense completed would read, So we see that they could not enter *into rest* because of unbelief. Evidently their immediate rest was the land of Canaan, typical of the heavenly Canaan.

But the analogy need not cross the grave. We are told the law was "a schoolmaster leading to Christ," a "shadow of good things to come, Sinai the herald of Calvary." A faith comparatively gross, material, ceremonial, has given place to faith spiritual, direct. Their tedious journey through the wilderness typified the wanderings of the carnal mind, and the *rest* offered them foreshadowed the peace possessed by a soul renewed by the Holy Ghost.

Unbelief is declared to have prevented their entering into rest; and the apostle admonishes, "Let us, therefore, fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it. For unto us was the gospel preached as well as unto them; but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it. For we which have believed do enter into rest."

Faith, then, or confidence in God, is here taught to be always the doorway into rest. This is philosophical, considered as follows:—

Religious faith is double; or rather, it has two spheres of action, viz: faith in seeking or attaining, and faith in possessing or preserving grace. The one is a pilot, a sail; the other, an anchor, a harbor. Though the one faith is a prelude to the other, yet neither is strictly a result; but each is a condition to a result,—a

means to an end; neither is the *rest*, but the *entering into rest*, a doorway, as was said.

There is also a subdivision. Seeking faith is a twofold doorway into rest; that is, it is a doorway into hope, which is a patient continuance in desire and expectation,—the vestibule of rest; and it is a doorway still further on into the possession of the blessing,—the true rest.

Possessing faith, or the faith in possessing and preserving grace, is an immediate doorway into constant rest, continually open. The door is kept wide open with all diligence, for the ready ingress of the favored suppliant who comes boldly in Christ's name.

Thus faith, in whatever phase viewed, is always an expectant, insatiate, aggressive importuner. Seeking faith is plainly such; it knocks, it asks, it enters into "rest." Possessing faith has *entered* into rest, and in the delights it glories, but it aspires still, from enlarged ideas, increased capacity; the chagrin and shame of disappointment are gone, the fever and flush of excitement dead; but faith has life still, a sweeter, holier life; from the grave of the unrestful life of hope there comes the first quiet resurrection of the life of love, at once resting and hasting. Thus, when seeking-faith becomes possessing-faith, its thirst is not satisfied; rest merely is not sought, but a *continuance of rest*; hoping has become loving, encouraging a holy assurance.

But, dropping these discriminations, a word about the "rest" into which it enters.

What an expressive word to the believer's experience! Spiritual rest! Joy is brilliant, but may be boisterous; glory is sublime, but awing, infinite; peace is sacred and dove-like, but yet merely the meek-eyed contrast of the spent storm; there is still a stormy remembrance about it. But rest! it is the calm of the solid depths of the conscious spirit! Not the rest of death, but the rest of life. The

spirit's depths move, but together; the elements harmonize. The soul finds rest of motion in motion, in consciousness, in the active *instinct* of love, and in the fact that love pervades all, rules all, becomes all. It becomes *natural*, then, for the thoughts to exclaim, "All things are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ's is God's." It is the Sabbath of the soul!

There is a distinction between "the rest" and the rests of faith. Many enjoy rests that have never entered into the "rest." They do not aspire to liberty always, to emancipation, but only to holidays, rests in dreams or forgetfulness. They live in their idea of "Pilgrim's Progress," following loyally every step of the Christian, even his *missteps* into Doubting Castle, and never think of reaching Beulah until the journey ends.

Oh the simplicity of faith, and the mystery of its results! Perfect, continuous rest belongs only to the soul transformed by faith. "Be ye transformed." This means more than chained,—that is a soul under conviction; more than being drugged, or having the fangs of sin blunted,—a soul partially consecrated; but "transformed" "by the renewing of your minds," until the whole will of God is *proved* by faith. The crucible tests the silver until it reflects the workman's face; then is it pure. Jesus will try the soul in the crucible of faith until it is "changed into the same image," until he is formed within it "the hope of glory;" then, when he sees of the "travail of his soul," he is "satisfied;" and then, when the soul awakes with his "likeness," the soul is satisfied; there is rest.

A reflection starts up—Why may not seeking-faith and possessing-faith be more nearly or quite simultaneous? Why may the work not be "cut short in righteousness," since "Christ is the *end of the law to every one that believeth*," and since "all things are *possible*" to every one that *believeth*?" Why need there be such a circuitous route to "rest," to "joy and

peace in the Holy Ghost?" Is not unbelief, embedded in unconsecrated desires, the only hindrance? After all, is there really a God-appointed sentinel with a flaming sword turning every way to guard the entrance to paradise? Is he not merely the offspring of our fears, the shadow of our sins, or Satan transformed as an angel of light? Has not the curse been removed, and "the seed of the woman" bruised the serpent's head?

The Israelites had a quick journey from Egyptian darkness to the borders of the promised land, but refused to enter through unbelief, and so were turned to wander for years again in the wilderness, and were not allowed to approach Canaan until a new generation possessing faith had arisen. How many Christians follow their example precisely! But they know not the day of their visitation; they know not how close they are come to the blessing of holiness, of rest. They send out their fears for spies, and unbelief credits with cowardice the false report. Their hearts are hardened to the voice of the promises. Having eyes they see not, ears they hear not, hands they handle not.

"Let us, therefore, fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should *seem to come short of it*," through unbelief, "for we which have believed *do enter into rest*."

PURITY.—"As the mother-of-pearl fish lives in the sun without receiving a drop of salt water, and as toward the Chaldeonian islands springs of fresh water may be found in the midst of the sea; and as the fire-fly passes through the flames without burning his wings; so a vigorous and resolute soul may live in this world without being infected with any of its humors, may discover sweet springs of piety amid its salt waters, and fly among the flames of earthly concupiscence without burning the wings of desires for a devout life."—*St. Francis de Sales*.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

FAITH IN THE WORD OF GOD.

Extract from a Letter.

I THINK I am learning the way of confidence in the word of God. Not that I was without faith before, but I am learning it more perfectly. My experience has been peculiar for some time past,—work here and there has been pointed out, and, as I have availed myself of opportunities to do it, I have felt more courage to speak to all classes than formerly, and when I get home, after a little calm thought, set myself down as a real blunderer. I have had time enough to learn to do my work more skilfully, but somehow I seem so to lack spiritual genius, that the rest of my days I must try and be content to be the real bungler. At my age people seldom grow in talent, though they may increase in grace. My rest in God's word is more firm, and when I get into temptation, as I do sometimes, all I can do is to throw myself on the word of God anew, and I find my trust is not in vain.

Last week I had a severe trial of faith. I concluded I would leave it with God, for I saw at once I had no ability to manage it myself; so I went on my knees and said, "Lord, thou knowest that I am sincere; that I am thine; and I will, so far as I know thy will, do it; this is all I can do, and if so, all thou requirest." I ventured on the promise by faith alone, and towards night I felt a clear witness of God's approbation. In a day or two your letter came, and the "experience" was just my own exercises over again. How clear it is! Oh, if the church were only on the ground of the writer of that article, what a weight of unbelief would be removed from her.

TUESDAY MEETING.

54 Rivington Street, N. Y.

If a densely crowded house is an evidence of deep interest in the work of holiness, and experience in that blessed

doctrine, then we have weekly demonstration of the rising glory of Zion. It is not to hear a popular preacher the people throng our parlors, but to listen to simple *experience*, from the unlearned as well as the wise theologian. Some very sweet testimonies were given by those who recently came into the enjoyment of perfect love. A minister said one thing which especially endeared this meeting to him was that all names in Zion are united here; he then referred to an Episcopal lady who had a few minutes before related her recent conquest over unbelief. He also said that he was very thankful that Mrs. Palmer ever was led by the Holy Spirit to decide to be a *Bible Christian*, for her influence had done good to thousands and thousands. She is a gospel Deborah; and it was all of grace.

Several arose for prayers that they may be fully set at liberty in Christ,—many may have been blessed in the act of committing themselves fully on the Lord's side.

The same minister who praised God for Mrs. Palmer's labors spoke most profitably about temptation, last week, which we give entire, thinking it will be as useful to readers, as it was to the hearers present at the meeting. He said: "For some days the adversary has assaulted me in a peculiar manner, not with temptations to sin, but incessant accusations. My soul was often much harassed; and it humbled me in the dust; but I kept looking to Jesus, and thus stood fast. This experience perplexed me, as I could not understand what the Lord was doing with me; but I held fast my confidence, assured that it was appointed in wisdom and love, and would be explained to me in due season. And the Holy Spirit has made it delightfully clear to my mind since I came into this meeting. Praised be the Lord!

"Just now from this experience he shows me how we are not only conquerors, but '*more than conquerors* through him that loved us.' For not only does he

give us the victory over all our enemies, but he causes them all to be very useful to us, pressing them into our service for our discipline and growth in grace.

"Do you remember the inventory of the Christian's goods, summed up in the words, '*All things are yours?*' Satan and all our enemies are included in the '*all things.*' Yes, the tempter is *ours*, — we could not do without his temptations and accusations to keep us humble and watchful; yet he can never approach us, only as our blessed Redeemer permits for our soul's good and his glory. You know that Satan is called '*the accuser of the brethren*'; and his audacity is astonishing, for he accuses us '*before God.*' He need not accuse us to God, for '*it is God that justifieth,*' nor to Jesus, for '*it is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again.*' He accuses us to ourselves, well knowing that if he succeeds in bringing condemnation upon the conscience for a supposed offence, he can then most readily lead to real offence. But, '*only believe,*' and all his accusations will soon be clearly manifested as false; and they will be found to the praise and glory of grace, in our deeper humility, stronger faith, and advancement in holiness. We should hate and resist temptations and accusations, firm in the faith; but we may and should thank the Lord for them, as his good and holy will concerning us. We may well bravely bear them, for he has promised that '*he will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able to bear.*' Truly, brethren, we should get on well in our way to heaven, when even Satan and all our enemies are involuntarily, through Jesus, helping us to make progress. Glory to God!"

TUESDAY MEETING.

A sister who was from a distance, with much emotion said she had long desired to be here present, and now was greatly blessed in listening to the testimonies, in the way of faith. She had thought, and

found she was right, *in believing.* At a camp-meeting she had been taught to believe that the blood of Jesus cleansed from all sin; after she had made a full surrender on God's altar, she was enabled to believe, *she would believe, she persisted in believing,* and Jesus had been with her. She was fully convinced, both from the word of God and the testimony of his children, that the way of faith is the right way. She had exhorted others simply to believe in the promise of God, and when they had done so, they were blessed. She truly triumphed in the faith of God, and many were edified with her simple experience.

A once prize-fighter, a friend of "Awful Gardiner," witnessed a good confession to the power of the cleansing blood of Jesus. For some months his spirit has been in a state of restless desire, but *now* he is in the banqueting house, and the banner of perfect love is over him.

These great sinners cry for the great salvation, — its fullness.

"WHO ARE THESE?"

Who are these in bright array, —
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain, —
New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials tread;
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name;

Clothed in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Then, the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead.

Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And, forever, from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

The Shawn.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

WINDSOR, BERKSHIRE, ENG.

Jan. 10, 1861.

WE are now at the royal town of Windsor. This is the second time within the half year that in the regular course of labor we have been thrown within a short distance of Her Royal Majesty the sovereign of England. I was conversing with an old soldier, who has served under four sovereigns of England, and is now one of Her Majesty's private guards. He is deeply pious, and I said, "You doubtless pray for your Queen." "Pray for her," he exclaimed, "yes, indeed I do; I have been in the habit of going into every room in the castle, every night, and there is not a room in which I have not prayed for Her Majesty, and I have often gone up into her throne, and prayed for Her Majesty there."

This soldier is an old veteran of the class, and I was thankful that one who is oft permitted to enter into the audience chamber of the King of kings, and knows how to move the arm that rules the universe, is so faithful and affectionately earnest in pleading for the blessing of the King immortal, eternal, invisible, on the sovereign of England.

Dr. Palmer, speaking of their labors in Banbury says: "Here the Lord commenced to work in great power, so that in nineteen days the secretaries recorded the names of five hundred and forty-seven of those who found the Saviour, and one hundred and twelve who had obtained the blessing of perfect love. Many thrilling incidents might be related of many places where we have labored. One of the converts here was a prize-fighter, a most notorious character.

A magistrate, standing by me in the chapel, who is a leader, said, "That man is one of the worst characters we have around us; I committed him to prison not six weeks ago." He was spoken to by one

of the members, and invited to attend the chapel, but he treated the pastor rudely, and inquired whether I was a fighting man. To this brother's surprise the first man he met in the vestry the same evening was this fighting character, a broken-hearted penitent, and before ten o'clock that night he was rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour. He went home and told his wife what the Lord had done for him.

The same person who accosted him first, saw him a few days after, and he said, "I am after my Pats," meaning his former associates. "I don't intend to wait till they attack me, but they are running away from me like rats before a ferret."

At another time, while he was standing beside the canal, a gentleman passed by and said, They had better dip you in this water and finish you. He looked at him and said, "If you don't alter your hand you'll get dipped, but it will be in a hotter place than this." He was a great drunkard, and on Sabbath said to his friend that invited him, "This is my wedding-day, and I am going to keep it in the house of God. I have been drunk on the 9th of December for twenty years; my wife and children will have plum-pudding for dinner to-day, which they have not had before on this day." He also said, "I have fought many hard battles for the devil, but I'll fight some harder ones for Jesus." I should have told you that your sister P. has been invited to Poole to lay the corner stone of a temperance hall, and I also am invited to preside at the temperance meeting in the evening. Two or three letters have been received within a day or two, urging our acceptance, but should we go, it will be in connection with our work, and renewing the battle at Poole.

"God hath many sharp-cutting instruments and rough files for the polishing of his jewels, and those he especially esteems, and means to make the most resplendent, he hath oftenest his tools upon."—*Leighton.*

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.—No. 2.

BROTHER DEGEN: I have received another communication from the sister whose letter was published in the January No. of the "Guide," and it breathes such a spirit of joyous triumph I am induced to send a portion of it for publication.

M. D. W.

"DEAR SISTER W.: Gladly I received yours, and the time probably seems longer than the reality while you wait a reply; and much rather would I see and converse with you face to face with regard to the deep things of God,—his love, precious, rich and free, as it shines upon my heart through Jesus,—than to employ the dull and silent language of the pen. Yet seeing the preferable is denied, I will be thankful for the one granted, and the happy results to one of our correspondence, will, I trust, always be a theme of rejoicing.

My heart is still rejoicing in God, and it seems to me (and shall I say too much?) that I am drinking from that inexhaustible fountain, that river of life which flows fast by the throne of light.

Oh, there is such a blessedness, such light, glory, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, such sinking into God's will, and desire to *know* and *do his will*, and to have it done in all things pertaining to this life as well as to the future!

How insignificant appear all my ways and will,—how little I know! There is such an inflowing of love divine that my heart dissolves under its melting power, so that my seasons of prayer are oftener turned to praise, thanksgiving, and glory to God and the Lamb, than to the earnest pleadings for wanderers and poor sinners which I have felt heretofore; indeed, I sometimes fear I am losing this burden and crying out of my heart. Why have I not seen before that Jesus loves me; not because I am worthy, but because it is his own divine attribute,—his element.

I see in him, not only a willingness, ability, and desire to impart unto me the gifts and graces of the Spirit while I ask,

but such a matchless, indescribable love. *He loves to do it!* This view brings us into close communion with Christ,—we inhale the divine influence,—it makes intercession in our hearts, and through its promptings we ask and receive, seek and find, knock and it is opened unto us.

Now being made free from sin, and become servants of God, we have our fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. How plain, easy, and glorious! Ah, yes, I now seem to comprehend these precious words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find *rest unto your souls*. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Why? Because Jesus is all in all to us.

How different is this coming to him from what it has been heretofore! Then it was a mixture of hope, fear, doubt, and unbelief; now it is hope, faith, and knowledge, with *much assurance*. Sometimes something whispers, "You will get away from this." No, no, not so long as I keep close by the bleeding side of Jesus, where the healing streams flow so freely for the cleansing and sanctifying of my precious soul. Blessed Saviour, bind me to thee as with a seven-fold cord, that I may never know a separation again. And while I plead with thee, thou precious Redeemer, for safety till deliverance comes, my faith and hope grow stronger, and I seem to catch the accents of thy last prayer offered for thine own loved ones: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, *be with me*, where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world; *that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them*." Is it possible? Is it true? "And he said unto me, *These sayings are faithful and true*." Oh, how sure, rich, and precious are all the promises of God to me! They are yea and amen to the glory of God, and

will be verified even unto us. No failure here. Sure in Christ. Hallelujah. Praise the Lord! * * * Yours in love.

MAN AND HIS SAVIOUR.

A very old German author discourses thus tenderly of Christ :—

“My soul is like a hungry and thirsty child, and I need his love and consolations for my refreshment. I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need him as a good and faithful Shepherd. My soul is like a frightened dove, pursued by a hawk, and I need his wounds for a refuge. I am a feeble vine, and I need his cross to lay hold of, and wind myself about it. I am a sinner, and I need his righteousness. I am naked and bare, and need his holiness and innocence for a covering. I am in trouble and alarm, I need his solace. I am ignorant, and I need his teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidancee of his Holy Spirit.

“In no situation, and at no time can I do without him. Do I pray? he must prompt and intercede for me. Am I arraigned by Satan at the divine tribunal? he must be my advocate. Am I in affliction? he must be my helper. Am I persecuted by the world? he must defend me. When I am forsaken, he must be my support; when dying, my relief; when mouldering in the grave, my resurrection.

“Well, then, I will rather part with all the world, and all that it contains, than with thee, my Saviour; and, God be thanked, I know that thou art not willing to do without me. Thou art rich, and I am poor; thou hast righteousness, and I sin; thou hast oil and wine, and I wounds; thou hast cordials and refreshments, and I hunger and thirst.

“Use me, then, my Saviour, for whatever purpose, and in whatever way thou mayest require. Here is my poor heart, my empty vessel; fill it with thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled soul; quicken and refresh it with thy love.

Take my heart for thine abode; my mouth to spread the glory of thy name; my love and all my powers for the advancement of thy honor and the service of thy believing people, and never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate, that so, at all times, I may be enabled from the heart to say, ‘Jesus needs me, and I him, so we suit each other.’”

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.

FROM “MILLENNIAL EXPERIENCE.”

It is difficult, if not impossible, to understand the character and will of any being without entering into his condition and knowing the circumstances in which he moved. We need experience to teach. Christ was a suffering Saviour, and if we would know him, we must sympathize with him in this respect. It would be difficult to conceive how God could become incarnate and dwell among men without suffering; and it is equally difficult to conceive how any one can possess his spirit and be actuated by the same benevolence, without also suffering with him. The character and conduct of men must grieve him as nothing else could. How important, then, in understanding the will of God, that we should enter into this state of suffering with our Lord, and be ready to pass through any trial which we may be called to endure in the course of divine providence. This must be the case if we would understand thoroughly his will and his ways. For this reason Paul wished to sound the depths of his sufferings, even made conformable unto his death. Much is said in the Scriptures of the sufferings of God's people. Afflictions are spoken of as their peculiar lot, and those who have been most abundantly blessed have shared most largely in the tribulations of this life. The redeemed in heaven are represented as having come out of great tribulation. This is not represented as the history of a few, but of all who have ascended to glory. We are plainly told at the outset that it is

through much tribulation we are to enter the kingdom of God. Acts xiv. 22. . . .

The state of the impenitent world is a source of great grief to one abiding in Christ. He will feel as Christ felt for sinners, and deny himself in their behalf. Paul could say, I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart, in view of the impenitence of his countrymen. He felt the same burden for them which Christ felt, and he is willing to lay down his life for them, if he might thereby save them. Let one only possess the spirit of Christ, how differently he feels for the condition of sinners. "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved." "Rivers of waters run down my eyes because they keep not thy law." He does not need some overt wickedness, some awful crime to arouse him to feel for sinners; their simple impenitence moves him to this degree. He cannot sit by unmoved while conscious that sinners are going to hell. No one knows the burden of souls but he who has felt it. Days and nights the burden rests upon him and weighs him down. He has no relief but as he prays, and frequently that increases the burden. The struggle may be longer or shorter, it may last for weeks, or months, or even years, depending upon circumstances. It is often as great as the soul can bear, and if it did not find relief it would sink under the burden. And we see not why the burden may not at times abridge life and induce a premature death. The suffering and trial are nothing compared with the blessing. You remember Jacob experienced a great temporal calamity when he prevailed with God. It is better to die wrestling with God, than to live and know nothing about suffering with Christ in behalf of a dying world. Yes, it is blessed to die for the same object for which our Saviour suffered and died. It helps to fill up that which is behind in the afflictions of Christ, and thus to sanctify God's people and convert a dying world. If one has real faith in Christ, if he walks

by faith, he will not go far before he will find his faith tried, and he will be called to endure hardness as a good soldier of the cross. Suffering for Christ, then, should only be sought in the will of God, and not to gratify any worldly ambition or vain notoriety; not to be the hero of a persecution, or an illustrious martyr of some reform. No, the humble self-denying Christian will desire no such thing, and he will do nothing to provoke any unnecessary opposition. He will endure sufferings and trials, as the Lord brings them upon him. If he trusts in the Saviour, he will find them coming upon him in a perfectly natural way. God tries those who have faith that they may have more.

These sufferings are not to be viewed in the light of a misfortune, as something to be dreaded and avoided. Paul says he rejoiced in them. "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you," etc. Then again, "Therefore I take pleasure in privations, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake." He does not shrink from them, nor try to avoid them, but he glories in his afflictions, that the power of Christ may rest upon him. He desires to know the fellowship of his sufferings being made conformable unto his death. Is it strange, then, that Paul should say to his son Timothy, in his last letter, just before putting on his crown of martyrdom, "Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel, according to the power of God"? What better testimony could we ask in respect to the desirableness of suffering with Christ? Here is the dying testimony of an experienced Christian to a young disciple. Here is no counsel of expediency, telling him how he may avoid the offence of the cross and shun the opposition of the world. No, not a word of it. Be thou a partaker of the afflictions of the gospel. It would have been better for the world if all ministers had followed this counsel. There would have been more suffering and more consolations, more conflicts and more triumphs.

[Original.]

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

BY M. L. D.

It is written in the word of God, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Often while groping our way through life's labyrinths has the query been pressed upon our hearts, Who shall lead us, and who guide aright? To what extent will God direct? How far, and in what manner, will he lead his people? Where is the limit to the privilege of his own covenanted children? Where the line of presumption over which his all-consecrated ones may not pass? What may we ask of our heavenly Father, *expecting* he will grant?

When we come to an unfrequented path, where mists and clouds surround; when we feel that our own eye is all too short-sighted to pierce the vista of futurity; when interests of vast importance are pending upon the next step we take, — when by it we may honor or dishonor God; when it is in our hearts to please him alone, and we would fain be ever approximating himself, and yet know not whether the next step will bring us nearer or take us further away; when it is the all-absorbing desire of our soul to tread all the length of the "narrow way," yet that way is so obscured that we cannot see it, — oh, where shall we look for guidance?

Shall we rely upon our own judgment, frail and fallible? Can human wisdom, which is but folly, teach us, or shall we seek, expecting God's unerring Spirit to guide us? Is not this the privilege of the children of God? Do we not learn from sacred history that, in all past ages, he himself has been wont to lead his people?

Yea, in the old dispensation he condescended to do this in various ways too clear to be mistaken, too plain to be misunderstood.

Are we less favored than they? — we who bask in gospel effulgence? — we

unto whom has been given the new and better dispensation? Nay, verily. Theirs was but the twilight of privilege, ours the meridian sun; theirs the dim shadow of better things to come, ours the glorious realization. Their pillar of fire an adumbration of our Holy Ghost blaze. Their "Shechinah" illuminated the inner temple; our divine Presence the heart's sanctuary. Their High Priest could only once a year enter the holy of holies; ours, "ever liveth to make intercession," and we, through the mediation of the new covenant, pass within the veil when we will. Coming up from the fountain of cleansing — ever open — we may, upon the mount of communion, talk with God daily, — morning, noon, and evening, without the sign of Urim and Thummim. We may wait upon God to learn his will, and the all-wise one, with whom the future is as the present, will speak to our hearts.

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant."

We believe God would have us behold our privilege in these latter days, and claim and enjoy it; and, instead of conferring with flesh and blood, and leaning to our own understanding, learn to listen to the Spirit's voice. We believe he would have us, by obedience and implicit trust, keep our hearts sensitive to holy whisperings, sensitive to the Spirit's monitions through his word and providence; and when the path of duty is not plain before us, when we know not whither to direct our steps, — tarry, wait with extended hand, for the divine touch; wait until our antitype of the pillar and cloud move before us, and, except the "presence of the Lord go with us, go not up."

Oh, we would that this intimate, holy walking and talking with God were more universal in the church!

Oh that the mass of believers would, by entire consecration and faith in the all-

cleansing blood of the Crucified, remove the sin-separating wall of partition between God and their hearts, thus making the intercourse betwixt earth and heaven open and free. Then would they realize, indeed, that the "tabernacle of God is with men," and the will of the Lord being "done on earth as it is done in heaven."

Westport, N. J.

[Original.]

JESUS MAKETH INTERCESSION.

BY M. R. S.

IN realms of light where the holy dwell,
There standeth One pleading for men;
Clearly and sweetly the anthems swell,
As ransomed sinners with rapture tell
Of the Lamb who for them was slain.

But mingling aye with those notes of praise
Unto him who hath loved them so,
The cries of the lost in error's maze
Come up to the throne from earth's dark ways,
Telling ever of sin and woe.

Then, sweeter far than the angels' song,
Are the tones of that pleader's voice:
"For such, O Father, I've suffered long,
Endured for their sins both shame and wrong,
That they in thy love might rejoice."

"T was only for them I laid me down
On the altar of sacrifice;
Resigned for a time my star-gemmed crown,
And bore in their stead thine awful frown,
While my death paid their ransom-price."

"Exalted now from the rock-hewn grave,
As a daysman I plead with God;
Father, have pity, — I died to save, —
And grant for *my* sake the boon they crave,
Cleanse their souls in my flowing blood."

The Father heedeth that earnest plea,
He looks on the Crucified One;
The edict is passed, — and *all* shall be
From blemish and stain made wholly free
Who believe in God's only Son.

"Sinners are pardoned!" The seraphs sing,
And the ransomed repeat the strain,
While heralds hasten on love-plumed wing,
The joyful tidings from God to bring,
That the lost shall be found again.

Glory to God for his matchless grace!
For his mercy to rebels shown!
He clothes the soul in Christ's righteousness,
He leads us on till we see his face,
And join in the songs round the throne.

[Original.]

LIVE FOR CHRIST.

BY KATE.

DEAR READER: May I ask you a few questions concerning your precious and immortal soul? 1. Do you love the Lord Jesus? 2. If so, have you consecrated *all* unto the Lord? 3. Are you living only as a steward for Christ; using the riches and goods of this world not as your own; but as belonging to Him who gave them to you? 4. Are you thankful for the privilege of doing good to your fellow-creatures? And do you always improve the opportunity, when offered, — ever discharging your duty with unflinching fortitude, no matter how crossing to the natural feelings it may be? If you do not, *begin now to live for Christ.*

I will, in the first place, address those who, like myself, are enjoying health, strength, and youthful days. Oh, dear reader, you can do much for Christ. Spend the few remaining years or days of your probation fully engaged in the service of *your* blessed Lord with your heart wholly given up to him. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

May I now say a few words to those who may be upon the bed of languishing, afflicted in body and mind? Perhaps, dear brother or sister, you are saying, — "I cannot do anything for the glory of God. Ah, yes you can, by patiently and *cheerfully* bearing those trials; show to those around that you are resigned, because it is *thy loving* Lord who has laid his hand upon you.

Now, dear reader, let us go immediately to a throne of grace, renew our covenant with God, and give him all our hearts, determined to live for Christ. Oh, may we, at the close of this year, say we love God better than ever. Praise his holy name, we are nearer *home*.

The Guide to Holiness.

APRIL, 1861.

HOLINESS AT HOME.

THERE is an old remark, made in reference to political rights, that "the home of an Englishman is his castle." It is, or ought to be, true, that the home of a Christian head of a family is his "holy place,"—the sanctuary where peace reigns, and where the sacrifices of holy hearts, and the incense of believing prayers, are continually offered. As in the days of God's judgment upon the Egyptians, when darkness which could be felt rested upon them, and there was light in the dwellings of his people,—so, when moral darkness pervades the surrounding community, the Christian household should be light in the Lord. Its light must not, cannot, be hid under a bushel. Men must see it, and come to Christ by it, that they may be saved.

Eminent holiness is a light shining within the sacred limits of the household. It must be seen there by those viewing it thus closely, even more clearly than by those without. It is not with the light of home holiness as it is with some beacon-lights which shine through immense reflectors, throwing out their glare at a great distance, while looking diminutive when seen near, and as they stand alone. It does indeed shine afar, and becomes the light of the world, but is also the glory of its own immediate sphere.

In the Jewish and primitive Christian church, the holiness of the head of the family seemed to represent the consecration of the household. Abraham "commanded his children and his household after him, that they kept the way of the Lord,"—not so much, it may be presumed, by the authority of a father and patriarch as by the influence of a holy example. Joshua declared not only for himself but for his house, that they would serve the Lord, in the confidence he had that they would be drawn in the right path by his example. In the divine history of apostolic labors, we have the statement that, with the head, the dependent family were consecrated to God. This, in any view, shows the influence of home holiness.

That it is eminently important that the heart should be right with God every moment that we remain under our own roof, is too apparent to require lengthy remarks. Here a large portion of our life is spent. If this is not consecrated to God, other time *cannot* be. To suppose otherwise is to deceive ourselves. Here the light of our spiritual baptism will be seen, and its power felt. The hours that it affords for secret prayer, reading of God's Word, and quiet separation from the world, will, if rightly improved, afford strength for active and public duties. Impres-

sions are to be made at home upon children and other members of the household, more by our spirit than by our precepts. The latter may be erring when well intended; the former, if wholly sanctified, is a spiritual diamond, to write truth, by God's help, on flinty hearts. Its aggregate influence in its *every-day* presence, will be almost irresistible.

In many respects it is more difficult to maintain holiness, especially in its higher forms, at home, than when discharging public duties abroad. Our unavoidable infirmities are known here. Incidental appearances of evil, as well as real Christian deficiencies, may be observed. It sometimes happens that the holy person is watched for his haltings by those of his own household. He may be in home contact with none of the charity that "thinketh no evil." And still further, his good may be evil spoken of without occasion, and hatred be returned for his love. Added to these, or standing alone as a difficulty to home holiness, is the unavoidable daily perception of the infirmities of others. Human nature, even favored with the fulness of gospel holiness, will exhibit its weaknesses under the microscopic vision of near and constant observation.

But what of all this! The grace of God can keep the heart pure, the spirit serene, and the words right words, like apples of gold in pictures of silver, and every act well pleasing to God, under *all* circumstances. There must be no letting down the standard of purity because of difficulties; there must be no less jealousy for the glory of God because the *world's* eye is not upon us. *Thou God seest me!* is enough.

The satisfaction to one jealous of himself and for God's glory, in possessing an habitual home baptism of the Holy Ghost, is eminently fitted to encourage him in his public labors and professions. It arms him against the suggestion that the stimulus of human approbation has an undue influence upon his conduct. As the body and mind are refreshed for public labors by the well-spread table, the social comforts, and the quiet sleep of home,—so the soul is renewed by its holy atmosphere and its hours in the closet and with the Word of God. It may and should be an earnest of *our home in heaven*,—an impressive illustration of mansions which Christ has gone to prepare for his saints.

Our beloved and now glorified brother, O. H. KNAPP, whose death we noticed in our January number, who had entered into arrangements with us as assistant editor of the Guide, wrote several articles for our pages in pursuance of this arrangement. Some of these would be inappropriate now, in view of his mysterious removal to his heavenly rest. The following extract from an editorial, breathes his earnest and sanctified spirit:—

A SUGGESTION.

To promote the circulation of a publication upon which the Saviour has set the seal of his own approbation, is a likely way of doing good to others. If we possess the blessing of a clean heart, we understand the importance of aiding others in their efforts to obtain a similar blessing; and who can measure the good that will result from the humble instrumentality which leads one pilgrim out of the wilderness into the promised rest?

Reader! have you had much experience in leading souls into a full salvation? And have you ever watched the after-course of such a brother? Were you ever privileged to see him lead soul after soul over Jordan; and then again rejoice as you witnessed those beloved ones begin their labors of love? One lent copy of the Guide, in the course of a few days, was the instrument of leading three souls into the rest of faith; and thus three more recruits were "washed," "filled," and prepared for service under the Captain of their Salvation, by the very simple act of lending one copy of the Guide.

Your neighbors and friends are where you once were; perhaps contented in the wilderness; or, it may be, like Israel, disbelieving the word of God. In reference to such the command is, "communicate," "forget not." You can show the sincerity of your prayers in an effort to induce them to read on the subject of a full salvation. Let them have light; and then, if rejected, you have at least the consolation of knowing that they are not kept wandering through your apathy or neglect.

Christians move amidst grave responsibilities, and none more so than those possessing the light, power, and obligations of a full salvation. If we are holy, we have power with God. If cleansed, we know how important it is that others should be purified; and a regard to God's honor, the good of others, and our own growth in grace, urge us to be diligent in spreading information on the subject of a full salvation.

To aid in the circulation of the Guide among our neighbors is not difficult. If each reader would but induce one of his neighbors to become a subscriber, the aggregate of good that would follow would probably surprise us all. We pray for light to be sent forth, and, to be consistent, we should labor for the same end. "We are laborers together with God." To pray for a revival of the work of holiness in our midst, and not labor for it when practicable, is solemn mockery. The work of holiness is carried on by instrumentalities; and among them is the dissemination of light on the subject through such mediums as the Guide. Let each of us, then, resolve, in Christ's strength, to labor for at least one additional subscriber to the Guide during the present year; and when obtained, let us never cease to pray that such subscriber may be brought into the full liberty of the gospel of Christ, until our prayers are answered.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

A CORONATION PROMISED.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—*Rev. ii. 10.*

THE Christians of Smyrna are not bidden to make an urgent representation of their case to the proconsul; to carry an appeal before the emperor and seek redress; not to flee from the city, nor to gird on sword and buckler and make a valiant defence for liberty of conscience; but they are bidden to be faithful to the doctrines of their religion,—to be faithful unto death.

There is a promise,— "And I will give thee a crown of life." Those poor, despised disciples of Smyrna, candidates for the wreath of victory! and that, too, from the hand of the King of kings! Yes; and you, too, followers of Jesus, struggling with poverty, oppressed with loneliness, ready to sink in deep waters of trial, "now are ye sons of God; ye are of the seed royal; be ye faithful unto death, and ye shall have a crown of life. Paul, the aged, caught a glimpse of that victor's wreath which was laid up for him, and not only for him, but for all those also that love Christ's appearing. Poverty-stricken disciple, in the midst of great tribulations! thou art a prince of the blood; yea, crown-prince. Be thou faithful unto death; then Christ's appearing will be thy coronation day. And when, ere long, you pass on to the world of spirits, let flowers be strown, let men clap their hands, let lingering heirs-apparent here look up with half-envious joy, as angels escort you to hear the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

That salutation, we have no doubt, awaited the venerable Polycarp, who was angel of the church in Smyrna. He has been apprehended. The Irenarch, Herod, and his father, Nicetes, meet him. They take him into their chariot, and begin to advise him, asking, "What harm is it to say Lord Caesar? and to sacrifice, and be safe?" He is silent, but being pressed, replies, "I will not follow your advice!" Unable to persuade him, they treat him abusively, and thrust him out of the chariot, so that in falling he bruises his thigh. Still unmoved, as if nothing had occurred, he goes on cheerfully, under the conduct of his guards, to the Stadium.

The proconsul urges him, "Swear, and I will release thee!" "Reproach Christ," Polycarp rejoins,— "Eighty-and-six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me; and how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me?" The proconsul still urges,— "Swear by the fortune of Caesar." Polycarp replies,— "If you still vainly contend to make me swear by the fortune of Caesar, as you speak, affecting an ignorance of my real character, hear me frankly declaring what I am. I am a Christian." "I have wild beasts," says the proconsul; "I will expose you to them unless you repent." "Call them," re-

plies the martyr. "I will tame your spirit by fire," says the other; "since you despise the wild beasts; unless you repent." "You threaten," answers Polycarp, "with fire that burns for a moment, and then is extinct; but you are ignorant of the future judgment, and the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the ungodly. But why do you delay? Do what you please." Saying this, and more, he is filled with confidence and joy, and grace shines in his countenance. He is faithful unto death. Just before his soul goes up in the flames of martyrdom, he pours forth this prayer:—

"O Father of thy beloved and blessed Son, Jesus Christ, through whom we have obtained the knowledge of thee! O God of angels and principalities, and of all creation, and of all the just who live in thy sight! I bless thee thou hast counted me worthy of this day and this hour, to receive my portion in the number of martyrs, in the cup of Christ, for the resurrection to eternal life both of soul and body, in the incorruption of the Holy Ghost; among whom may I be received before thee this day, as a sacrifice well-savored and acceptable, which thou, the faithful and true God, hast prepared, promised beforehand, and fulfilled accordingly. Wherefore I praise thee for all those things. I bless thee, I glorify thee, by the eternal High Priest Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son; through whom, with him, in the Holy Spirit, be glory to thee, both now and forever. Amen."—*Rev. A. C. Thompson.*

WHY WE LOVE GOD.

"We love him because he first loved us."—1 John iv. 19.

Said a young friend of ours in a social meeting,—"I have loved God since I was twelve years of age. I turned to him at first from fear of hell. I shuddered at the thought of the 'wrath to come.' But soon my eye of faith was directed to God, because I saw he loved me. I see now his love in a thousand blessings, but especially in the gift of his Son; and I love him, and it seems to me I could lay down my life for him, because his love to me is so great."

ABOUNDING LOVE, AND ITS END.

"The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men, even as we do toward you; to the end he may establish your hearts unblamably in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all his saints."—1 Thes. iv. 12, 13.

Notice here, first, the *source* of this love. "The Lord" is implored to give its abounding increase; namely, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is thus generally designated in the epistles. He must come into our hearts bringing the Comforter. In him we notice, secondly, the *extent* of

this love. Since he is Love, where he is love springs up as an everflowing fountain. It flows from the heart of believers toward *one another*; but not stopping there, it flows "*toward all men*," for Christ so loved the world that he died to save it. Thirdly, *the end* to be secured by the abundant increase of love by Christ, is *holiness*;—"established" holiness, which shall yield to no assaults nor decline under the friction of a protracted earthly pilgrimage;—"unblamable" holiness, not in the sight of the world and good men only, but "before God," who cannot look upon any impurity with allowance. It is to be a purity to such an extent, and so established, that it shall abide the "coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints," and fit us to be forever with him. Oh that believers of every name might unite in one agonizing, all-prevailing prayer for this love, and at once possess the offered prize! Amen.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

"MILLENNIAL EXPERIENCE; OR, THE WILL OF GOD KNOWN AND DONE."

WE have received the following letter from an esteemed correspondent concerning this excellent work:—

"BRO. DEGEN: I have just finished reading 'Millennial Experience; or, God's Will Known and Done.' I have been much refreshed and profited in its perusal, and think no lover of holiness can fail to be interested in it.

"As an expression of the sentiment of the work, the title could as well have been 'Holiness,' or 'Entire Sanctification,' or 'Perfect Assurance;' but perhaps the present one would elicit more inquiry, and secure a more favorable reception for the work in the writer's own church.

"The soundness of the proposition, 'the will of God *known* from moment to moment,' I think admits of some query. No doubt we may so live by faith in Christ as to have the assurance that we are wholly his, and be accepted of him moment by moment,—but as our physical and intellectual natures are in part the mediums through which the Spirit operates, and they still feel the effects of the fall, can it be safely said that every act may be infallibly right from moment to moment, or known as the actual will of God with certainty in every case?

"Would not also the proposition, 'the prayer of faith always heard,' (Part III. chap. 8,) be liable to the same criticism?

"If you have any thoughts on this subject, and think it worth while, will you please state them in your next issue."

We do not understand the author to teach that every act can be infallibly right, as it refers to our intellectual perceptions. God's will towards us is exercised in view of his knowledge of our physical and intellectual infirmities. In other words, God has no will concerning our practical duty to him which it is not possible for us to know and do from moment to moment. Thus restricted, we think the statement is true. But such a definition includes the proposition, and all reasoning upon it must be in a circle. Whether that which is right in itself, but not possible to weak man, can be said to be the will of God concerning him, in any true sense, we need not now consider.

With regard to the second query, whether "the prayer of faith is always heard," the author's reasoning is, in brief, this:—No true faith is exercised which is not included in the spirit of some promise of the Word, and in accordance with the mind of the Spirit, who takes the things of God and shows them unto us; who also "helpeth our infirmities," teaching us to pray as we ought.

We do not give the author's words, but our understanding of his meaning. Here again the definition includes the proposition, or, at least, will command assent to its truth. How can we doubt that what is promised by the Father, and desired by the Holy Ghost in inspiring and aiding our faith, will be answered?

Our correspondent has suggested matter for profitable thought. She further adds:—

"In Part III. which is decidedly the most interesting and practical, the blessing is made dependent upon entire consecration, and faith in its present acceptance; while the finale is expressed thus (page 177): 'You should be contented to commit your whole case to God, and wait with patience the issue. Be assured you shall sooner or later receive the witness of the Spirit that you please God, and the manifestations of his will guiding you into all truth.'

"But I took up my pen proposing to make some quotations which particularly interested me from Part III. chap. 6, on '*Suffering with Christ*.'* But I find so much that is good that I hardly know how to specify anything, and must be content with referring the reader to the book itself. I think it calculated to do much good, and hope it may have a wide circulation and extensive reading.

H. M. N.

"So. Harwich, 1861."

DR. OLIN ON A CALL TO THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

We fully indorse the recommendation contained in the following note, of the late Dr. OLIN's discourse on a call to the ministry. Anything from the pen of that great and good man will be found worthy of careful consideration.

* The reader will find this quotation on page 123 of this number of the GUIDE.

"NASHVILLE, TENN., Feb. 4, 1861.

"REV. MESSRS. DEGEN AND GORHAM.

"DEAR BROS. I notice your remarks, in the February Guide, to an inquirer respecting a call to the ministry. The best brief and comprehensive exposition of that subject I know of is the essay of Dr. OLIN. I take the liberty of sending you a copy by mail, as published in pamphlet by our house. I think a wide distribution of it anywhere would do good.

"There are thousands of young men amongst us to-day, laboring under this momentous responsibility, who, for lack of information or otherwise, do not, or will not, recognize the divine mandate.

"Yours in Christ, most truly and sincerely,
"R. ABBEY."

PLEASE TO EXCUSE US.

We have frequent requests to return MSS. of articles written for the Guide, if we do not publish them. A little reflection will convince correspondents that this would impose an unreasonable burden upon us. Would it not be better for such as wish to preserve their manuscripts to copy before sending them?

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

We are not in the practice of experimenting upon ourselves with the popular remedies of the day; but we have been induced to try the troches, and have found them a safe and convenient remedy for hoarseness, and a pleasant relief to the vocal organs after public speaking. They are prepared by our neighbors, JOHN I. BROWN & SON, 425 Washington Street, and sold by the druggists generally.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE BOY WHO BECAME THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

Years ago there was a little boy in New York, who liked to go to church with his parents, and was happy in all religious services; he went to the Sabbath school with delight. He used to wish that he might know if he was a Christian, born of the Holy Spirit. "His young heart" often inquired if it was the privilege of children as young as he was, to know if they could be adopted into the family of God. Though so young, he had begun to teach in the Sabbath school, for he felt an ardent desire to be useful. The week before he was to be thirteen years old, he had been thinking, "What a blessed birthday would it be for me, if I might know on Sabbath that this long unsettled question in regard to my adoption could be decided by my being con-

sciously born into the kingdom of grace!" The faith of this dear child, and all the secret questionings of his heart it pleased God to answer that very Sabbath evening. After an invitation, he went to the altar and knelt down, and began to cry, "My Saviour, save me, *me!*" As he pleaded for this blessing, the loving superintendent drew near to him, and in sweet accents said, "My little son, and is not Jesus your Saviour? You are saying, 'My Saviour, my Saviour!' and is he your Saviour?"

"Yes, he is my Saviour, *my Saviour!*" exclaimed the young believer, and in a moment his soul was filled with the long-desired assurance that he was a child of God. My little readers, who like to know if those who are now men and women once felt as *they* now think and feel, may be assured they did, and we were once little children too. You may desire to know who this once little boy was, who daily feels a great interest in the salvation of children, as well as grown people. I will tell you: that once little boy is now Dr. Palmer, who has been with his wife in England, doing so much good in the churches there the past eighteen months.

Y.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

I wish I could see Jesus,
And look into his face;
Behold myself his beauty,
His loveliness and grace;
Oh, if I could but hear him,
Just as he spoke to men,
I'm sure I should believe him,
Ah yes, and love him then.

But now he is so distant,
So very far away,
How can he ever hear me,
When I attempt to pray?
Or if he heeds my asking,
How can he answers send?
And how can one that's absent,
My guardian be, and friend?

O thou ascended Saviour,
Reveal thyself to me!
I long, I long to know thee,
I yearn thy face to see;
To clasp my arms about thee,
And on thy bosom lean!
Oh, if I could be near thee,
I know I'd never sin.

Dear child! Thy loving Saviour,
Though now by thee unseen,
Lives, and is ever near thee,
To save thy soul from sin.
Receive the gospel message,
Believe his written word,
And soon thine eyes shall open
To see thy blessed Lord.

—Child at Home.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE NEW TESTAMENT STANDARD OF PIETY.
By W. McDONALD. Boston: H. V. Degen & Son. 1861.

The publishers have put into our hands this attractive-looking volume for a candid opinion. We have kept it on our table for several weeks, that we might, by careful and deliberate reading, digest the thoughts presented. It goes over the whole ground, in a general view at least, of the New Testament standard of piety. It defines, defends against objections, establishes by arguments drawn from the Bible and the writings of great and good men of various evangelical denominations, and illustrates by experience, the doctrine of a full salvation as this New Testament standard. The view taken is from a Wesleyan standpoint, and its confirmatory quotations are largely from Wesleyan standard writers. It deals with objections, particularly those which have had a renewed prominence of late in some portions of the church, in a manner especially able and conclusive. The spirit of the author is such as becomes the subject, earnest, but indued with love. We commend the work as of God for the further spread of scriptural holiness throughout the land. M.

THE LIFE OF TRUST: Being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with GEORGE MÜLLER, written by himself. Edited and Condensed by Rev. H. LINCOLN WAYLAND, Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Worcester, Mass. With an Introduction by FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1861.

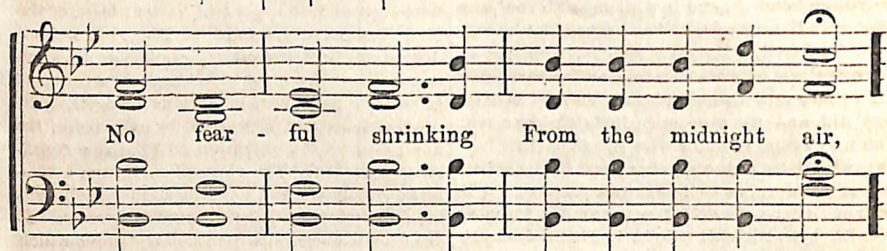
The object at which Mr. Müller aims in sending this narrative abroad to the people of God, and indeed the object of his whole life, is to afford to them, by the records of his own experience, an illustration of the duty and privileges of a life of faith. His narrative does indeed do this in a wonderful degree. It teaches not merely that we are justified by faith, a truth confirmed by the experience of every truly converted person, but that we may trust in God for *every good*, both temporal and spiritual, and that day by day and moment by moment. We never read of any one who carries this to so great an extent as does the author of this narrative. His faith, in several instances, seems to have been a miraculous gift; in its general character, however, it is doubtless just that faith which every child of God may possess. Not indeed that all, nor perhaps that any other person may expect God to deal with him in the same manner, through his faith, but all may have the same fulness of confidence, and enjoy the same fulness of blessing as its gracious result. No earnest believer will regret the purchase and perusal of this volume.

NO SICKNESS THERE.

Music for the "GUIDE," by GEO. M. MONROE.



1. No sickness there, No weary wast-ing of the frame a - way,



No fear - ful shrinking From the midnight air,



No dread of summer's bright and fer - vid ray.

2. No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless visions of despair,
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken hearts are there.
3. Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song:
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.
4. The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies;
Its workings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some poor tender floweret fades and dies.
5. No parting friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep,
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.
6. Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul,
Look up, thou stricken one! thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.
7. With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to tread the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the haven of eternal day.

BLESSEDNESS OF THE UNDEFILED.

SERMON BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

"Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord."—*Psalm cix. 1.*

THIS psalm is believed to have been composed by Ezra, who is supposed to have collected and arranged all the sacred writings down to his time, and to have written this as a eulogy upon them all. It is an acrostic on the Hebrew alphabet, and therefore consists of twenty-two sections. There are eight verses in a section, and some term representing the sacred writings is found in each verse save five. I have selected the first of the remarkable and weighty sayings which compose the psalm with the view to call your attention somewhat in detail to the terms which compose it. Let us inquire, then,—

I. *What is it to be undefiled in the way?*

1. *Undefiled!* It is a striking thing that the Bible should suppose any man undefiled in such a world as this. All flesh has corrupted its way upon the earth. Sin pervades and pollutes all society. It is in low places and in high places, among business men and men of pleasure. Men on every side are giving the strength of their manhood to sin; they are ingenious in sin, they are industrious in sin, they grow strong and bold and presumptuous, and so sin on against light, against mercies, amidst warnings and judgments, and in the face of death and hell. Youth, who have just begun to live, have learned to sin, and aged men, who are soon to die, are sinning on. Everywhere the great human tide, surging and boiling with the infernal commotion, rushes on, as if impatient to reach the gulf.

Amidst all this, are there any undefiled? This, all who are of the world, deny, and seek justification for their own unholiness in the fancied universality of the evil. Some, honest inquirers, it may be too, are in doubt upon the question; not having yet sufficiently looked into the perfect law

of liberty, and learned to continue therein. Others have not yet learned to distinguish between temptation and sin, nor between infirmity and sin, and *they* therefore doubt whether any in this world are undefiled. But whatever carpers or doubters or novices may say, God's holy law commands purity, his gospel promises it, and the sacred history records it, as the actual heritage of many believers in every age.

This being undefiled presupposes a process of actual and thorough purification in every man's case. The taint, the virus of sin, is in every child of Adam. It is *in* us to be sinners. The universal sinfulness does not come of bad teaching, nor of vile example. The teachings of every generation are better than its practices, and the worst acts of men are done in secret, so that no generation of men either see or hear the sum of their fathers' depravity. There is a wide difference between the apparent and the real moral condition of every community. There is a wide difference between the teachings of men and their practices. This difference is always on one side. Men are never better than their laws, never better than their teachings, never better than they seem to be, but commonly much worse in each case. Hence, if pernicious teaching or example be assumed to be the cause of the universal depravity, each generation must improve upon the character of its progenitor, bringing its real morals up to the apparent morals of the latter. This process would soon wash out the sinful character of the race, and populate the earth with angelic characters. It is entirely obvious that human progress reveals no such upward tendency, and it is therefore clear that the theory is utterly without foundation. The evil fruit is of an evil tree. The bitter water flows from a bitter fountain. "*A child left to himself,*" —without either evil teaching or example, —"*bringeth his mother to shame.*" Every man who is now undefiled is a man upon

whom grace has wrought in redeeming power, to renew and to cleanse his soul; and every saint in light is one who has washed his robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

To be undefiled, then, is to be *saved*,—completely saved; saved continually from all evil imaginations, desires, and intentions, and so kept from all wrong actions by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us.

2. But the text speaks of being *undefiled in the way*. What way? The way on which he travels, whatever that way may be; all the ways of human progress, business, and intercourse. He is an honest laborer. He is an honorable employer. He is a faithful friend. He practises no tricks of trade. He takes no advantage of another man's ignorance or misfortunes to overreach or oppress him. His conversation is pure; his domestic and social intercourse is holy; his personal and epistolary correspondence is wholly free from guile; free from all taint of sin; whenever such a man is literally "*in the way*,"—travelling abroad, his demeanor, his conversation, his very looks and tones will not unfrequently reveal the Christian. Tarrying in places remote from home, and from the restraints imposed by universal acquaintance, the instincts of his purified nature reveal themselves in a thousand expedients for finding associates of like precious faith, and for scattering abroad the seeds of truth and holiness.

3. But the term, "*the way*," may possibly have a restricted meaning. Isaiah says, "And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness, the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there." Again, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." Jeremiah says, "Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask

for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." In this blessed way of holiness every man is walking, who, through the grace of God, is undefiled.

4. The undefiled man "*walks in the law of the Lord*."

Walks. He traverses the whole law of the Lord in thought, and models his life upon it. His is no merely theoretical, emotional, indolent or antinomian piety, but one of practical activity and energy.

But the term "walk" sets forth a *progressive piety*, as it naturally suggests advancement, growth, development, acquisition, achievement, conquest. He who walks necessarily leaves the things that are behind, and reaches forth to that which is before.

Again, the phrase "walk in the law of the Lord," suggests an *evangelical piety*; a piety which, while it looks to gracious provision for present salvation and for power, still regards the law of God as the proper test of obedience for every one thus saved and empowered. This is according to the language of Paul: "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God did, by sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

The man who thus walks in the law of the Lord does not walk in the light of some fancied new revelation, nor in the light of his own whims and caprices, but by the steady light of the unalterable and inspired standard of rectitude, the immutable Word of God. He loves the Bible, he studies the Bible; he loves and studies it as law, *as his law*. He has the *habit* of studying, the expressed will of God, and of making it the rule of action for his whole life.

A life of conformity to the comprehensive injunctions and restrictions of the Bible is a practical impossibility to any

man, without the powerful inspiration of the Holy Ghost; and if it could be conceived a possibility, it would yet be a most tedious and irksome mode of life. Only the man whose soul is undefiled by sin walks naturally and easily along in the law of the Lord. His delight is in the law, and in it he meditates day and night; his thoughts at leisure run to holy themes, and his heart often burns with thoughts of God, and holiness, and heaven, while other men are poisoning themselves to death with evil thoughts and vain imaginations, and then lifting up their heads and wondering at the difficulties of a holy life. Let all such men know that the stream will not rise higher than the fountain; that the life will infallibly follow the character of the heart, and that therefore the only foundation for a holy life is laid in purity of heart.

II. *The benediction of the text.* Blessed are, etc.

1. *There is a joy of innocence.* The consciousness of being free from duplicity and guile in my intentions is exceeding sweet. There is a great joy in feeling that I have nothing to conceal; that if all men could read what is written in my heart, then all good men should approve the writing.

Blessed is the man who can say, "I have coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel." It was a happy day in the life of Samuel when he said to all Israel, "Behold, I am old and gray-headed, and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. And now, here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it you. And they said, Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand. And he said unto them, The Lord is witness, and his

anointed is witness, this day, that ye have not found aught in my hand. And they answered, He is witness." What a picture of innocency is here, in a man who has held the highest public trust for nearly seventy years. "Did ever another minister of state, in any part of the world, resign his office with so much self-consciousness of integrity, backed with the universal approbation of the public? No man was oppressed under his government, no man was defrauded! He had accumulated no riches for himself, he had procured none for his friends, nor had one needy dependent been provided for out of the public purse."

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord, for theirs is the joy of innocence.

2. *There is a joy of purity.* "Blessed are the pure in heart." The soul is never fully at rest; never really content with itself till it is consciously pure. Physical defilement upon the person is exceedingly annoying, in the absence of any notions of actual harm to come of it, merely because we have an instinct for purity. It is so with every soul made alive unto God by regenerating grace. It instinctively loves purity, and it instinctively feels a sense of degradation from the presence of defilement. Who would meet the king with a spot upon his forehead?—and who that desires to walk with God, can endure a spot upon his soul? Truly, a sense of purity is blessed.

But impurity of soul consists in the presence there of sinful tempers, desires, passions, and inclinations. All these are, from their nature, painful to the soul. Hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revilings, — these, and their kindred, dwelling in the heart, are what constitute its pollution, and are they not all destructive of the peace of the heart in which they dwell? I beseech you, my hearers, each one of you to repeat this list of sinful tempers in your own ear, and

tell me which one of them all is not, in itself, a positive misery? Blessed are the undefiled; blessed is the man whose heart is free from these distracting abominations.

Again: Purity of heart consists in the presence, and entire control of the Spirit of God over it; filling, ruling, cleansing, enlightening, and inspiring it. A heart in which the Spirit of God thus dwells is the habitation of every grace of the Spirit to the exclusion of all opposite tempers, so that, emphatically, grace reigns in the heart through righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *These graces are all beatitudes.* Mark them: love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness, charity. What heart can be unhappy, filled and inspired with these! Blessed are the undefiled! The heart of every such man has the very nature of heaven in itself.

3. *There is a joy of safety*,—of deliverance from all fear. A pure heart, a heart made perfect in love, is at rest from fear; from all those anxieties and solitudes which oppressed it in the days of its feeble faith. Walking consciously in the law of the Lord from day to day, and in habits of high communion with God himself, the soul does realize that perfect love casteth out fear. It is a great blessing to be conscious of complete security in Christ; to know that no event which God will allow to overtake me can possibly work injury to me in the end, and to feel, through grace, such deadness to the world, and such readiness to die, as to be able to contemplate, without dismay and without terror, all possibilities of future poverty, or reproach, or pain, or death. The man who so often professed perfect love; who said, "So walk as ye have us for an example," . . . "Remember how holily, and justly, and unblamably we walked among you that believed," . . . "Follow me as I follow Christ," . . . "Let us, as many as be perfect, desire such

things," was the man who said, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." He was the man who said, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice." There you have it; complete deliverance from the power of the carnal mind, enjoyed and professed; victory over the fear of death, and perpetual joy in the Holy Ghost. Surely the undefiled have a joy of safety.

4. *There is a joy of victory.* Men often contend with each other; and he who conquers triumphs over his late antagonist, sometimes with extravagant demonstrations of joy; nevertheless, joy is natural on such occasions, and it is appropriately great, in proportion to the justness of our cause, to the strength of our opponent, and to the interests that were staked upon the contest. What, then, is the joy of him who lately saw heaven suspended on the question of his own personal holiness?—who went into the contest for it against the deceitfulness of his own heart, against the terrible current of the world, against the indifference of the church, and against the machinations of the arch-demon who has gone out to deceive the nations these six thousand years?—I say, what is his joy who has gone into the contest against all this fearful array of opposition, with eternal life at stake, with much fear and trembling at the first, but who "out of weakness has been made strong, has waxed valliant in fight," and at length has "turned to flight the armies of the aliens," and grasping the prize of perfect love with the holy violence of faith and prayer, sings now, "Glory to the Lamb!"—"The world is overcome by the blood of the Lamb." The undefiled have the joy of victory.

5. *There is a joy of hope.* So soon as a soul is justified it begins to have very gladdening anticipations of eternal life in heaven; but it is not often, until the soul is fully purified by grace and the faculties are in the complete occupancy of the Holy Spirit, that the overwhelming realizations

of an everlasting state of glory are given to the believer. Then, hope puts off all that was dubious in its character before, and comes up at once and unequivocally to the New Testament idea. It is "Christ in you the hope of glory." It is "the earnest of the inheritance,"—the part which Heaven has paid down into the soul to bind the bargain and secure the payment of the rest,—the first instalment of eternal life. It is God's seal upon the soul unto the day of eternal redemption; the King's image, in miniature, stamped upon the soul with every feature brought out, a standing pledge under the seal of Heaven that eternal life is yours; it is "the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." Blessed are the undefiled in the way, for they have, as no other men have, the joy of hope.

CONCLUSION.

1. It is possible for man to be undefiled, that is, through grace, to be pure. It is trifling, it is even presumptuously sinful to adopt any theory which makes it necessary to suppose that God is only tantalizing the church in the ten thousand instances and ways in which he sets holiness of heart before her, and enjoins her to pursue and obtain it. When God says, "Blessed are the undefiled in the way," you have only to believe that God is true; that he is honest, in order to believe that he has graciously made it possible for his people to attain the grace of purity. And, my brother, do you need anything more than the assurance that purity is possible in order to your seeking it? If so, you have some reason to fear that you have lost even your justifying grace.

2. The two parts of the text belong together. They that are undefiled in the way are they who walk in the law of the Lord. The law makes no man undefiled. Grace and truth come by Jesus Christ, and by him alone. But though the gospel does not come to save us from the law, it comes so to save us as to bring us up to

the law's approval. God's law is the test of your character, through all your life, and at the judgment. The object of grace is not to buy you off from your obligations, but to purify you and enlighten you and empower you to meet them. If God has purified your heart you must zealously and carefully walk in his law, or you will lose your purity and forfeit his favor. Let no one say, I am undefiled through grace, who does not walk in the law of the Lord. On the other hand, let every one who presents himself a living sacrifice to God, lay hold at once on the cleansing grace that is this moment offered in Christ Jesus, and prove and testify that the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRUST.

LET us never forget that we are in the hands of God. Duties belong to us, events to him. No doctrine is more generally taught, none more imperfectly believed. While poetry and philosophy, reason and religion, unite to bid us, after a faithful fulfilment of obligation, repose in the arms of the "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will," we are prone to fret and sigh about what is; to tremble and stand aghast at what is to come. The folly of this course is as wonderful as its impiety. We heard of a man who thought he was made of glass, and was afraid to have any one approach him lest he should be broken. We once saw a man who supposed the affairs of the universe were in his care, poor fellow! He had sent too much rain here, and too much wind there; he slumbered too long for Jupiter, who had left his orbit during his nap, and woke up with a too sudden jerk for the rings of Saturn, that were snapped by his rude violence. He was in a lunatic asylum, but there are many like him who are not.

Jeremy Bentham, with his usual richness of style, thus discourses of such: "I

have seen young and unskilful persons sitting in a small boat when every little wave sported about the side of the vessel, and every motion of the barge seemed a danger, and made them cling fast to their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under a tree while a gentle wind shook the leaves into a refreshing and cooling shade; and the inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger that the watery pavement is not staple and resident like a rock; and yet all his danger is in himself, none at all from without, for he is, indeed, moving upon the waters, but fastened to a rock.

“Faith is his foundation, and hope his anchor, and death his harbor, and Christ his pilot, and heaven his country; and all the evils of poverty, and affronts of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sadder apprehensions, are but like the loud winds blowing from the right point; they make a noise, and drive faster to the harbor; and if we do not leave the ship and jump into the sea,—quit the interests of religion and run to the securities of the world,—cut our cables and dissolve our hopes, grow impatient and hug a wave, and dip in its embraces, we are safe at sea; safer in a storm which God sends us than in a calm when we are befriended by the world.”

These remarks are applicable not merely to such as are apprehensive for their personal safety and salvation, but to those also who are distressed on account of the church. “Zion’s ship is going to destruction.” Why? “Because of the storm blowing upon her.” Christ is in the vessel; pull the rope assigned you; lie down to sleep when your turn comes; you will find a great calm in due time. — *Presbyterian.*

HUMILITY. — “It is always safe to learn even of our enemies, — seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.” — *Lacon.*

THE INVITATION SOCIETY.

SOME years ago, a gentleman residing in one of our cities was deeply impressed and grieved by seeing multitudes who neglected public worship; and he determined to make the effort to induce some of the Sabbath-breakers to frequent the house of God.

It required some little effort at first, but he overcame his timidity. One Lord’s-day evening he went forth with this holy purpose, and meeting a young man who did not appear to be on his way to a place of worship, he respectfully addressed him, got into conversation with him, and persuaded the stranger to accompany him to worship, and, as an inducement, offered him a seat in his own pew.

Succeeding in this case, he was emboldened and encouraged to proceed in this line of Christian activity and usefulness. And now, mark with what a blessed result! — he was the means of leading one hundred young men to become stated attendants at the sanctuary, many of whom have been truly converted to God.

A minister of the gospel mentioned this at one of his prayer meetings, when the idea was caught up by some person present, who at once said, “How admirable a plan this is for doing good.” A little association was immediately formed, called “The Invitation Society.” In sixteen months, two hundred persons were persuaded by eight or ten of its agents no longer to forsake the assembling of themselves in the house of prayer.

One of these agents, an earnest Christian, in humble life, devoted himself to this work, and was the means of bringing forty to hear the word of life. — *Rev. J. A. James.*

REPUTATION. — “Some *reputed* saints that have been canonized ought to have been cannonaded; and some *reputed* sinners that have been cannonaded ought to have been canonized.” — *Lacon.*

[Original.]

THE HOUR BEFORE RISING.

BY HARRIETTE.

SLEEP holds not with tenacious grasp,
As she was wont in days of yore,
When thunder-peal or trumpet-blast
Would scarce be heeded at my door.

How still this hour, inviting thought,
And lo! thoughts cluster thick around,
They come unbidden and unsought,
Unheralded by any sound.

Night's friendly curtain still is drawn,
And sleep, that kissed my eyelids fast,
Has plumed her downy wings, and gone
And left me to my thoughts' repast.

Sweet hour—redeemed from night and sleep;
Sweet messenger of peace and love,
Fresh converse with my God to keep,
Fresh intercourse with things above.

The clock strikes five; in one hour more
The day's rough cares, its toil begins;
Away from earth, my spirit, soar
And commune with celestial things.

Think of the blessedness of heaven,—
How sooth thy spirit will rest there,
Till thy worst foe is all forgiven,
And thou art strong to do and bear.

Venture not forth upon the day
Till thy whole soul is steeped in love,
Else thou wilt miss the shining way
That leads thee to thy home above.

[Original.]

SUBMISSION.

BY W. L.

How pleasant is all that I meet,
From fear of adversity free;
I find every sorrow made sweet,
Because 'tis assigned me by thee.

Thy will is the treasure I seek,
For thou art as faithful as strong;
There let me, obedient and meek,
Repose myself all the day long.

My spirit and faculties fail;
Oh!—finish what love has begun;
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
And dwell in the soul thou hast won.

Oh, glory! in which I am lost,
Too deep for the plummet of thought,—
On an ocean of Deity tossed,—
I am swallowed, I sink into naught.

Yet lost and absorbed as I seem,
I chant to the praise of my King,
And though overwhelmed by the thought,
Am happy whenever I sing.

HURRIED DEVOTIONS.

PROBABLY many of us would be decomposed by an arithmetical estimate of our communion with God. It might reveal to us the secret of much of our apathy in prayer, because it might disclose how little we desire to be alone with God. We might learn from such a computation that Augenstine's idea of prayer, as "the measure of love," is not very flattering to us. We do not grudge the time given to a privilege which we love.

Why should we expect to enjoy a duty which we have no time to enjoy? Do we enjoy anything we do in a hurry? Enjoyment presupposes something of mental leisure. How often do we say of a pleasure, "I wanted more time to enjoy it to my heart's content." But of all employments, none can be more dependent on "time for it," than stated prayer.

Fugitive acts of devotion, to be of high value, must be sustained by other approaches to God, deliberate, premeditated, regular, which shall be to those acts like the abutments of a suspension bridge to the arch that spans the stream. It will never do to be in desperate haste in laying such foundations. This thoughtful duty, this spiritual privilege, this foretaste of uncorporeal life, this communion with an unseen friend,—can you expect to enjoy it as you would a repartee or dance?

In the Royal Gallery, at Dresden, may be often seen a group of connoisseurs, who sit for hours before a single painting. They walk around those halls and corridors, whose walls are so eloquent with the triumphs of Art, and they come back, and pause again before that one masterpiece. They go away, and return the next day, and again the first and last object which charms their eye is that canvass on which genius has pictured more of beauty than on any other in the world. Weeks are spent every year in the study of that one work of Raphael. Lovers of art cannot

enjoy it to the full, till they have made it their own by prolonged communion with its matchless forms. Says one of its admirers: "I could spend an hour every day, for years, upon that assemblage of human, and angelic, and divine ideas, and on the last day of the last year discover some new beauty and a new joy."

I have seen men standing in the street, before an engraving of that gem of the Dresden Gallery, a longer time than a good man will sometimes devote to his evening prayer. Yet what thoughts, what ideals of grace, can genius express in a painting, demanding time for their appreciation and enjoyment, like those great thoughts of God, of heaven, of eternity, which the soul needs to conceive vividly, in order to know the blessedness of prayer? What conceptions can art imagine of the "Divine Child," which can equal in spirituality the thoughts which one needs to entertain of Christ in the "prayer of faith?" We cannot hope, commonly, to spring into possession of such thoughts in the twinkling of an eye.—*The Still Hour.*

THE MAN WHO LIVED USEFULLY.

A TRAVELLER was passing through Bilston, in Staffordshire, a year or two since, and observed the shops closed as generally as on the Sabbath.

Presently, a funeral came by, which was attended by the clergy, and other ministers of religion, the magistrates and many of the respectable inhabitants of the town. Who could the distinguished person be to whose memory such tokens of public respect were paid? It was John Etheredge, an unmarried man of eighty-four years of age, who had recently died in the same house in which he had lived from his birth. He kept a little shop in which he sold various small articles of ironmongery, toys for children, marbles, and other petty matters; and also Bibles, and religious tracts, and books. He ex-

pended nine or ten shillings a week upon himself, and devoted all the rest of his profits to works of piety and humanity. Among other ways of doing good, he used to go out a little before church time, and if he saw a man loitering about the street, would get into conversation with him, and take him to church, and having found him a seat, would set out to seek for other loiterers.

Thus lived John Etheredge, to whom these honors were shown. A monument to his memory is erected by public subscription, or is about to be, in the churchyard of the town.—*J. A. James.*

[Original.]

A SCRAP OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY W. C. W.

IN the month of February, 1860, I first set out on my journey to heaven. Being inexperienced and ignorant of the way that is marked out for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in, I wandered along, not knowing whither I was going, trying to find peace, but for me there was no rest. I wrestled with the Lord in secret, and asked him for the pure and undefiled religion that fadeth not away. After a few months had passed, I began to examine myself, and to search the Scriptures more diligently, and I found I had not, as it is commanded, given all for Christ; had not laid all upon the altar. So I consecrated myself anew to my Saviour in the following September, with Br. Henry at my side, at a prayer meeting. I sank away from self into the love of Jesus. It was then and there that God heard the prayers of saints. For I fell prostrate into the arms of my blessed Jesus. Then I could realize the witness within my breast that the love of God passeth all understanding. Since that time it has been joy and peace to my soul. And I feel to-day to rejoice in the beatific smiles of a once crucified but now risen and exalted Saviour.

EXPERIENCE.

BY M. E. P.

"GLORY to the eternal dweller in light," who hath given us of his spirit, even the spirit of truth, that we might know the things that are freely given us of God. My soul is drinking from the fountain. Now no doubt remains as to the extent of the work that God, who hath commanded light to shine out of darkness, hath wrought in my heart. I pause and wonder!—wonder why such grace to me is given, and can only say, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." Now I plainly see, by the light of God's own truth, which he hath of late so blessed to my soul, just what I have needed. "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

Sixteen years have passed since I gave my heart to God. Well do I remember that hour when, though but a child of nine summers, I bowed with loved parents at the family altar, a weeping penitent, pleading for the knowledge of sins forgiven, and arose rejoicing in a Saviour's love. My conversion I could never doubt. It was as clear as the noonday sun. Glory to Jesus! children may know their sins forgiven, and retain that evidence too. Christ says, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and who dare forbid them? Two years last November, having for many years wept over the remains of the carnal mind; the proneness of the heart to wander from God; and felt in my inmost soul the depth of meaning of the words of inspiration, "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?" by the assisting grace of Him who hath said, "without me ye can do nothing,"—I brought my little all, my reputation, time, talent, influence; my heart, which I had so long vainly endeavored to make better; and my *unbelief*, and laid them at the feet of Jesus; and then, with others, joined in singing—

"Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

"Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own,
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone."

For one week I watched the offering, believing him "faithful that promised, who also will do it," and that "he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." The tempter reasoned, but I heeded him not; too intently was my eye fixed upon God and the offering. But who ever rested upon the word of God, and was disappointed? The baptism of the Holy Ghost came; the Spirit answered to the blood, and my soul entered into rest; and the rest was glorious. I clearly saw before me the open fountain, and plunged beneath the purple flood, exclaiming—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

My peace flowed as a river, and I testified to the church and a wondering world: "Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." Moral power was given, and oh, how sweet to labor in the vineyard of the Lord!

But God, "who seeth not as man seeth," saw my need of different discipline. Cares multiplied. Ill health deprived me of the means of grace in which my soul so much delighted. By degrees, the witness of the Spirit, in reference to the work wrought in my heart, became *unnecessarily* dim. The evidence of my acceptance with God was clear; I knew I was his child, but the knowledge of the present application of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all indwelling sin declined into the question, Does it now cleanse me? This has been my *experience* for the past year. Plainly I *see* now that I had not closely enough barred my heart against that great foe, *unbelief*, and he

had been permitted to enter my Eden of love.

In this state of mind my eye rested upon the experience of that teacher in Israel, the author of "The Baptism of Fire,"—and, dear reader, pause with me here, and through the mediation of our Redeemer, to the great Head of the Church send up the prayer, "Lord, send forth more such laborers into thy vineyard."

As I read and reread, slowly the state of my own soul was clearly revealed. In the words of the writer, "I had sought and found the witness of justification, of possession and of consecration," and more. In other days I had enjoyed the direct testimony of the Spirit, that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. This witness, through unbelief, I had lost. I remembered it was written, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." The way seemed clear before me; I saw no chance for retreat, nor did I desire it. The cry of my longing heart was—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."

I had so many times, when all other props gave way, proved the foundation of God's word so sure, that I could not now doubt his promises. I presented myself at the mercy-seat. The Spirit helped my infirmities, and presented my case before the Father. The answer came. The voice I knew. It was the voice of the Comforter, "I have come and brought the Father with me."

In the blessedness of that hour a reproving voice for former unbelief,—yet of such tender compassion that my soul melted before it,—said: "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing." Oh the humble contrition of my heart as I cried, Lord, henceforth, when

the joys of sense depart, I will walk by faith. Sweet was the answer from my merciful High Priest: "Then Christ shall be magnified, God glorified."

The influence of that hour's communion is still with me.

"Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, Be still."

Mine is the blessedness of knowing that all I have or am, or ever expect to be, is given to Christ. "Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee, what shall we have therefore?" I turn to the Word, the "Christian's legacy," and read, "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life or death, things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

"The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance." Unto him do I commit the keeping of my soul, and unto him will I go "without the camp bearing his reproach," until it shall be said, "Child, come home;" then, gladly shall I drop this tenement of clay, and, clothed in immortality, join the blood-washed throng above.

BIBLE WOMEN IN LONDON.

A BIBLE lady entered the room of a poor woman, and spoke to her about Christ. The poor woman was told by a friend of the Bible-lady that she was going away from her quarter to another part of London. This woman, who, by means of the lady had found consolation, wrote a letter to the lady who had been the means of sending the Bible-woman, imploring them not to send her away: "There was not a greater blackguard than I was. God has had mercy upon me. I was reared up by pious parents, which made my sin the greater. If I was to give my life, a large book would not hold it. I am indeed a brand plucked from the burning. I think it a pity to take the good woman from this neighbor-

hood. This place requires some one like her, for there are souls to be saved. Do not take her away; let her stop a little longer. I was a drunkard, a swearer, a Sabbath breaker, a companion of the lowest and most degraded you can mention. Last October my baby was born, and which now is in heaven. I was drunk the whole time it was with me. Last Christmas day my companions called upon me to go with them, and I was nothing loth.

"We went into a public house and called for a pint of rum, which we drank, and the landlord gave us another. I was drunk, I believe, four times that day. The Monday following my poor baby was taken ill, but I took no notice of it, and thought I would see to it when my drinking was over. God thought otherwise, for on the Wednesday it was found dead in my arms.

"You would have thought that this would have cured me of my evil habits. The reverse of this was the case. I took to drinking harder than ever, fighting, swearing, and blaspheming. A gentleman belonging to the mission once spoke to me, and caused me to shed tears, and I then had a thought to make away with myself, and also thought to kill my husband and child. Alas! how often have I called upon God to strike me dead."

The letter went on to show how the writer had attended the mothers' meetings, and the prayer meetings, and, by means of the Bible-reader, saved.—*English paper.*

[Original.]

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

BY C. W.

It is gone, forever gone, — that precious opportunity. Could prayer bring back to me that one little jot of time, how would I wrestle, and fast, and struggle before the throne. Could tears wipe out the remembrance of that neglected duty, I would weep day and night till all trace of it was forever washed away. It is true it was but

for a few moments that I saw that impenitent friend; few, indeed, but time enough that I *might* have warned her to flee from the wrath to come; time enough, had the Spirit of God attended my feeble efforts to have plucked a soul from the eternal burnings. This was the first time I had seen her since I had learned to love God, my Saviour, and the precious souls of sinners; and I knew, too, that she was impenitent; knew that life was uncertain, and that without a hope in Christ she was exposed to eternal death. And the Spirit urged me to tell her of her danger, and entreat her to flee to the great Rock of salvation for shelter and safety, before the terrible storm of the wrath of God should overtake her. But my timid nature shrank from the cross, and refused to obey. I flattered myself that I should soon see her again, and Satan whispered that my time was too limited; and then, others were present. Alas! when next I saw her she was struggling in conflict with the king of terrors. His grasp was fierce upon her; already her reason had fled, and soon her spirit, impenitent still, for aught I ever knew, was ushered into the presence of its God. And I must meet her at the judgment-day. My merciful Father has forgiven me, I trust, that wrong, but never can I forgive myself. Never can I think without remorse of the neglect of that one little duty. Little, did I say? So I tried to believe. But oh! eternity alone will fully reveal to me its fearful magnitude. Fearful, as upon its faithful performance or culpable omission may have hung the eternal destiny of a precious soul.

O my Father, may I, with all who have named the name of Christ, be prepared by the quickening energies of divine love, — that perfect love, which casteth out all fear of the world, — to be ready, ever ready, for present duty, lest in the great day of final reckoning we be met with this condemnation, "You knew my danger, but you warned me not."

[Original.]

PURITY OF HEART AND LIFE.

BY A. C. B. L.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation."—*David*.

Do I possess a character that will warrant the expectation of standing in God's holy place? The first requisite mentioned is "clean hands." As our hands are the chief instruments by which we perform all kinds of labor, the expression may have reference to all our acts — our whole course of life. Then, have I clean hands? Do I put forth my hand to any iniquity? Do I fail to "visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction?" Do I withhold kindness from any? If so, my hands are not clean; but if otherwise, they are at least apparently clean.

The next thing is a "pure heart." What a word is *pure*! — a *pure heart*. Have all my acts proceeded from a pure heart? A heart emptied of selfishness, cleansed from every stain? A heart in which nothing is found but love, holy love to God and man? If not, then, surely, however fair to human view my acts may have been, they show impurity; and if the heart be not pure, the hands cannot be clean. But if otherwise the heart be pure, then also are the hands clean, and my "soul is not lifted up unto vanity," neither have I "sworn deceitfully;" consequently, "shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of my salvation." Shall I receive it as my due? Assuredly not, — but through rich abounding grace, to one most unworthy, "for it is God who worketh in me to will and to do." If I dwell in love, I dwell in God, and God in me, as saith the beloved disciple (1 John iv. 16), and his love must flow out, through me, to all his creatures.

My heart *does* go forth in earnest longing for the purity of all Christ's professed disciples; and sometimes, with groaning, cries out, "O Lord, how long!" How long shall it be ere the bonds of sin and Satan are broken, and every one who has named the name of Christ, be *free* in *Him*?

God grant that this year may be a year of jubilee, when Satan's power shall be broken, and the church of God come up out of the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved, and "look forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and," to her enemies, "terrible as an army with banners."

THE WISDOM OF WINNING SOULS.

BY REV. JOHN PROUDFIT, D. D.

THOSE who watch for souls are often agitating the question, What aspect of truth is most likely to awaken thoughtless men? — and "the philosophy of applying truth," as Dr. Chalmers used to call it, is indeed a philosophy, and its importance and great results well deserve our deepest thoughts and most watchful observation; and it was doubtless just that which the great "preacher" of ancient Israel was laboring at when he "sought to find out acceptable words;" and with reference to which the greater Preacher, who came from God and spoke as never man spoke, said, "Whereunto shall I liken the kingdom of God?" All this shows that to teach truth so as to touch, persuade, and guide to godly sorrow and saving faith, is the greatest of arts, and one which inspired minds have searched into, and that the Lord himself explored his own works to find similitudes suited to arrest the attention of men, and assist their apprehension of spiritual things.

And yet it is wonderful how simple a thing is often the immediate occasion of bringing about that amazing inward revolution which we call the conversion of a soul to God, as if God still vindicated his

sovereignty in this greatest of his works, to show his servants that the excellency of the power was altogether of God, and not of men.

Dr. J. W. Alexander once related to the writer the following incident: He had been doing some business in a store, and as he was passing out, a youth whom he knew, — one of the clerks, if we remember right, — was standing in the door. Dr. A., as he passed out, touched him on the shoulder, and said, "My dear ———, you ought to be with us." The "winged word" found its way to the heart of the youth, and he was soon after "with them" who are on their way to the better country.

A venerable pastor was once lying on his death-bed. A boy of his congregation happening to pass by his house, stopped to inquire how he was. The dying man saw him through the half open door of the room in which he lay, and beckoned him to his bedside. "David," said he, "did you ever close with the Lord Jesus by faith as your Saviour? Many a time I've done it in that little room," pointing to his study opposite. That circumstance happened more than sixty years ago. The "boy" spoken of recently died at a good old age, after a Christian life of no common spirituality and devotedness, protracted through that long period. We have now before us a letter written shortly before his death, warm with expressions of Christian faith and hope. He is now, we doubt not, with that Saviour to whom those few words of his dying pastor directed him so long ago.

We once knew of a man who joined the church during his pastor's absence in Europe. He had been before a very hardened and careless man. The first time his pastor met him, after returning, he congratulated him on the happy change. "Shall I tell you," said the man, "what was the means of it? The last time you met me in the street before you went away, you spoke some earnest words to

me on the subject of religion. They did not make much impression on me, as nothing ever had done. But as we parted, you took my hand and said, 'My dear sir, you have a soul that is worth saving.' That word left me no rest within till I felt that my soul *was saved* through faith in Jesus. The course of my life, and the objects that interested me most, have been wholly changed from that day to this."

The bow that is "drawn at a venture" sometimes sends the shaft of truth through "the joints of the sinner's harness," when our most elaborate attempts have missed of their mark, or recoiled without impression.

Let us be "instant in season, out of season;" for we "know not whether shall prosper, this or that."

Let us not forget that in first conquering the world to Christ, God "chose the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

Let us ply the lighter missiles, as well as the heavy artillery of truth, to conquer the fortress of the human heart.

Let us, above all things, acknowledge the supremacy of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of souls. The weakest word which he wafts into the soul will carry with it a new-creating power. While we prophesy to the dry bones, let us prophesy to the wind, saying, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon the slain, that they may live."—*Tract Jour.*

ENVY. — "Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death." *Colton.*

RESIGNATION. — "Resignation to the will of God is the whole of piety; it includes in it all that is good, and is a source of the most settled quiet and composure of mind."—*Bishop Butler.*

Oh that all men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

THE WILL OF GOD.

'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'
—Matthew vi. 10.

How many times have you repeated that short sentence? How many times have you repeated it without thinking of its scope or its potency? Do you dare follow me to-night in the Lord's Prayer? and when you come to that sentence, will you say to God in sincerity, "Let thy will be done in me as it is in those that are in heaven?" Are you willing that God should enter upon such a course of discipline, by natural laws, by the methods of his administration in this world, that all that contravenes his will shall be slain in you? Are you willing that God shall so deal with you that in all respects his will shall be planted and developed in you?

When the barren field calls out to the husbandman, saying, "Let harvests wave on me as on yonder hill-side," what does it ask for? It asks for the plough and the harrow, although it may know it not: for if there is to be seed-sowing, there must be ploughing and harrowing first. And as the husbandman cannot produce harvests without culture, so God never brings forth the fruit of human life without training and discipline.

Dare you, therefore, pray, "Thy will be done in me?" Are you willing that God should undertake to break down that fractious passion in you? I ask not whether you are willing to go to sleep, and wake up and find yourself changed in the morning. Dreams do not change men. Yearnings do not. Neither does mere profession. Are you full of worldliness? Are you willing that God should breathe the power of that worldliness over you? Are you the subject of dominant pride? Are you willing that God should dethrone that pride in your heart in the way that he thinks best? Is selfishness a ruling trait in your character? Are you willing that God should overcome that trait in the only way that he sees to be possible? Are

you willing that he should prune you, and lop the boughs of your inordinate desires? Dare you say, to-night, "Thou, Lord, knowest the state of my being, and wherein I come short of what thou desirest me to be — thy will be done in me?" Who would dare throw open the chambers of his conscience, and say to Christ, "Come in and dwell here, casting out whatever is offensive to thee?" Do you dare go into your family and say to God, "Thy will be done here?"

What a blessed change would be wrought — but oh! by what sufferings, by what sorrows, by what bereavements! — if God should establish his covenant with us, using the largeness of his wisdom in the place of the smallness of ours; if he should administer the affairs of this world with his eye comprehensively fixed on our eternal interests!

If you had had your way, not one single well would have been dug in your heart. No person has a well within him who has not suffered. Clay does not need the frost of winter to pulverize it and make it good, half as much as we need suffering to try us and make us good. But nobody wants to be made good by that means. We all want goodness as the woman of Samaria wanted the living water of which Christ told her. She did not care so much for spiritual things, but she had an idea that there was some charm or other by which she might be saved the drudgery of going to the well to draw. She wanted the blessing, but did not want to take the requisite means of obtaining it. And many and many a man says, "Open in me a well of Christian experience," but does not want God to go through the process of digging the well by the instrumentation by which the blessing is to come.

If I could have had my way, the band of my household would not have been broken; my home would have been larger, — around my board twice the number that sit now would have sat. And then

there would have been no such familiar heaven to me as there is now; then I should have had no such sense of the beauty of childhood as I now have. The children that remain with us here do not teach us to love children so much as those that go away from us to the other world. The children that God brings up for us are more to us than those that we bring up ourselves. The cradle empty, blesses us more than the cradle filled. Therefore if I had had my way, how much leaner I should have been; how much less I should have been built up in affection, how much more deficient I should have been in faith! But against wish, and against strong crying, and bitter tears, God held on his way, and took one, and two, and many; and I bless his name. I am not good, but I am better. And that which I could not see then, is very plain to me now. For each of the tears that dropped has become a sentence, and the literature which they form is as the interpretation of the wisdom of God in his administration in earthly things.

Dare you set your household in order, and, looking upon those old, those in the prime of life, those coming up, and those yet young, say to God, in the exercise of his wisdom and sovereignty, "Thy will be done concerning these?" Do you dare walk in the conscious presence of God, into your pleasures? Do you indulge in no pleasure into which you would scruple to carry Christ? Would you dare throw open the recesses of your business, and say to Christ, "Thy will be done therein?" Dare you as Christ to apply the divine measure of conscientiousness and equity and purity, as a test, to your domestic relations and secular affairs; to your character; to the whole round of your life? Blessed are they who can look upon all they have, and say to God, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

The day is coming when that measure shall be applied to the life of every one of

us. May God in his mercy grant that before that day we shall have been attuned into harmony. May we so accept the perfect will of God as our own, that every indication of it in his providence, however much it may surprise us at the first moment, shall in the moment thereafter be a clear intimation to us of higher wisdom and better things. Then only shall we have tranquillity and peace when every day that dawns shall be a message and messenger from God, and every one of its events is a token and manifestation of his will. Then, if we be exalted, it is the will of God; if cast down, it is God's will. Then, if we be sick, it shall be sweet to please God in sickness; if well, health is God's bounty. Then, if friends and friendship abound, that is the will of the Lord: if we walk in solitary places and alone, we are never so little alone as when we walk in obedience to the Lord's will.

May God teach us in all things to accept the *fulness* of this prayer: "Thy will be done."—*Independent*.

WAITING GOD'S WILL.

JESUS, on thy breast reclining,
I await thy holy will;
Hushed be every sad repining,
Every anxious thought be still;
Oh, how blessed,
Here to wait thy loving will!

Well thou know'st my heart's deep craving
Something in thy field to do,
Where are whitened harvests waving,
And the laborers are few;
Yet 'tis better
Here to wait thy loving will.

Helpless, I can only love thee,
Or can suffer for thy sake,
Yet thy "banner" is above me,
In thy arms sweet rest I take:
Oh, how blessed,
Thus to wait thy loving will!

Let the suffering and the falling,
Tender Shepherd all be thine;
Let the wanderers hear thee calling
Let them know thy voice divine,
And how blessed
'Tis to wait thy loving will.

(Original]

STRENGTH FOR THE DAY.

BY W. L.

"STRENGTH for the day!"—soul-cheering word,
Sweet promise of my gracious Lord!
In every dark and trying way,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day!"

Should deep distress my mind annoy,
Disturb my peace, suspend my joy,
This promise shall my fears allay,—
"Strength shall be equal to thy day!"

When youth departs and age comes on,
And all my former joys are gone,—
Should friends and comforts all decay,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day!"

If sickness should my frame arrest,
Or grief and woe distract my breast,—
When death shall summon me away,
"Strength shall be equal to the day!"

A HOLY HEART.

WHAT a satisfaction must it be to any person to feel the blissful assurance that the heart is holy. That all sin is not only forgiven, but all its stains are washed away. That the heart, which is by nature "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and "full of all uncleanness," is now, by grace, made pure and free from all its defilements. That the blood of Jesus Christ hath cleansed it from all sin. That now it is no longer as "a cage of unclean birds," but as a vessel holy unto the Lord, sanctified and fitted for divine service.

How pleasant and joyous must be the reflections of the one whose heart is made pure. Such can say: "Now by divine grace I am saved from all that is displeasing in the sight of God. All my foes are conquered, cast out and slain, that once gave me such constant alarm and disquietude. And where they once held such clamorous sway, each disputing the other's right to reign, and turbulent to be supreme, now Christ, my precious Saviour, reigns without a rival—

"The Lord of every motion there!"

O blessed be God, I am now fully saved. I have the "gift of power. Power to be Christ's living witness, even to the ends of the earth. I am ready to live, or ready to die. Ready to do, or to suffer. Ready for all my Saviour's righteous will. Ready for earth, and ready for heaven. My heart is fixed, trusting in God. Whom have I in heaven but God? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides him. Glory, glory to his holy name. Halleluia! Now I am just what the Lord would have me be. Just what I have been striving to be. My prayers are answered, my soul is satisfied, the divine image is diffused through all my soul, and shines to the perfect day."

Is this blessedness yours, dear reader? Are you in possession of this glorious treasure? If so, praise God with all your heart. Let your soul make her boast in the Lord, and be glad. But if you cannot say your heart is holy, do you desire it? Are you praying for it? Are you making the requisite effort to obtain it? Are you groaning after it?

Just let Jesus take that heart of yours. Let him take it now. Don't wait to make it any better. You can't make it holy if you try. If you could make it any better, you could make it entirely holy, and then what need would you have for a Saviour? But it is Jesus only that can save his people from their sins. They cannot save themselves. If this be so, and who can dispute it, then the sooner you give up your whole heart to Jesus to be fully saved by him, the quicker and the easier will this great salvation implied by a holy heart be yours. Don't say you are unworthy; this is the very reason you should come to Christ now for this full salvation. Be determined to do it. Be resolute till it is done. Delay not. Make haste. Trust in the cleansing blood. Believe, believe, and this gift is yours. May God bestow on all our dear readers a holy heart.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

EXTRACT FROM MRS. PALMER'S LAST LETTER.

Rochdale, Feb. 13, 1861.

WE have long stood engaged for Rochdale, but have had so many pressures elsewhere that we only arrived in this place on Saturday evening last. Dr. P. has on several occasions remarked that Tuesday evenings are with us seasons of more manifest power. While our dear brethren and sisters in Jesus are remembering, and we trust praying for us, in the Tuesday afternoon meeting, we are engaged in our seven o'clock evening service. Would that the Lord might inspire the hearts of his people to ask in faith for still more great and mighty things in our behalf. We are endeavoring to sink deeper into the purple flood, and trust that we are daily rising higher in all the life of God.

Never have we felt more deeply the necessity of clinging momentarily to the cross, or never more fully assured of our entire identification of interest in the Redeemer's kingdom.

We have been spending some time at two places where the Macedonian cry was specially loud because of the desolations of Zion. More truly so was the case in regard to the royal town of Windsor. A little before we visited that place, an official meeting had been called, at which the President of the Conference from London was present to devise what could be done, the lowness of the cause of Methodism, and the financial embarrassment of the Chapel, being so great that it seemed wellnigh impossible to sustain the cause longer. A special messenger came for us, and we turned aside from many imperative calls from large and influential towns to go to Windsor circuit. In Windsor the church membership was about fifty, but the Superintendent of the circuit said that he knew of scarce a dozen that seemed really to enjoy religion. I might go into many interesting details, but can

only say that the Lord permitted the people to see that holiness specifically is just the power needed to raise low churches.

From the Secretary's report we have reason to believe that over one hundred professed disciples, such as Paul would have asked the question, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" were Spirit baptized. Many of them about manifesting that it was indeed a gift of power they had received. They brought their friends to Jesus from all parts of the circuit, and many also came from London, twenty-two miles distant, seeking the full baptism of the Spirit, and others seeking pardon. The number of the newly blest was at least between two and three hundred.

We did not hear the exact report of the number saved during this season of visitation on the circuit, but are sure the above computation is below the number of those who professed to receive pardon. We have received very encouraging letters from the Superintendent, of others since we left, announcing that the work of revival is spreading in various parts of the circuit. Praise the Lord!

The work at Rochdale has commenced with the church in a most gracious manner.

It is now Wednesday. We commenced three days ago, on Sabbath afternoon, when it was estimated that there were as many as eighteen hundred present. He who baptizeth with fire was in our midst. The names of about one hundred have been handed in to the secretaries. Some have been justified; others sanctified wholly. In view of the multitudes we have seen saved since we left America, our hearts are ever filled with adoring praise.

We do not lose sight of the fact that one soul outweighs the wealth of the world.

If angels in heaven rejoice over one

sinner that repenteth, what should be our joy? I often feel like Fletcher, "Oh for a gust of praise to go through the earth!"

Feb. 18. My voice, you know, was never very strong; and it seems scarcely less than mysterious that I should be enabled thus, for a succession of days, weeks, and months, to exert my voice, and often, after addressing a congregation of from two thousand to three thousand for three quarters of an hour, to sit down without scarce a feeling of weariness.

The Superintendent of the circuit has been in since I began to write, and says the number blessed since we have commenced our services here, as recorded by the Secretary, is two hundred and fifty. Some of them have received pardon, others purity, and the names are not recorded until they were clear in the blessing sought,—when they have retired from the altar and gone into the vestry and recorded their name. Of course, none are willing to do this, as the act seems formidable, until strong in the witness. I have known persons go two or three times to the vestry door, and turn again to the communion-rail, fearing they were not quite clear enough to be witnesses to give in their names. This is a blessed work, when we remember that it is but eight days since these services commenced.

TUESDAY MEETING.

54 Rivington St., N. Y.

It is impossible to do justice to this meeting by mere detached testimonies, picked up from remembrance.

The influence of the Holy Spirit, which is felt on entering; the intense interest expressed in the countenances of strangers, who may be present for the first time; the familiar faces, who for years have attended this Bethesda; the crowded rooms, with their appropriate scripture mottoes, in green and gilt, ranged about the walls, say that the work, duty, and enjoyment of this meeting is "*Holiness to*

the Lord,"—and its power cannot be communicated by the pen. As time was wearing away at one of those seasons, a minister arose and said he thought they had come to *the believing time*, referring to the custom of asking those to rise for prayer who earnestly hungered after this state of grace. Numbers arose that day; at another time thirty arose; and it is delightful to know that many, while prayer is offered for them, believe, and enter into rest, which, sometimes, in few words they relate. At another time, the three-minute rule was adopted, and ready utterances honored the fulness of Christ's salvation.

A layman, who led the meeting this week, referred to the covenant he had renewed at new-year, to labor daily for one soul at least. As the result of his efforts in the intervals of his business duties he had, in the past four weeks, through warning, and enlightening, saved twenty souls; and eight had been sanctified, through his labors, in a fortnight. This he expressed in deep humility, literally in meekness and fear, giving all the glory to God.

A young disciple expressed her happiness in the ways of God, and was encouraged to witness to this great salvation by its effect on those who heard her; they were in some cases led to inquire and seek.

Another confessed she had nearly made shipwreck of faith through the pleasures of the world. She came a stranger to the meeting, and its effects upon her led her back in humiliation and repentance to the foot of the cross. She had thought when she came to the city she might attend occasionally, for she knew of the hallowed spot, but thought it would interfere with her worldly engagements, but now finds this is her safe place to visit.

One intimated that it was a cross to speak of the close union she enjoyed with Christ, and his secrets with her soul; they were too dear for a public hearing; but one little incident she would relate: The

other day she was thinking of a mistake she had made, and what a pity it was; but immediately Jesus manifested himself to her as keeping covenant with her in all her mistakes; "the contract between us is everlasting;" "that is enough." The shade of sadness fled away, and she rejoiced in covenant love. The work of holiness is progressing in nearly all the Methodist churches in the city.

The last account of the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, at Rochdale, were four hundred names taken, — converted and sanctified.

PRAISE.

The following hymn is by Robinson, the author of "Come thou Fount of every blessing."

MIGHTY GOD! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lip thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme;
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and awful praise.

For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright through darkness all along, —
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord! who came to die—

From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow my praise, forever flow!
Come, and oh! to leave it never,
Come, Lord Jesus, take thy throne;
Quickly come, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own!

Be early astir on your journey to the New Jerusalem. No time like the morning for that.

[Original.]

LETTER TO AN ANTINOMIAN FRIEND.—No. 10.

BY A. P. J.

IN accordance with my promise, I will give you both the scriptural texts and reasons for the necessity of our partnership in Christ's sufferings; but will first answer your question, for you seem to be in a dilemma about the apparent paradox of some scriptures on this subject.

But this arises from not considering the twofold nature of suffering. You are right in the meaning of those texts. They do teach a very important fact,—that if "we would judge ourselves by the word by which we will be judged at the last day," and condemn ourselves in the things which it condemns, and renounce all it renounces, we might escape the chastisement that must come, lest we come under its condemnation. For we must either be chastised and brought under its rule now, or be condemned with the disobedient then. And this is also spoken of Christians. Paul speaks of them as weak, sickly, and sleeping Christians; yet he tells them that "if they would judge themselves they should not be judged, but when ye are judged of the Lord, ye are chastened, that ye should not be condemned with the world." This, it is true, is said of a certain sin, but it refers to all sin; for it can be said of no one sin, nor of any given number, you shall be chastised for this or these, but there are other sins that you may commit with impunity, for there is no chastisement upon them. I beseech you to give up that way that you have of taking scriptures which teach general principles, and which are applicable to all, and applying them to particular persons and times. This is frequently done by persons who are conscious that those very scriptures apply to their own cases; and the insincerity of their attempt to give them a local or limited meaning, is too evident. They

deceive no one, not even themselves. It is manifest that their arguments to prove that it is not required, are too often mere excuses for their not doing what is required. In the Word of God this chastisement is compared to the corrections of a father. They are mentioned as children. This proves them to be Christians; and if it is used for the purpose of parental discipline, this is another proof that this chastisement applies to all sins and faults, and will not be removed until all are corrected. What father would say to a child, I will correct you for this sin, but not for others? A good father cannot bear to leave a child in an imperfect state. It is love that causes him to correct a son, to make him better. Our parents correct their children to make them good characters according to a worldly standard; to make them honorable citizens of this world. But our heavenly Father corrects our spirits, that we may have a good spiritual standing in "the world to come, whereof we speak." He is forming honorable characters for that world; and we can only judge of the high preparation for that, by the word of God, not the word of man. Man would like to have both this world and the next; he would like to have this world because it suits his tastes; he would like to have the next because it saves him from the fear of condemnation; but it would be anything but a state of happiness to him, without a change of nature. Notwithstanding the Scriptures declare that he cannot have both, that he that "findeth his life here, shall lose it in life eternal;" that "no man can serve two masters," yet how many attempt the perilous experiment of this double service; as if it was a small thing to set the divine counsel at naught; and speak as if express commands were given merely to be broken. As if he has said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," but we know better, for we can serve both. There is dissimulation even in the profession of religion, unless we re-

nounce the world. Our Father, the "Father of spirits," knowing that his heavenly kingdom cannot be established over our spirits, or inner selves, while the prince of this world has rule over us outwardly, often, in mercy, removes from our reach the things that belong to the god of this world. We have attached too much importance to possessions here, that we can hold with such a slight and transient tenure; we have invested too much heart in them, — we have almost made them our all; or why grieve as if our all was gone, when they are removed for our profit, for our highest and everlasting good? "We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of Spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness; for without holiness no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. xii. 5-14.) Here is a reason then for suffering. That is, if we will not judge ourselves by the word, and "cleanse ourselves from all unrighteousness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord; and without this holiness we cannot see the Lord;" surely it is for our profit that we be chastened until we do obey these injunctions to use all gospel diligence for the attainment of holiness. This is a very urgent reason; and the profit must be incalculable unless we, like the Jews, refuse to profit by chastisement, and like them be cast away, after discipline has been tried in vain. But all this would have been unnecessary if we had not grieved the Spirit, but followed its leadings with implicit obedience. A father never requires a child to obey until he has given his commands, but, having given them, he does require obedience, or he is not a proper person to have the training of children. Our heavenly Father cannot require less than our earthly parents. He gives us the power

to obey, and he requires us to use it according to the given measure. Our earthly parents will not cast their children away for their faults, neither will our heavenly Father; but neither will leave them uncorrected, and neither will cease to love them, even while displeased with their conduct.

But though we can evade this kind of suffering by avoiding or correcting the faults that necessitate it, yet there is a kind of suffering, from without, which "must needs come," especially if actively engaged in seeking the welfare of souls; for in proportion as we make inroads upon Satan's kingdom, just to the same extent will he make trouble for us. This kind of suffering we cannot evade; but we have such support under it, and such grace given to bear it, that it is not only not burdensome, but causes rejoicing; so that we may say with Paul, "exceeding joyful in all our tribulations." But there is this difference in suffering for well-doing, and suffering for our faults; that we endure without mitigation the chastening in the latter until the fault is renounced. It would never do to give the supports of grace under this kind of suffering; that would be the greatest injustice to our souls, for it would tend to confirm the fault, instead of correcting it. One should be called suffering, the other chastening; for suffering for well-doing could not properly be called chastening; neither is it designed as chastisement; but is the inevitable result of being engaged in a work that is contrary to human nature; and we may expect opposition also from professors of religion, so far as it is above their measure; for many are contented with just enough of religion to keep out of the fire, and of course, their motives being altogether selfish, they think the active zeal of others for the salvation of souls a work of supererogation. But will such selfish souls keep out of the fire? Is there any such thing as a selfish salvation? Is it not the very office of religion

to destroy selfishness? Is there not danger of self-delusion where it has not borne this fruit? One thing is very noticeable in those professors of religion who seek to find faults in those who are more diligent, that they generally exhibit other faults that are equally at variance with the spirit of Christianity; though their defects may be very carefully concealed, until something unusual surprises them out of their usual constraint. But here is the difference between the whole-hearted Christian and the nominal professor; while the one grows stronger under temptations, and better under sufferings, the other either falls away or becomes discouraged and petulant. "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons." If not,—what? Let each one draw the inference. It is never said we can escape suffering; but we can escape chastening, since one is the result of our position in an ungodly world, and the other the correction of our faults. Your mistake arises from confounding the two phases of suffering. When we view it in this aspect, we can easily see that there is no contradiction in those texts that speak as if we can escape chastening, and others that imply that we must suffer from the "offences that must needs come." For one arises from causes within ourselves, the other from without. One is our own fault, the other from the faults of others. One is for ill-doing, the other for well-doing. When the Scriptures speak of our being called to suffer, it is for well-doing; there is no calling to ill-doing, therefore there is no call to suffer for ill-doing; the suffering we have from that is not inevitable; it is not said ye must needs suffer for your faults, but that if we correct them we need not be chastened. One has a reward, the other has not. "For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." "This is thankworthy, if a man for con-

science toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully;" "for it is better, if the will of God be so, to suffer for well-doing." "And even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, *leaving us an example that we should follow in his steps.*" "Rejoice, then, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy; and *think it not strange* concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; for if ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of God and of glory resteth upon you. Yet let none of you suffer as an evil-doer; but if any man suffer as a Christian, let him glorify God on this behalf." "For if we suffer with him, we shall reign with him." "We are joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him, that we may also be glorified together." "For when he was reviled, he reviled not again, when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." "Therefore, let them that suffer for well-doing, according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him as to a faithful Creator." "For if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye." (1 Pet. ii. 19-23; 1 Pet. iii. 14, 17, 18; 1 Pet. iv. 1, 2, 12-17; Rom. viii. 17; 2 Tim. ii. 12.) In these texts we find both the reasons and the reward of suffering.

LIGHT FROM THE BIBLE.

On that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of thy glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion

Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie;
Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christian destinie.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee; for in every thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

G. Herbert, 1660.

[Original.]

THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

BY Y.

"Salute the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord."—Paul.

"ONLY the brethren seemed to speak,
Silent the sisters walked and meek;
If ever one of them chanced to say,
What trials she met upon the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to meet the swelling tide,
A voice arose from brethren then,
Let no one speak but the holy men!
Have ye not heard the words of Paul,
Oh, let the women keep silent all."

THE above quotation was sent us in a letter from our friend, author of "Wee, Wee Songs." It is from an English poem. We could only smile as the eye passed over it. We thought, what would the cavillers against women being called to work in the vineyard of the Lord do if they had not Paul's plausible words upon which to hang their arguments. The first announcement of the Messiah was, 'the seed of the woman.' God was pleased to say how much he had done for Israel by sending them Moses, Aaron, and Miriam. Deborah was both a Judge and Prophetess, under God's own administration. The Old Testament is full of woman's usefulness and importance. Jesus was ministered to by women, and why may not the members be aided by the same instrumentality? Whether Paul said that by command, or as his own opinion, he has given abundant proof that he did not mean what so many strain his words to convey: or he is guilty of gross contradiction. Paul did not wish to see the woman, fragile as she is, contending in public assemblies, spending her strength for naught, in wrangling, or striving in public debate.

He sent his important epistle to the Romans by Phebe, "a servant of the church at Cenchrea," and desired she should be assisted, "in whatsoever business she hath need of you." No restriction was laid

upon her with regard to public duty,—he acknowledged her a public character.

Can any one read the list of salutations which follow; and doubt Paul's consciousness of the usefulness of woman in the church? He designates some specially. "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord." Then the beloved Persis who labored *much*. It was effectual labor, which brought forth its fruit, that Paul so strongly indorsed.

Priscilla was just as much his helper as Aquila; he makes no distinction; and his own declaration, that male and female are one in Christ Jesus, prove how he looked upon this matter in the light of the Holy Spirit. There is one side of the argument which has long done away with our educational squeamishness. God has and continues to put *his seal* upon woman's labors, both by bestowing upon her the Spirit in her call, and the fruit of her labors. The last century had many notable women in the church, and *as this is allowed to be* "woman's century," who will dare to hinder her in any purposed good? If Paul had an errand to one of the crowded audiences in England, and while on the wing, he poised a few moments, to hear the musical voice of the Phebe from the American church, pouring forth the truth of God, from her animated soul, and saw the melted, subdued multitude, hanging on her lips, would he say, "Hush her! hush her! I suffer not a woman to teach?"

Or visits he the workshop, or barn, made eloquent by their own ministering angel, Miss Marsh, when, after her prayers and other exercises, she pronounces the benediction, would he turn away with a scowl, and say, This is all disorder, she must keep silence; there are bishops and clergy enough, without a woman taking this upon herself. Ah no, Paul would rather tune his harp to notes of louder praise for the grace which abounds to these women of God, and say, Help those women which follow true apostolic doctrine and example.

[Original.]

THE SMILE OF GOD.

BY HARRIETTE.

I SEE it on the lovely flowers
That deck the earth in summer hours,
And even in the gathering cloud,—
The lightning-flash, the thunder loud;
For these but renovate the air,
And make all things more bright and fair.
How sweetly doth it sit, at last,
Upon the bow when storms are past.

When autumn winds begin to blow,
I see it on the gorgeous glow
And deepening tint of forest-leaves,
That glow and wave amid the trees:
In winter's snowy mantle cast,
To shield the earth from northern blast,
In nature's vast variety,
Thy smile, my God, I ever see.

But oh! to feel it in my heart,
What bliss supreme doth it impart!
Were crowns and sceptres at my feet,
I'd give them all that smile to meet.
Begone each passion, feeling, thought,
On which that smile may not be sought;
Then come, thou sweet, celestial dove,
Inspire my heart with perfect love.

[Original.]

GLEANINGS.

BY M. M. J.

RUTH gleaned in the fields of Boaz, who was very rich, and she found grace in his eyes; so that although she entered the field a stranger, yet she was permitted to stay, and was welcomed. Boaz bade her remain in his field, and *seek no other*, telling his young men to permit her to glean *even among the sheaves*, and to let fall handfuls purposely. So Ruth gleaned all day; and when she returned at night, Naomi was much surprised, and said, "Blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee." Ruth sought the fields of Boaz until the end of harvest, and his kindness continued to increase.

As she gleaned in the fields of Boaz, so do I in those that the gospel of the living God spreads before me. I find a kinder one than Boaz, yea, one who could allow himself to be crucified so as to be able,

through his own merit, to give an *offer* of life and salvation to all men. How great are the glories and triumphs of this sacrifice! Calvary, how dear!! Here is, in the reach of every man, woman, and child, a fountain as wide as the world and deep as the universe. Its sparkling, brilliant, life-giving waters gush out on all sides. All I need, all any one needs, is a *willingness* to partake of the crystal fount, in order to be filled. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And WHOSOEVER WILL, let him take the water of life freely." All things in Christ are ready, Come away. Though Niagara has sung for ages past with her thunder-toned voice the praise of God, and notwithstanding all the lakes of water that have rolled down the mighty cataract in majestic beauty, yet no man has ever felt his *physical* thirst quenched by gazing at the water rolling swiftly away beneath his feet. Is it the existence of water, or the partaking of it, that allays thirst? How then is it with the fountain in the house of David? Will the current rise and compel us to receive it whether we wish or not?

How rich are the gleanings which God's reapers cast before the people! How full of comfort is the preached word. Oh, my soul thanks God and takes courage. The comforts of life, friends, and an open Bible inspire me with deep, heartfelt gratitude; for all are the gift of God. Once I followed reapers who pulled the *stubble* and cast it back for me; and I became exceedingly hungry; so that I would have satisfied myself on the husks the swine did eat; but *no man gave unto me!* In my distress I thought of my father's house and his servants who had plenty and to spare; why, then, should I perish with hunger? A sense of shame made me hide my face from my Father's gaze; but the coverings of this world were *too thin*. His searching eyes found me out; and I said, "I will arise and go to my Father's house." So

every one must arise and go to the fountain, if he would wash, and to the table, if he would satisfy his hunger. He that will neither eat nor drink must die a spiritual as well as a temporal death. Reader, if you *refuse the gleanings*, do not murmur at your punishment; it is but the penalty of suicide, and God, even our God, is still just and holy. Remember our Saviour's death and passion: see his limbs stretched to the cross, and the rough nails tear his hands and feet, while the blood trickles down; his side pierced with a spear and blood and water flowing out! Ah! hear him cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and then, "It is finished;" and lo! nature fades and darkness gathers round; the earth trembles and the dead arise, and his murderers cry, "Surely this is the Son of God." Weep, reader, weep for such love; it is well expressed in tears; pray without ceasing, and in all things give thanks. Glory to God on high; my soul scarce contents itself here, so great is the love that allures it to the skies. Blessed be he that did take knowledge of me.

Canada West.

WALKING WITH GOD.

WE have a journey to make through this world. We shall not make it alone. Companions will join us by the way. Some of them will be visible, brethren of our own race, and others invisible, spirits of another order of being. Their character, whether they be flesh and blood or of immaterial nature, will coincide ultimately with our own. We shall attract to us those of kindred sympathies and aims; we shall repel from us those who have no spiritual affinity. Every man is therefore accompanied by a group of saints and angels, or by a convoy of sinners and devils.

It is plain enough, in our ignorance, weakness, and depravity, that we need *some one* with us perpetually. We want

a strong arm to lean upon, and a wise mind to offer counsel. And no *man*, no *angel* even, is sufficient for all our necessities. Can we have the companion we need? It will be some answer to the question to learn that one man did find such a companion. It is written in the most ancient historical work extant, the book of Genesis, and concerning one of those who lived before the flood, that "Enoch walked with God." That was an exalted privilege! To have God for one's most intimate and constant companion; to enjoy his presence at all times and in all places; to commune with him freely, not only in the closet but also amid the business of life; to open the heart to him on every subject; to obtain from him hourly assistance; to live in the sunshine of his constant smile; oh, what bliss can exceed that! But was this true of Enoch, and was Enoch situated at all like other men? Did he live amid his fellows and engage in the ordinary business of life? We answer in the affirmative. He was not an instance of juvenile piety killed prematurely by his goodness at the age of eight or ten years, but lived to the mature term of three hundred and sixty-five years, or about five times as long as any of us are likely to live. Nor was he a hermit who, in order to walk with God, left the busy world and paced a lonely journey of life in the desert or among the mountains. He was a married man and "begat sons and daughters," among whom was Methuselah. As his family needed to be supported, undoubtedly he labored diligently at his business, like other husbands and fathers, and met with the usual trials and temptations. And yet during this long pilgrimage, he never lost his divine companion, but "walked with God" by a perpetual faith in the divine presence, until God "took him," to the world of open vision.

This is recorded for our encouragement, that we, too, may embrace the same privilege, and have a companion of infinite

purity, wisdom, love, and power, as we trace out the pathway of life. God invites us to walk with him by faith, pledging to us his divine presence and aid. Shall we hesitate? How many Enochs are there in this generation?—*Cong. Herald*.

HOW THE PURE IN HEART MAY GRIEVE THE SPIRIT.

DR. C. ELLIOTT, in the course of a series of able articles in the *Central Christian Advocate*, on Christian Perfection, drops the following suggestive words on grieving the Spirit after we have been sanctified wholly. Our quotation commences with a summary of the evidence of the attainment of this gracious state.

"If a man be deeply and fully convinced, after justification, of inbred sin—if he then experiences a gradual mortification of sin, and afterward an entire renewal in the image of God—if to this change, immensely greater than that wrought when he was justified, be added a clear, direct witness of the renewal, it is next to impossible this man should be deceived therein. And if a person of veracity testify of these things to us, we ought not, without some sufficient reason, to reject his testimony."

How can those who are thus sealed grieve the Holy Spirit of God? To this we may reply: 1. By such conversation as is not profitable, not to the use of edifying, nor apt to minister grace to the hearers. 2. By relapsing into bitterness or want of kindness. 3. By wrath, lasting displeasure, or want of tender-heartedness. 4. By anger, however soon it is over, want of instantly forgiving one another. 5. By brawling, clamor, loud, harsh, rough speaking. 6. By evil speaking, whispering, tale-bearing, needlessly mentioning the faults of an absent person, though in ever so soft a manner.

Besides, others are manifestly wanting in the fruits of the Spirit, and so can not

possibly enjoy a genuine evidence of their sanctification. Some are wanting in long-suffering, or Christian resignation. They do not in everything give thanks and rejoice evermore. They are not happy; at least not always happy. For sometimes they complain: "This or that is hard." Some are wanting in gentleness. They resist evil instead of turning the other cheek. They do not receive reproach with gentleness; no, nor even reproof. They are not able to bear contradiction, without the appearance, at least, of resentment. If they are reproved, or contradicted, though mildly, they do not bear it well. They behave with more distance and reserve than they did before. If they are reproved or contradicted with harshness, they answer harshly with a loud voice or with an angry tone, or in a sharp, surly manner. They speak sharply or roughly when they reprove others, and behave roughly to their inferiors. Some are wanting in goodness. They are not kind, mild, sweet, amiable and loving at all times, in the spirit, words, looks and air, in the whole tenor of their behavior, and that to all, high and low, rich and poor, without respect to persons, particularly to them that are out of the way, to opposers, and to those of their own household. They do not long study and endeavor by every means to make all about them happy. They can see them uneasy and not be concerned; perhaps they make them so, and then say, "they deserve it, it is their own fault." Some are wanting in fidelity, a nice regard to truth, simplicity, and godly sincerity. Their love is hardly without dissimulation: something like guile is found in their mouth. Some are wanting in meekness, quietness of spirit, composure, evenness of temper. They are up and down, sometimes high and sometimes low. The affections are not in due proportion; they have too much of one and too little of another. Hence there is often a jar; their soul is out of tune. Some are wanting in tem-

perance. They do not use steadily that kind and degree of food which they know or might know would conduce to the health of their body. Or they are not temperate in sleep; or they use neither fasting nor abstinence; or they prefer that sort of preaching, reading, or conversation, which gives them a transient joy, before that which brings a godly sorrow or instruction in righteousness. Such joy is not sanctified. It doth not tend to and terminate in the crucifixion of the flesh. Such faith doth not centre in God, but rather in ourselves.

"I WILL NOT LET THEE GO."

"The disciples besought him saying, Send her away; Jesus said, Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." — *Matth. xv. 28, 29.*

I WILL not let thee go, thou Help in time of need!
 Heap ill on ill,
 I trust thee still;
 E'en when it seems as thou would'st slay indeed!
 Do as thou wilt with me,
 I yet will cling to thee;
 Hide thou thy face, yet, Help in time of need,
 I will not let thee go!

I will not let thee go: should I forsake my bliss?
 No, Lord, thou'rt mine,
 And I am thine.

Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.
 Though dark and sad the night,
 Joy cometh with thy light,

O thou my Sun! should I forsake my bliss?
 I will not let thee go!

I will not let thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord!
 Not death can tear
 Me from his care,

Who for my sake his soul in death outpoured.
 Thou diedst for love to me,
 I say in love to thee,

E'en when my heart shall break, my, God, my
 Life, my Lord,
 I will not let thee go!

Deszler, 1892.

CONTENTMENT. — "It is not what we have, but what we are, that constitute our glory and felicity. The only true and durable riches belong to the mind. A soul narrow and debased may extend its possessions to the ends of the earth, but is poor and wretched still. It is through inward health that we enjoy outward things." — *Channing.*

AN IMPORTANT BUT NEGLECTED DUTY.

THE following extract is commended to the multitudes of professed Christians who forget that the Lord Jesus is made of God to his people, not only "righteousness," but "sanctification" also.

After conversion, when we think of making progress in the divine life, and to take measures for our sanctification, we are very apt to resort to some other method than that by which the new life was begun within us. When our depravity lowers, when we have lost our sense of communion with God, and darkness and doubt begin to prey upon the soul, then, unless we have been taught better, we are apt to set about our own process of sanctification. As the first thing, we almost always resort to resolutions, or to a solemn covenant written out and prayed over. Surprised that this does not bring relief, we resort to something else, and go the round of strugglings, fastings, prayers, and mortifications; and, yet unblest, we plunge into works of various kinds; and yet all this novelty is but walking about in our sleep. There is no liberty in it, no relish. It is simply by the iron constraint of conscience. It is pursuing a mistaken view of the way of holiness. Now all this is sincerely done. It is not intended as a merit, and yet is nothing else than a little piece of popery in our experience. We make these resolutions, and self-denials and labors our Saviour, and actually, with all our hatred of papacy, we are found doing penance, offering so much of work for so much of grace. We act in a manner which, if it were not so solemn a business, would be ludicrous indeed.

Quite likely, while in this very state, we may meet a convicted sinner, and finding him making good resolves, leaving off some of his sins, and doing some good things, thinking thereby to make

himself fit to receive the blessing of forgiveness, we take hold of him, and try to shake him off from all these human reliances for justification, and say to him: "Why, here you are making a Saviour of these good deeds. You never can find pardon in this way; you must simply cast yourself upon Jesus." And yet, in order to have the work of sanctification carried on within us, we turn to do the same things. The direction for each case is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The young Christian, bursting into the light and liberty of the gospel, exclaims, "How easy, how simple the way!" And so the older Christian, coming by the same way up to a higher grade of spiritual life, cries out, "How easy the process of sanctifying grace!" A very simple lesson when learned, but one of the hardest we ever do learn, — that, having Christ, we have salvation. Having the fountain, we have its issuing streams. — *Rev. J. E. Ray.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF SYMPATHY.

Oh yes, what you loved so well is safe, is happy! When you think how much beauty, sweetness, goodness have been removed, kneel, and present it as your gift to heaven: Where a place so befitting? Where society so congenial? or pleasures so much to be desired, or rest so sweet, or health so full of life? Oh yes, to die is gain! This, my dear friend, is not commonplace condolence, for well I know that "sorrow is a sacred thing; and poor as this expression of sympathy may be, it is sent without delay. The Lord is an ever-present satisfying portion. To his most compassionate care I commend you and yours.

Your truly sympathizing friend,

S. BACKENBURY.

Railby Hall, 1888.

The Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1861.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

THE life of Christ is truly wonderful. His miracles, his teachings, his poverty, and his sufferings at the hands of those who were the subjects of his beneficence, afford records for a history of unequalled interest. The nature of Christ has filled heaven and earth with wonder. "God with us," "The express image of the Father," "equal in power and glory," yet made in the likeness of sinful flesh! The holy temper of Christ is in beautiful consistency with these. Though it cannot be separated from them, yet it may be contemplated apart. While his nature is an essential object of faith to those who would be saved by him, his life and spirit are examples of imitation in their practical duties. Let us then glance at some of the leading features of this spirit, to which we are commanded to be conformed.

The spirit of Christ was eminently submissive.

As a man subject to infirmities, he was keenly alive to the pains of the body and the sorrows of the mind. He sat upon the well in Samaria, because he was "weary." He endured the attacks of the devil in the wilderness when hungry. At the grave of Lazarus, and in the garden of Gethsemane, he was exceeding sorrowful. He was subjected to extreme poverty, constant reproaches, and finally to death itself, yet he complained not. He envied not the rich, nor murmured that he was made acquainted with grief. Serene and peaceful when thus pressed in body and mind, how does he invite the imitation of his followers. How dares that disciple of his repine because from affluence he has been brought to poverty! Was not his Master rich, and yet he became poor? Why is the heart of that wronged and persecuted disciple sad? Was not the face of his Master spit upon, and his back scourged? Wherefore are the sick and suffering ones filled with sighing? Did not the Saviour bear their sickness? The suffering members should be like their suffering Head. Be of good cheer! "Submit yourselves unto God." It is Christlike. You will find great peace thereby. The unsubmissive spirit falls of the favor of God here, which is life, and of the future reward promised to those who endure as seeing him who is invisible.

Christ's spirit was obedient.

"Lo, I come to do thy will, O God," "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me," "Not my will, but thine be done,"—are expressions attesting this. At twelve years of age he was earnestly seeking to be about his Father's business. When led by the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil, he shrunk not from

the conflict. He was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them who were bruised. He had a baptism with which to be baptized, and how was he straitened till it was accomplished.

Christ has taught his disciples to ever pray when they come before God, "*Thy will be done.*" As Christ was in this respect, so should they be.

You were thwarted, were you, brother, in that plan of yours? You were sadly disappointed because you had chosen it so prudently, as you thought, and it may be so prayerfully. But during all did you say, not *my* will but *thine*, O God, be done? Were you careful to remember that it might require the revision of his superior wisdom and goodness?

Sister, did you feel the risings of impatience when you were turned aside from that path you had chosen for yourself? Do you not desire to be like Christ? He had no chosen paths of his own. They were all of his Father's appointing. Were you, then, not unmindful of your duty in not, at the first, referring your ways to him? At any rate, be obedient now, and walk cheerfully in the narrow path of his choosing.

Christ's will was habitually and fully submitted to his Father's. He came to do it. It was his meat and drink. So should it be with his followers. By the grace of God through faith, they may undoubtedly live in Christ in this respect. They may arrive at a state where struggling shall cease, and contention at the motions of his will be no more, but all be calmly, instantly, and habitually submissive. Oh, how childlike! Fellow-disciple, do you cherish Christ's submissive will? Do you know its rich consolations? Have you not learned that the roughness of your way to heaven has been made by your wilfulness? Cast the cursed thing from you, and try, if you have not, the height and depth of the perfect will of God. Be filled with his will as was Christ.

Christ's spirit was gentle.

He is represented as a shepherd carrying his lambs in his arms, and bearing them on his bosom. In imitation of him the apostle said to his brethren, "I beseech you by the gentleness of Christ;" and again, "I was gentle among you even as a nurse cherisheth her children." How sweetly so was Christ to the inconstant Peter. "Simon Peter, lovest thou me?" Who could learn from these words uttered in their gentle tone, the enormity of Peter's recent offence?

O Christian, why those rough words? Have you been wronged? Do those you love speak harshly to you? Still be like Christ. Return only soft answers. Mother, deal gently even with that wayward child. Christ does so with his wayward children. Perhaps you have been one of them. Man of business, you who have been again and again disappointed by your debtors, be gentle. This spirit becomes you. You bear Christ's name. You are his debtor, and he ever

deals gently with you. There is a wonderful power in this grace. Like the light and heat of the sun, the whole face of nature smiles under its influence. If you cannot conquer that rough and harsh temper of yours, *Christ* can. Learn of him who was meek and lowly in heart, and you shall indeed find rest sweeter than you have ever known.

But time and space would fail us to speak of all the striking traits of Christ's holy temper. There is his spirit of *love*, which brought him from heaven, and led him to accept of death on the cross for man. How sweetly it was blended with a spirit of rebuke,—the rebuke of sin,—with admonition to those whom he loved, and with faithful warning of all the erring.

O fellow-Christians, let us remember that without the essential spirit of Christ we are none of his;—that without the fulness of this spirit we are not wholly his. Let us try ourselves by this rule, being ambitious only to walk as he walked.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

THE RICH.

"Labor not to be rich."—Prov. xxiii. 4.

If this injunction were obeyed, there would be but few rich. Not only do men labor to be rich, but they do so with a diligence and earnestness limited only by the limits of their bodily and mental powers. Yet how faithfully does God's word deal with men with regard to riches.

1. It declares that the condition of the rich is not favorable to the salvation of the soul. "How hardly shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of God." A rich man's salvation is an extreme exercise of divine grace, just as the putting a camel through a needle's eye would be an extraordinary effort of his natural power. When Cortez, with a little band of followers, was besieged in the City of Mexico by thousands of natives seeking their lives, and they proposed, sword in hand, to cut their way to the open country, he told them in effect that the riches with which they had laden themselves were unfavorable to their safety. He repeated to them the proverb, that "he travels safest who travels lightest," and commanded them to abandon their treasures. Those who refused to do so, perished in the effort to escape. God has said that they who are rich put in peril their escape from hell.

2. The rich are repeatedly and solemnly advised by God not to consider their riches their own. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." The parable in Luke, 12th chapter, of the fool who charged his soul to be at ease, is aimed at him who "layeth up treasures for himself;" (verse 21.) To the same effect is the injunction, "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them." (Psa. lxxii. 10.)

3. The Word of God teaches us that it is dangerous to the soul to cherish a *desire to be rich*. "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." (1 Tim. vi. 9.) "The love of money is the root of all evil." Alas, how many poor men choose the danger of covetous desires!

4. A whole-hearted benevolence is taught as an antidote, in part, against the dangers of riches. Paul says most solemnly to Timothy, "Charge them who are rich in this world, . . . that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." But few of those who are naturally benevolent become rich; and but a small number of the rich have grace enough to obey the above injunction, and thus "lay up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

We learn from these teachings of God's Word important lessons.

1. We should not envy the rich. They are more to be pitied than the poor. Their cares are tormenting,—their dangers truly awful.

2. We should pray for the rich. We should pray that they may not keep their riches as their own. We should pray that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God.

THE POOR.

"He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."—Prov. xix. 17.

The Word of God teaches, with impressive emphasis, his regard for the poor. He made provision for their necessities in the Mosaic law. The fields were not to be wholly reaped, nor the vines and trees entirely stripped of their fruit; a gleanings was to be left for the poor. To this God added the solemn injunction, "Thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him." (Deut. xv. 7, 8.) The prophets, when sent by God to reprove his people for their sins, made a strong point of the fact that they had "vexed," "oppressed," and "devoured" the poor. Christ was appointed, at his birth and in his life, a place among the poor,—having not "where to lay his head." He opened his ministry by proclaiming that "the poor have the gospel preached unto them," and God hath "anointed me to preach the gospel unto the poor." St. James says that "God hath chosen the poor," not surely as such and for that reason, but because theirs is a favorable condition in which to become "rich in faith," and therefore "heirs of the kingdom." It is said that "the Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich." He not only regards, but in his providence orders our lot in life.

We may easily learn from all these teachings of God's word in reference to the poor, our duty to them, and the solemn reasons by which its performance is enforced.

1. We should regard those whom God regards. The apostle says (Eph. v. 1), "Be ye *followers* (*μιμηταί* — *imitators*) of God."

2. When we have pity on the poor, in bestowing upon them not only our sympathy, but in giving them such things as they need, we make God our debtor; we lend to him, and he has promised to pay.

3. Because "God maketh poor." If we are not in this condition, it is of his distinguishing providence. When we give to the poor we acknowledge this.

4. There are many poor. Moses was taught to say to Israel, "The poor shall not cease in the land." Christ said, "The poor ye have always with you." All the heathen world is poor,—poor in its lack of the *bread of life*. Our bounty is ever needed at home, and always demanded by the wants of the world abroad.

5. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

6. Christ shall acknowledge as his at the judgment such as give in his name even a cup of cold water. Then how truly "blessed is he that considereth the poor."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

KNEELING AND SILENT PRAYER IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires about the practice of kneeling for silent prayer on entering the house of God. She wishes some thoughts from us concerning it. We believe it, as a general rule at least, to be an eminently good and becoming practice. We recollect its influence upon our youthful mind, when the honored fathers in the membership used to spend the first moments of the public service in communion with God. It seemed to us solemn, and brought the idea of God home to our heart. Moments thus spent must bear favorably upon a proper improvement of the entire service. To some it may appear to be only an ostentatious display of piety. But it is no more necessarily so than the vocal prayers of the social religious gatherings. Sincerely and devoutly done, it is a quiet and potential declaration of our recognition of the responsibilities and privileges of the place and hour. May God revive the practice in all the churches!

SUGGESTIONS FROM EXPERIENCE.

Another correspondent writes that his experience suggests the following truths. They are worthy of note:—

"When convicted for the blessing of full salvation, immediate decision—a closing in with the offer of grace—is vitally important; quite as important as a yielding to the awakening of the Spirit on the part of the unconverted. The soul resting in God by faith for the blessing, should expect, and wait for, if necessary, in prayer with fasting, the *witness of the Spirit* of the accomplishment of the work. To retain the blessing we must obey the injunction, 'As ye have received the Lord Jesus, so walk ye in him.' Follow the teachings of the Word and Spirit. As a help to maintain our spirituality, our reading should be such as tends to promote the knowledge and love of God."

The writer adds: "I have been much benefited by reading the *GUIDE*, which I have taken for a number of years. Many of the articles therein may be read many times profitably."

COMMUNICATIONS ACCEPTED.

The MSS. of "G. H. H." and of "C. B." with many others, are waiting their turn. As we do not deem it expedient to have more than one or two articles in any one number of considerable length, short ones, *other things being equal*, will soonest appear in print.

MRS. S. L. BALDWIN.

The following notice of the late Mrs. BALDWIN, daughter of our beloved colleague, will awaken for him and his family the Christian sympathy of our readers. Happy are they even in this affliction, for they mourn not as they who have no hope:—

"Mrs. NELLIE M. BALDWIN, wife of Rev. S. L. Baldwin, of the M. E. China Mission, and daughter of Rev. B. W. Gorham, of Binghamton, N. Y., died at sea, lat. 34 deg. 11 min. N., lon. 70 deg. 53 min. W., March 16, 1861."

"She was born in Guilford, Chenango County, N. Y., July 30, 1839. When she had reached the age of ten, her father was stationed at Carbondale, Pa., where she experienced the pardon of her sins through faith in Christ, and giving up her young heart to the Saviour, united with his visible church. From that time until her death, she was numbered with the people of God.

"Her residence was constantly changing, according to the workings of the itineracy, but she enjoyed educational advantages in the various places occupied by her father in his ministry, until the removal of the family to Binghamton, in 1852, where they remained until 1856. During this period she was at school, most of the time at the Susquehanna Seminary, and during the latter year was a teacher in that institution. The year following the Spring of 1857, she was Principal of one of the public schools of Owego, where her father was then stationed. During this time she enjoyed a deeper work of God in her heart, in connection with a visit of Dr. and

Mrs. Palmer of New York, which was greatly blessed to her father's charge. In 1858, the family were removed to Scranton, Pa.; and having, in a spirit of entire consecration to God, given herself to his work in China, she was united in marriage to Rev. S. L. Baldwin, in the church at that place, on the 8th of September.

"She left for her distant field within a month from that time, and arrived in Fuh Chau in March, 1859. She entered with diligence upon the work of learning the language there spoken, and succeeded so well that in a year from that time, one of the older missionaries remarked that he had known no lady who spoke it more fluently and correctly in the same time. In the spring of 1860, she opened a school for Chinese girls in her house, and spent an hour each day in hearing them recite, and going over with them the lesson for the next day. She always opened the school with prayer, although at first she felt it a cross to do so, in the presence of her heathen teacher. She continued her labors in this school until after she was attacked with the disease of which she died; and only gave it up when her husband and the older missionaries insisted upon it as necessary to save her health.

"From her arrival in Fuh Chau, until she was compelled to relinquish her attendance on church, she played the harmonium and led the singing at the English service, in which capacity her services were highly esteemed by the community.

"About the middle of July, 1860, she was attacked by chronic diarrhoea. The American physician was called in, and the usual remedies were faithfully employed for a long time, but in vain. A three weeks' stay at a monastery on Kusang, the highest mountain in the neighborhood, was tried without success. The Mission then sent her with her husband to Amoy, hoping that a change of air and the sea-breeze might restore her. She, however, suffered one of the severest attacks of her whole illness in that place, and was urged by her physician and the members of the Reformed Dutch Mission, whose guest she was, to return to America in a ship then in the harbor. Before the ship was ready for sea, however, she had apparently improved; and she was so unwilling to leave without returning to Fuh Chau, that her husband reluctantly returned thither with her. For a few days the hope was entertained that she might recover there, but it soon became apparent that the disease was not checked; and it was the unanimous opinion of the Mission that she should leave at once for America. Passage was engaged in the "Nabob," and with her husband and little daughter, just a year old, she sailed December 22, 1860, with great hope of reaching home safely, recovering her health, and returning to her work. But God had ordered otherwise. She declined almost constantly, becoming weaker and weaker, until near midnight on the 16th inst. when she calmly breathed her last within four hundred miles of home!

"A day or two before, she had expressed her belief that she would not reach home; and said that she had no fear of death, though she would prefer not to be buried at sea.

"Her husband's hopes of reaching home with her were so strong that he did not realize her dying condition until it was too late for a farewell interview. Her last words were, 'I am happy. I feel strange, but very happy!' But her devoted and consistent life speaks more powerfully than any dying words could do, and gives an unbroken testimony for Christ.

"Her life was not in vain. She has left lasting impressions upon the mind of those she went to serve—the poor Chinese; and not less upon the foreign community of Fuh Chau. Her death is sincerely lamented by many friends in Binghamton, Owego, Scranton, and elsewhere, upon whom her holy life and heroic example will not be lost; and it may be in the order of God that her death shall be still more blessed than her life.

"The funeral sermon was preached on Wednesday last, by Rev. Dr. Paddock, in the Court Street M. E. Church, in Binghamton, which was crowded to its utmost capacity; after which her remains were committed to their resting-place in the cemetery on the west bank of the Chenango.

"The little daughter, now fifteen months old, finds a home in the bosom of the family from which her mother went out to toil for God in China.

"The prominent characteristic of the deceased was energy. Her whole soul was thrown into her work; and in the midst of trials and disappointments she preserved the same steady aim and unflinching devotion, as in brighter moments and amid visible successes.

"With this remarkable energy gentleness was combined in an unusual degree; and the happy combination of the two constituted the great charm of her character. Alike in her public life and in her domestic relations, she acquitted herself well; and enjoyed in a remarkable degree the confidence and esteem of the circle in which she moved.

"She has gone! and though our hearts are bleeding, we can lift them up in gratitude to Him who called her hence, that she is freed from the cares of earth, and has become to us an additional attraction in the heavenly land.

"S. L. BALDWIN.

"BINGHAMTON, March 29, 1861."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say."

"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled;
Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever — 'twere well, —
Or had they the taint of a leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care, —
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there."

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees list'ning,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning till evening
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me!"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blessed them with tenderest love.

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven," —
And strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her spirit has given.

JULIA GILL, in *Little Pilgrim*.

THE CHILD'S MISSIONARY MONEY.

"It is too bad," said great-aunt Jones, "for that child to give all her money to poor people and missionaries."

"Too bad!" echoed the little girl; "why, no, aunty."

"It is," repeated Aunt Jones.

"No, please, aunty," said the little girl; "my

Saviour gave up his beautiful home in his Father's house to come and help the poor people in this world, he pitied them so. And, aunty, he gave up himself on the cruel cross to die for me, and for all the people, and I am sure I ought to give up something for his sake. I love to, aunty," said the dear child, with a sweet smile.

Aunt Jones was a *great-aunt*, that is, she was aunt to the little girl's mother, and therefore was quite old. When *she* was a child, there were not so many children who followed Jesus as there now are. But when she heard the little girl's plea, tears rolled down her cheeks, and she could only say, "God bless you, my dear one; forget what I said. Your Saviour has a right to all you have."

"And to *me*, too," whispered the child, pressing up to aunty's side, and kissing her faded cheek.

BOOK NOTICES.

WORCESTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY. Boston: Swan, Brewer, & Tileston.

WE have been deeply interested in, and have somewhat closely observed, the progress of the "dictionary war." We have examined, too, for ourselves, as we have been able, the Webster and the Worcester quartos, and we have come to the conclusion that our editorial table is decidedly deficient unless adorned by both of them. It would not become us, perhaps, to obtrude our opinion concerning the questions that learned men have raised in reference to the comparative merits of the two works. We can but express our admiration of the arrangement and general mechanical execution of Worcester's Quarto. The latest additions in the pictorial illustrations, new words, &c. &c. are introduced into the body of the work, as they most naturally should be, and where they are most convenient for the reader.

Without any disparagement of Dr. Webster's Dictionary, we may candidly say that we deem the truly magnificent work of Dr. Worcester worthy of a place in every family in the land, and as indispensable to every scholar.

FRANKIE'S BOOK ABOUT BIBLE MEN. By the author of "Sabbath Talks about Jesus," &c. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Company, 161 Washington Street.

We have here, in an attractive binding, with a large, clear type, and beautiful illustrations, the stories of Noah, Abraham, and Joseph, told in such simple language that "Frankie," and all the other little folks, will be interested in them. These stories never tire. This new volume will aid in writing them upon the children's hearts.

[Original.]

SIN IN BELIEVERS — A GREAT PRACTICAL QUESTION.

BY REV. CHARLES BLAKESLEE.

THE question, whether there is any sin remaining in the heart of a believer after he has received regenerating grace, is not by any means a question of merely speculative theology, but is one of great practical moment. It has an essential connection with the doctrine of Christian holiness, and any considerable error on any point touching that doctrine will most certainly do much disservice to religion. It is therefore exceedingly to be desired that Christians, and especially Christian ministers, should see eye to eye on a subject involving so many and so great interests.

I propose in this paper to examine the question, so far as I can do it in a single article. The reader will understand me as using the terms, "the justified," "the regenerate," "believers," and their cognate terms, as synonymous, or convertible terms, mutually implying each other, and signifying the state a believer is in when he first receives regenerating grace. By "sin," I mean the moral infection of our nature; any disposition contrary to that mind which was in Christ Jesus.

I believe a justified person is not, inwardly or outwardly, *under the control of sin*; does not commit sin. He has every Christian grace, in an infant state, in his heart. Jesus sits on the throne of the affections; but yet the soul is not entirely purified; the roots of bitterness are not entirely extracted or removed; pride, selfishness, and various unholy inclinations, in a limited and restrained state, exist within; this seems to me to be the teaching of both Scripture and experience. Let us examine the two witnesses, and see if their testimonies do not harmonize to sustain the above position.

First, then, *What saith the Scripture?*

1. Believers are spoken of as not wholly sanctified.

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." This is said to the Thessalonians. Now the first chapter of the epistle assures us that the Thessalonians received the gospel "with joy in the Holy Ghost;" "had hope in the Lord Jesus Christ;" "served the living and true God;" were "the elect of God," and yet the apostle prayed for them as not wholly sanctified persons.

Again; to the same purport is Paul's language to the Corinthians: "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ." Here he speaks to believers, brethren, babes in Christ, as to persons in some degree carnal; and refers to their contentions, in proof; not that they were hypocrites, or backsliders, but to show that they were in some degree carnal, not entirely sanctified, only babes in Christ. Possibly, against this exposition of the text last named, it may be urged that "to be carnally minded is death," hence these persons must have been backsliders. I reply, these words of Paul to the Romans refer to the unrenewed, over whom sin reigns; and not to babes in Christ, in whom grace reigns over the remains of the carnal mind. If Romans viii. 6, 7 may be so applied as to prove that the persons addressed (1 Cor. iii. 1) were backsliders, then it would be proven that St. Paul recognized backsliders as "babes in Christ," "saints" of God, etc. Does he not rather teach us that, though to be under the dominion of the carnal mind is death, yet the remains of the carnal mind exist in such persons as are only "babes in Christ"?

2. The same conclusion seems fairly deducible from the fact that two antagonistic principles are said to exist in the

soul of some justified persons. Thus Paul to the Galatians: "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; these are contrary the one to the other." This is exactly to the point. Not only a good principle, but also a bad one exists in the regenerate heart; and if a bad principle is still in the heart, then the heart is not "wholly sanctified;" and entire sanctification must necessarily imply the extirpation of the bad principle; the entire purification of the nature. It may be urged that the subsequent reference to the works of the flesh shows that the persons here spoken of were backsliders. To this I reply: St. Paul, to guard them against yielding to the remains of inward corruption, points out its abominable fruits. This admonitory reference to the works of the flesh, the offspring of indwelling sin, seems to suppose that it did exist in them.

But it may be asked, how can holiness and unholiness exist together in the same heart? Answer. The mind must be under the control of one principle or the other; but experience shows that contrary principles, feelings and desires may have place in the mind at the same time. Hope and fear, inclination and aversion, selfishness and philanthropy, cowardice and courage, sadness and joy, purity and impurity, are often to be found in the same breast. True, only one can rule at a time, but we are conscious that they can and do exist together in the heart; one as the ruling principle, the other in a state of restraint. When sin reigns, we are enemies to God; when grace reigns, we are children of God. When grace so reigns and abounds as to entirely purify the heart, then we are wholly sanctified.

3. I believe in this doctrine, because entire sanctification is urged upon the justified as a distinct and unattained blessing.

"Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." "I beseech you there-

fore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service: and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man; unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." All these scriptures represent perfection or entire sanctification as a distinct blessing yet to be experienced by believers; hence, we conclude regeneration does not embrace entire sanctification; nor does it seem that both blessings are experienced at the same time, except it may be in some rare and exceptional case, which cannot affect the rule.

4. It is inferred from the manner in which the soul is sanctified, it is effected by a farther purification. "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." This scripture assumes that some of God's "dearly beloved" need to be cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit; that such cleansing is to be obtained by renewed acts of consecration and faith, and that, when such a cleansing from all filthiness is obtained, the heart is perfected in holiness. Now, if regenerate persons, as such, are wholly sanctified, would St. Paul exhort them to purify themselves? Do not the address and phraseology of the text under consideration, as well as the tenor of the whole epistle, incontrovertibly prove that St. Paul believed that many of the Corinthians were justified before God and now accepted of him, but still were not en-

tirely purified from all inward unholiness, not wholly sanctified? Do they not also prove that entire sanctification is not a mere growth or development of the Christian character, but a distinct work of cleansing grace?

Secondly. *Does not the testimony of experience corroborate the foregoing view of Scripture teaching?*

I do not appeal to the chief men and women of Israel, with the view to settle this question by the mere might of human authority; but I bring them forward to prove a point, a fact in experimental religion, namely, that regeneration does not include, and is not accompanied by, entire sanctification. In other words, I wish to adduce the testimony of several eminent Christians in proof of the fact that after regeneration, or conversion, they found in themselves the remains of the carnal mind, a tendency to various sinful tempers, a heart more or less prone to wander from God. The persons whom I will name were of strong minds, deep experience, and supreme love of truth; and I think their testimony admissible, relevant, and justly entitled to high consideration. Fletcher, Bramwell, Carvosso, Stoner, Mrs. Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, Lady Maxwell, with a host of others of high repute in our "fatherland," and a multitude of the excellent of the church on this side of the Atlantic, most explicitly declare that after adoption, and while clearly standing in the light of God's reconciled countenance, they felt, painfully felt, the movings and workings of remaining inward corruption. Yea, the great mass of evangelical Christians in every branch of the church, and in all ages, testify to this as an undeniable fact of Christian experience. Let it be remembered, too, this is the testimony of those who have been honored of God as chosen vessels of his mercy; who have lived, suffered, and died as Christians. Their evidence accords with the divine

word, and must tell mightily upon the settlement of this question.

But it may be urged that men, good men, often err, and they may all have been mistaken. True, men err in theory, especially touching nonessentials; but do good men often err in regard to fundamental truths? Do they err in the *facts* of Christian experience? Has the large majority of the persons of profoundest Christian experience, taken as a class, fallen into great error in a question of fact, and *agreed* in that error through several centuries? To assert this is equal to calling the Bible an inexplicable mystery, a riddle, and Christian experience a mere delusion. The world has been nearly filled with spurious religion, and of course with error; but in no case have the great mass of real Christians, who have had the Bible, embraced any one fundamental error in doctrine or experience. They have fallen into error on various minor points, from time to time, it is true, but no one fundamental error ever pervaded and ruled the opinions of the Bible-reading, spiritual church of Christ. Now the great body of the sacramental host of God's elect, in the light of Scripture and experience, assert that in their own several cases, regeneration did not embrace the entire purification of the heart, but that the latter was the result of a subsequent work of sanctifying grace. This is the unanimous testimony of deeply experienced Christians in all the church of God, there being, so far as I know, no well-attested case of a contrary experience on record. *I heartily believe this testimony to be true*; and I cannot but feel that any theory which ignores it all, rules it out and throws it away as worthless, or unreliable, should be received by the church with great caution and mistrust.

Should it be said that some one believer, here or there, has declared he received cleansing grace in the moment of conversion, I ask, Who and where is that

believer, and where is his testimony? If the witness be reliable, and assert that from the hour of conversion he has had the marks which characterize a clean heart, the testimony ought certainly not to be rejected. Let all such testimony have its weight; and if there can be found a few scores or hundreds of such witnesses, their testimony ought probably to so far avail as to modify the doctrinal statement and make it recognize entire sanctification as a blessing sometimes received coincidentally with regeneration, though generally attained as the result of subsequent and deeper acts of humiliation, consecration, and faith. But whatever might be done with the testimony of the honorable and heaven-favored little minority, it certainly cannot be allowed to stultify or break down the majority of equally credible witnesses. The most that can be claimed in any view is that, in exceptional cases here and there, persons have received cleansing grace simultaneously with regeneration. I have not known such a case, and doubt if one can be found.

But it seems to me, those who advocate the doctrine that entire sanctification is experienced at the moment of conversion, have not considered whereunto such a doctrine would practically lead. If this doctrine be true, then whosoever has not perfect love has no love at all; whosoever feels any notion of sin in his soul must instantly cast away all confidence that he is a child of God, and, taking the position of an unconverted or backslidden man, pray again for pardon. Conviction of the need of holiness must be interpreted by the believer as a charge upon him of having backslidden, and so all Christian progress become involved in doubt, and impeded by insurmountable obstacles. How must this anti-scriptural doctrine grieve those whom God has not grieved, even driving multitudes of real Christians into despair, and inducing many others to leave a church holding such doctrine, and go where lambs, as well as full-grown sheep,

are numbered among the flock. To set up a dogma which thus sets at naught the concurrent testimony of the consciousness of the church, is to discredit all Christian experience, and drive souls to infidelity and ruin.

In conclusion, allow me to notice some objections to the doctrine I have here attempted to defend.

1. "It makes regeneration a small thing." By no means. Is it a small thing to pardon all sin, place Jesus upon the throne of the heart, implant every Christian grace there, and conform the whole life to the divine will?

2. "It makes God the author of an imperfect and unworthy work." I deny that regeneration is an imperfect work, though it do not embrace entire purification of heart. This objection begs the question. A work of God may, in a just sense, be perfect, and yet be limited; and so sustain the relation of tributary to some other and farther work. Conviction, regeneration, sanctification, and glorification, are all of God, and they are all distinct gifts of his grace; but because sanctification and glorification are greater than conviction and regeneration, it does not follow that the latter are at all unworthy the character of the Almighty.

3. "It gives license to sin." I think not. Is it giving license to sin to deliver one from the dominion of sin, from the reigning power of wicked tempers, from all human sin in word and conduct, establish in his heart a kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and put him in earnest and successful pursuit of entire holiness of heart? Is all this giving a man license to sin?

4. "But the New Testament speaks of justified persons as sanctified ones." I grant it does. But does it speak of them as *wholly* sanctified? To sanctify, means to consecrate or *devote* to holy uses, and it also means to purify, or *prepare*, for holy uses. Regenerate persons are consecrated to the service of God; purity reigns over and in them; hence, in a

limited sense, they are said to be sanctified, to be holy ; but this does not prove them wholly sanctified. Theological criticisms, mere play upon words, cannot settle this grave question.

5. "If regeneration do not entirely cleanse the heart from sin, then a true child of God may die unsanctified, and be lost."

I reply : Regeneration begins the work of grace, of sanctification in the heart, and places the soul in such a relation to God as secures its completion, unless by voluntarily returning to sin we break the covenant and arrest the work. I believe God always shows his children their need of holiness. Many of them may not have well-digested ideas of the doctrine as a statement of dogmatic theology ; it may not be written in their creeds, but the divine word and Spirit teach it to their hearts. If any of them are in a critical state, doubtless God deals with them in a manner appropriate to their circumstances, setting holiness and heaven before them ; then, if they refuse to obey God, they fall into condemnation and die in a backslidden state.

All this may take place in a few months or a few moments. The thief on the cross might, in a few hours, experience both blessings, passing through all the mental and moral operations and changes generally experienced in receiving them, one after the other, as separate gifts of gospel grace. Undoubtedly, all that are converted will, if they grieve not the Holy Spirit, experience full salvation, and go to heaven. Only let them be followers of God, as dear children, "and he which hath begun a good work in them will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." "Faithful is he that calleth them, who also will do it." So long as they live by faith, the work is in God's hands, and it constantly progresses ; *it will be accomplished.* Neither earth nor hell, life nor death, can prevail against the Omnipotent.

But it may be objected, "If the work of entire sanctification will certainly be done before death, then, by delaying it, we may become immortal."

I reply : Can we grieve the Holy Spirit and disobey God without forfeiting our justified relation ? Can we successfully practise hypocrisy upon the Omnipotent ? Would not any attempt to do this expose us to the divine wrath ?

Again, says the objector : "What will become of those who live many years without it, and then die ?"

I reply : If they die unsanctified, they will die in a backslidden state, and perish. If they are found in a justified state, holiness will be so set before them that they will enter into it and ascend to glory. I am strongly inclined to believe that those professors who neither enjoy nor seek holiness, live most of the time in a backslidden state, exposed to death. I suppose all God's gracious dealings with them look to their holiness. He bears long with their unbelief and waywardness, and is ready, even at the eleventh hour, to heal their backslidings and complete the work of their purification ; but, by and by, if they enter not in, he says in awful and damning tones : "Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone." Then the disappointed and ruined soul goes down, with hypocrites and unbelievers, to groan in eternal perdition.

In conclusion, dear brethren in the ministry, let me inquire, will it do to stand up before God and the people, and declare that all who are not holy, entirely sanctified, are either impenitent sinners or wicked backsliders ? Will it do to tell all converts that they are sanctified wholly ? May not such teaching lead people to think they are holy in heart, when they are not ? — and thus modify and bring down the views of the church on the doctrine of holiness, till nothing but the name, misapplied to regeneration, will remain among us ?

[Original.]

EGOTISTICAL — IS IT ?

BY N—.

Is it egotistical to relate your experience, tell what the Lord hath done for your soul, to speak of your personal exercises in things spiritual and eternal? Is it egotistical to witness for Jesus, specify definitely, humbly, meekly, what God, in his infinite mercy and goodness, has enabled you to do in his service? — a poor, miserable, wretched, dependent, hell-deserving sinner without his constant, redeeming grace.

Well, beloved reader, if to declare these things publicly is egotistical, then the greatest, wisest, and best men in all ages have been very egotistical. The holy prophets were egotistical. King David was one of the most egotistical men that ever lived. Who ever referred to his own experience in heavenly things more frequently and definitely than the sweet singer of Israel, the blessed psalmist? He told everybody how the Lord brought him up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, planted his feet on a rock, established his goings, and put a new song in his mouth, even praise to God. "Come," said he, "and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Whole psalms are filled, *overflowingly*, with personal gratulations to God for his redeeming, sanctifying grace. He calls upon all heaven, all earth, all nature, things animate and inanimate, to bow the listening ear to the voice of his thanksgivings to God for his superabounding mercy in his personal salvation and sanctification. See Psalms 18, 23, 27, 30, 34, 116. "I will pay my vows," says he, "unto the Lord now, in the presence of all his people." Psalm cxvi: 14. If referring publicly to God's special merciful dealings to our own soul's welfare be indicative of pride, self-conceit, self-seeking, or egotism, surely, then, David, the

prophet of God, was among the proudest and most egotistical. The primitive disciples, after the pentecostal baptism, filled with the Holy Spirit, with joy and peace in believing, were very egotistical; they went everywhere relating the glorious things God had done for them. This personal, definite testimony was the purport of their message, the sum and substance of their preaching, and marvellously did God bless these personal testimonies to the salvation of multitudes.

Paul, on the same principle, was one of the most egotistical of the age. On every suitable occasion Paul made special allusion to God's *overshadowing* goodness and mercy in the redemption of his own soul. When brought before the councils of his wicked persecutors, the first thing by way of vindication was to open his lips wide for Jesus in personal, definite testimony. When summoned to appear in the presence of a persecuting Sanhedrim, what was his plea, his defence? God's dealings with his *own* soul, his conviction, conversion, justification, and sanctification. Turn to Acts xxii — how readest thou? See also his defence before King Agrippa, in Acts xxvi. Mark, moreover, the tenor of his epistles; how frequently, pointedly, and definitely he alludes to his own experience, his firm faith, his entire consecratedness to God and his cause, his deadness and crucifixion to the world, his temperance in all things, his example of purity and consistency, the bright, seraphic, glorious manifestations of God to his soul, his translation to the third heaven, hearing and seeing things unspeakable. Surely Paul, in accordance with the reasonings of very many, must have been very egotistical, filled with vain boasting and self-conceit!

The most humble, meek, modest, holy, useful, in all ages, have been bright examples of this so-called egotism. The Lord is ever well pleased with it, smiles upon it approvingly, blesses it greatly to the participants, to the conviction and conversion

of the impenitent, to the building up of his people in their most holy faith.

"Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Christ says, "Ye are my witnesses." How? by our godly walk, our meek, modest humility? By keeping a conscience void of offence towards men? By doing justly, loving mercy, walking humbly, providing things honest in the sight of all men? Is this all? "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."

One special cause of the perpetual, increasing, holy kindlings of soul in God's faithful ones is their meek and humble testimony, their frequent allusions to the cleansing, purifying efficacy of Christ's blood, in their own redemption and sanctification. The beloved, godly, courteous, modest, refined, pure-minded Fletcher lost the blessing of perfect love four times successively, by yielding to the tempter, the promptings of the evil one to close his lips, hush the question of personal, definite testimony.

The Lord give us more of this same egotism, falsely so called, a thousand-fold; let the world be full of it; let it be sounded out to the ends of the earth, ring from pole to pole.

It strengthens the heart spiritually, increases faith, hope, and love. Every time we witness for Christ publicly, meekly, and humbly, we gain renewed spiritual strength.

Instead of puffing up with pride or self-glorying, the relating what great things God has done for us tends to self-abasement, the grace of humility, humble adoration, and praise.

It is a great blessing to others, encourages and strengthens the weak disciple, the doubting and hesitating. The psalmist says, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad."

Again, this witnessing for Christ, testi-

fying to his redeeming, sanctifying grace, is a positive duty; God commands it: "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering." Mark, "the PROFESSION of our faith." We omit this duty at our peril. Beloved brother, sister, will you suffer the cry of egotism, pride, self-glorying, or any other cry, to rob you of this privilege so long as you walk softly, keep a conscience void of offence, abstain from all appearance of evil, aim to please God in all things? The holy prophets ceased not this personal, definite testimony; David did not; the early disciples did not hold their peace; Paul did not; he positively declared that no man should close his lips in publicly witnessing to God's superabounding mercy to his soul. It was a blessing to him, a blessing to others. Even the wicked King Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian by hearing Paul testify to the efficacy of Jesus' blood to save to the uttermost. Brother, sister, go forward in God's strength, wisdom, and grace; open your mouth wide in praise; tell to all around what great things God has done for your soul; be definite; publish it; sound it out; let heaven's arches ring. Give God the glory, and "many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

"Never be ashamed of Jesus;
Glory ever in his cross;
Count it most exalted honor
To advance his blessed cause;
Hallowed honors, untold blessings'
Cluster round the Saviour's cross."

"READY FOR EITHER."

AN efficient Missionary Association is said to have adopted, not long since, a device found on an ancient medal, which represents a bullock standing between a plough and an altar, with the inscription, "Ready for either, — ready for toil or for sacrifice."

The whole history of Christianity has proved that its great objects cannot be secured without both the toil and the sac-

rice. Says the Apostle, "*I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church.*" In the agony of the atoning sacrifice, Jesus had no sharers. Of the people there were none with him. But he has left, unexhausted, enough of the bitter cup of his previous toils and trials to remind his followers, amid their great work what their salvation cost him. A readiness for hard work on the one hand, and for sacrifices on the other, can alone evince, not only our attachment to his cause, but also *our love to him*. O Christian, let the love of Christ constrain you to fidelity in his service. Bring all your talents, your acquisitions, your possessions, your energies, and, binding yourself to the horns of the altar, there stand, ready either for work or for sacrifice. This is the spirit which, under God, will conquer the world. This is the consecration at which heaven rejoices and hell trembles. Whether it be labor or suffering, doing or giving, living or dying, to which you are summoned, be ever able to say, "*Ready for either.*"—*Tract Journal*.

[Original.]

A CHAPTER ON BELIEVING.

BY Y.

But Jesus turned him about, and when he saw her, he said, Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole.

"Lord, she who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, 'Daughter, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.'

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home—
Send none unhealed away."

And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the self-same hour.

Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you.

And Jesus saith unto them, Have faith

in God. And he said unto them, Where is your faith? Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

Even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only? He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. And this is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day.

And seeing their faith, he healed him.
Be not afraid, only believe.

For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?

Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed.

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness. And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

Jesus answered them, Do ye now believe?

Of sin because they believe not on me.

O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.

Faith is the mother grace, because all the other graces spring from its root. Persons unskilful in the word of God expect joy, happiness, and power to do good before they believe in Jesus; that is, expecting fruit before the tree is planted. Holiness, like pardon, is received and retained *by faith*.

It is astonishing how sincere, serious people overlook the simple way of faith; they are ready and desirous to do some hard thing for salvation, and pass by the easy way of taking God at his word: "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin."

Put away all sin; lay aside every hindrance and besetment; then go to Jesus, and present yourself *a willing offering*, and he will make you *holy, acceptable*, through his own blessed merits.

[Original.]

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

BY C.

THE following incident is both interesting and instructive. It is one of the many proofs of an interfering Providence which has signally marked the progress of the church in all ages, and is therefore of importance in cheering the desponding hopes of many portions of our Zion. The church, in some particular localities, may be in an apparent downward condition; but the true friends of piety may pray in faith, for God will hear his own who cry unto him day and night. What if he calls you hence before the light breaks forth? It is all the same, for God is glorified, and you shall know it all in due time. It is now more than twenty years since I first read what I here transcribe; and it has often encouraged me in my labors in dark and benighted places. Often have I seen flourishing classes raised and sustained in neighborhoods where for years the gospel had been preached apparently in vain. The following is copied from "Memoirs of the Rev. Henry Taft, M.D., by the Rev. Daniel McAllum, M.D.," a minister highly honored in the British Conference.

"Ilkeston is a village a few miles distant from Sandyacre. For many years there was only one Methodist in the place; and though the preachers visited it from time to time, no good seemed to result. At length the old woman sickened and

died, and the despisers in the hamlet prophesied that all the Methodism in the place would be interred in her grave. Mr. Crook was then in the neighborhood, and he thought it his duty to improve the event by preaching in the village on the occasion. Accompanied by Mr. Taft, (father of Henry) and another brother, he accordingly went; and Mr. Taft having obtained the permission of the landlord of the inn at which they put up for Mr. Crook to use his leaping-on stone for a pulpit, the news spread that a funeral sermon was to be preached. All that could attend were present, and, among others, the clergyman of the parish. Mr. C. had great liberty of speech, and clenched every nail he attempted to fasten with quotations from the Prayer-book, the Articles, &c. At the close of the sermon Mr. C. received a message from the vicar to wait upon him next morning at 8 o'clock. Accordingly he went, expecting that it was for controversy he was sent. He was met by that gentleman with open arms in the entrance of his house. 'Sir,' said he, 'I heard you last night with great pleasure. In what college were you educated?' 'I never attended a college,' was the reply. 'Sir,' rejoined the clergyman, 'I have heard many of the heads of our universities preach, but never heard an equally able defence of our establishment. You are welcome to my pulpit next Sunday.' Mr. C. replied that he was not ordained, and therefore, to preach in the church would put the other to trouble, without doing any good. But he proposed that he should stand at the church door and preach to the congregation at the end of the service. The vicar published from the pulpit that a stranger was to address them, and numbers lent a willing ear to our preacher as he dwelt on the solemn words, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.' Under that sermon the clergyman was deeply convinced of sin, and next Sunday told his congre-

gation he had been living without God in the world, but was now an earnest seeker of salvation. By his invitation, Mr. Wesley visited the place and preached in the church, and from that time forward, the cause of Christ prospered in Ilkeston."

Dear reader, be firm in your devotedness to God. Follow peace with all men, and holiness. This has long been a settled principle with me, — *piety will prevail*. Is it not so with you? Though you may be soon called home, yet God will take care of his church; and if you are faithful, I am bold to say that he will not forget your work of faith and labor of love. Your influence will live when you are gone to where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Canada, March, 1861.

RESTING IN GOD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he.

Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.

Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand;
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear;
In his love if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,—
Always hath he comfort spoken,—
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day,—
Know his love for thee provideth
Good always.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for his sake,
Sweetly bending to his will,
Lying still.

To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask him not, then, "When?" or "How!"
Only bow. [Tract Journ.]

[Original.]

WAITING.

BY E. L. E.

FOR thee, O Lord, for thee,
My weary soul doth hope, and watch and pray,
More than sad watchers for the dawning day
Long for the shadows of the night to flee.

Thy promise I believe;
Thou wilt — the Sun of righteousness — arise,
Bringing new joy and beauty to my eyes, —
And so I wait thy promise to receive.

And though I see no sign,
No flush of radiance in the eastern sky,
The light is sure; the sunrise hour draws nigh,
And o'er my being shall its glories shine.

The lark hath waked her tune, —
Her first low warble; and my heart hath heard
Another voice more sweet than matin bird, —
A joyous herald, — morning must be soon!

Methinks the stars grow pale;
There comes a brightness o'er the eastern hills,
A song of rapture all the woodland thrills,
And my heart sings: I know it could not fail!

And still I stand and wait
The fuller glory thou wilt yet reveal; —
But oh! the noontide of thy beams to feel
How should I bear outside the golden gate!

INTERPRETATION. — "Holy Scripture is not a science of the intellect, but of the heart. It is intelligible only to those who have a right heart. The veil which is upon the Scriptures for the Jews, is there also for Christians. Charity is not only the object of Holy Scripture, but it is also the door to it." — *Pascal*.

[Original.]

THE WORK OF GOD IN THE SOUL OF MAN.

BY G. H. H.

FROM all that has been written upon the doctrines of regeneration and sanctification, as well as from the related experiences of the subjects of these graces, erroneous notions seem to prevail in the church to the manifest hindrance of the work of God in many souls.

Our doctrinal works, and our rich and full experiences are indeed precious, but often misconstrued. There can be no more formidable obstacle to the soul's growth in grace than to have another's detailed experience before the mind, as a copy, to which that soul feels obligated to conform in order to have a genuine work.

Three prominent errors occur as worthy of notice.

First, that the soul's progression *must of necessity* be marked by two distinct stages, separated by an indefinite, but commonly a protracted period of time.

Second, that having entered upon the first stage, — an assurance of pardon, — *it is optional* with the subject to press immediately on to the second stage, — an assurance of holiness, — or not.

Third, vague ideas concerning this latter state of grace; its nature; regarding it as something other than the common heritage of the Christian; and the path leading to it, — hemming in the way with the apprehension that "some great thing" must be done before the spotless garment can be put on.

The second point is easiest dealt with, and may be disposed of first.

Though this is a widely-spread error, a moment's reflection should be sufficient to destroy it from the root. Whoever reads these thoughts has some knowledge of Scripture, and, without quoting here, let that one who holds this error call to mind the whole tenor of God's word.

God does, indeed, continue to forgive

the unholy man's inconsistencies as often as sincerely repented of, but he does not approve of such a course. And, "shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid!" What would be thought of that child who so far presumed upon the forgiving love of an earthly parent as to hold that *because* of this forbearing spirit it was not bound to render a perfect obedience to that parent's requests. God can no more *allow* sin than an earthly parent can authorize disobedience to his own commands.

Both, however, can and do forgive, again and again, when true contrition is shown; though a frequent recurrence of the necessity of this must occasion grief as great as the love requisite to cover the sin.

Child of God! how long do you intend to pain the kindest of fathers by such a course?

The first-named point, has no more real foundation than the one just considered.

The inviting Saviour does not discard utterly even but a fragment of that heart that he longs to possess wholly; and, according to the faith, so is the love bestowed. But does God therefore, by reason of a kind acquiescence in man's way of submitting to be saved, become responsible for the notion that he sets a time when he will receive and renew in part, and then, after an interim, another time when he will perfect the work?

He invites to come and *be saved*. In part? No. God does not work by halves, *if permitted* to save in his own way. Surely he desires to purge the sinner from all his filth, and will do it if not hindered. Why, then, one may say, are we not saved fully on presenting ourselves?

Until one is found who, in turning away from his error, has presented God with his whole heart to be remodelled after God's own way, — and whose faith, resting on the pure, plain teaching of Christ, staggers not on account of the greatness of the change to be wrought,

but simply ascribes all power and sincerity to him who has called him to come out and be separate, and yet fails to receive a perfect renewal of his affections, and a conscious power to cease from all sin, until this witness is found, the question is not entitled to an answer.

In breaking off from sin, however, we have acquired the habit of giving up a portion now, and a portion at some future period.

Indulgent God, thy command is, "Give me thy heart." Yet thou deignest to look with kindly sorrow upon our wavering affections, now attached to thee, and now to the world we professed to leave behind us.

But whether we follow the "more excellent way," or cling to our own erratic mode of progress, it is always better to come to God than to stay away; and here follows, in order, the last point to be noticed, viz: in reference to the nature of Christian holiness, and the most direct path to its attainment.

Of course, if obligatory upon all, it must be within the reach of all. The most illiterate, then, can and ought to be holy in the sight of God. Yes, the poorest may possess this pearl of great price. The humblest and busiest worker, too, is required to be holy; so that it does not consist in retirement, nor in much reading, even of the Word of life itself, — though this will be found to be necessary to its preservation, in proportion to our ability to make use of such means.

Alms-giving, too, and all other works, are only necessary in the sense in which reading the Scriptures, and stated periods for prayer, are necessary.

In what does that holiness that is enjoined in God's word consist?

It is called purity of heart. This, though scriptural, is a stumbling-block to many. They fail to comprehend that the phrase is figurative. The physical heart is the seat of the natural life, and hence the affections, which are the essence of the

spiritual life, are figuratively termed the heart.

Then to be holy before God, is simply to have the affections regulated. When this is secured, then, though we may sometimes occasion sorrow by mistakes of the head; though our bodies may be worn with age or enfeebled by disease; yea, though we may even, in an extreme case, be a grievous burden to others by reason of natural infirmities, we stand unmarred before God. We are "cleansed from all sin." We are "sanctified in Christ Jesus." It matters not by how many terms you designate it, the great thing is to have the affections fixed and centered in God, and flowing thence toward the entire race of man. Surely any mind can grasp this simplest of all doctrines. Nothing should be so complex as that doctrine which admits of serving both God and mammon.

If any feel like calling this plain definition of Christian holiness in question, let them not go to church dogmas for evidence; these are not conclusive. Nor will it serve to quote the opinions of good men of the past.

They may err, and some have perhaps erred, particularly in the use of terms which, without qualification, tend to darken the way to unskilled minds; and while we admit their wisdom and piety, yet ye "have the Spirit of God" as well as they. Then, in the exercise of this good gift of God, go to the fountain of truth, the infallible Word itself. What are the plain teachings on the points here considered?

First, we find Christ preaching entire holiness to a *mixed multitude*, saying, "Be ye therefore perfect" (in love) "even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." All, then, are obligated to be holy.

Second, we find holiness promised to the vilest: "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Holiness, then, as well as pardon, is possible at any stage.

Lastly, — “And if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; . . . therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law.” Holiness, then, is nothing else than right affections toward God and man.

But how shall I have my affections properly regulated? How may I possess the power to “love my enemies,” to “bless them that curse me,” to “do good to them that hate me,” and to “pray for them which despitefully use and persecute me?” Momentous question! How many hungering souls are waiting for a satisfactory answer to it. To some one even these thoughts may contain it.

The preceding points may be summed up thus, to assist in the solution of this last: —

First. *I must be holy sometime.*

Second. *I may be holy the present instant.*

Third. Comprehending this attainable holiness to consist in a thorough change in the affections, I have the object of my search definitely before me, and may approach God intelligently.

God does not prescribe any tedious process by which this change may be wrought. It is true, we are continually to *advance* in holiness, but we may *commence* upon a holy state in an instant. A gradual progress in this state is consistent with God's plan, and is attended with the witness of his constant approbation, while a slow approach *towards* this state is uncertain, unsatisfactory, unnecessary. As one hath said, “There is a shorter way.”

“Submit yourselves therefore to God.” Here, then, is the grand secret. We are rebels against his authority. He desires to rule in us, but it must be a government of love, or it would not be desirable. Consequently, he exercises his sovereign right over us, condescendingly, just so far as we willingly submit to be governed. Whenever we are willing to submit the whole man, he will exultingly set up his throne,

and reign without a rival. We may as well do this first as last, — that is, we may yield the whole at once, as well as to give inch by inch.

“Draw nigh to God,” then, ye that long for the kingdom of God to be set up within you; yea, though you have been all rebellion up to this hour, or though you may have long dwelt, as it were, just within the borders of his dominion, and “he will draw nigh to you.”

By the aid of his Spirit — which you will not be destitute of in such a work — search the heart for idols; any persons, or things, or habits, which you may have prized more than the voice of God. Renounce all these by an effort of the will. Do not be deterred here by the suggestion that you cannot make good your vows. The power to do this is what God is to furnish.

Offer your supreme affections to God, no more to wander from him. And now, if you have confidence in your sincerity in all this, you cannot, without great injustice to God, doubt that he receives your gift and reckons it holy. It cannot be otherwise, if *you* are sincere, and it is your part to believe this.

Do not wait for God to produce a witness to his own word. “Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and *I will* receive you.”

Therefore, give a hearty credit to what the Lord hath said, and *act upon it*, by reckoning “yourselves dead indeed unto sin.”

This is the kind of faith that honors the unchangeable God, and no other kind does.

What! Shall I believe and have no evidence, no witness of the Spirit?

You certainly shall have no such evidence *prior* to belief, and as for that which is to follow, that is God's part of the work, and you must submit to his mode here as well as in all things else. Do not prescribe what you are to have.

You asked God for holiness and power

over sin, and every moment that you continue to cling to him by the kind of faith just described, you *have* these.

You will be conscious of this, too, for Satan will frequently test your newly found power,—and perhaps God may point you to this very power as the evidence he intends for you. And what evidence could be more precious, more strengthening to our faith?

The prevailing error is to struggle for a highly emotional evidence, that must soon fade away, before any trial of our faith, instead of calmly resting our belief on that sure word of God that “shall never pass away, until all be fulfilled,”—and then, *after* we have fully and firmly believed, recognizing in the power over ourselves bestowed, the more enduring evidence that we have not believed in vain.

And as for much “joy in the Holy Ghost,” as an *attendant* upon a holy state,—not the foundation of it,—it will be found that God will honor them that honor him. You will generally not lack for *any* good thing. Your faith being active, it will require no effort at any time to hold converse with Jesus, the beloved of your heart; and many times will you experience that, while others around you are wrestling painfully for a sense of his presence, your soul will be gazing full upon him, and your joy will be complete.

CHRISTIANITY.—“The glory of Christianity is, the pure and lofty action it communicates to the human mind. It does not breathe a timid and abject spirit. It gives power, energy, courage, constancy to the will; love disinterested, enlarged affection to the heart; soundness, clearness, vigor, to the understanding. It rescues him who receives it from sin, from the survey of the passions; gives him the full and free use of his best powers; brings out and brightens the divine image in which he was created; and in this way not only bestows the promise but the beginning of heaven.” — *Channing*.

[Original.]

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

BY DORA.

WAS privileged with two hours' interview with Bro. B. How sweetly passed moments, as we conversed in regard to the great salvation.

Five years ago, at the E. Camp-meeting, he experienced the blessing of perfect love. He went there for this special purpose. While there, God gave him a view of the corruption of his heart, such as he never had before. It surprised him. He confessed his state of mind one day in the tent. He was urged to yield, and be saved. He told them he would first go back to his people and confess to them. So overwhelming were the views of his impurity that he thought he must have been deceived in regard to his justification, and had been preaching when backslidden. (This he afterwards saw to have been a mistake.) A sister remarked, “It seems to me you are going a long road to get the blessing.” He was urged to make a verbal consecration of himself to God then and there. He did so. He arose, and with deep seriousness dedicated himself, his body, soul, and spirit; his time, talents, friends,—all, all to God. In so doing he realized an increase of strength. He rose again and repeated the form of dedication. He felt still more strengthened. He arose the third time and repeated it. He rested on the promise, “*I will receive you.*” He felt a rest of soul, such as he never before experienced. But he had not the *witness*. He remarked to a brother that he had given himself entirely up to God, and believed that he was accepted, but he did not enjoy the desired witness. The brother endeavored to convince him that in the consciousness which he had of an entire consecration and the promise of God, “*I will receive you,*” he enjoyed the witness. He, however, did not feel satisfied with this. After returning home, the first Sabbath

after his arrival, he preached upon the subject of holiness. As he finished his sermon, he was deeply impressed to relate his recent experience. It was very crossing, but so conscious was he of duty that he obeyed. It had a powerful effect, and then God gave him the *witness of the Spirit*, filling his soul with joyful assurance, "and I have never doubted, from that moment to the present, that God had sanctified my soul," was his remark. We believe that it is often the case, as in the experience of this dear brother, that the testimony of the Spirit is not given until there is first a confession with the lips. We have known individuals to make the consecration, and reckon themselves the Lord's, who dare not venture out sufficiently to say, "Jesus *does* save, his blood *cleanseth* me from all unrighteousness, I *am* dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord." This is the power, the strength of implicit faith in the sure word of promise. Faith in the heart and confession with the mouth are essential to salvation.

[Original.]

"FLORAL APOSTLES."

BY J. B. H.

"Thy gentleness hath made me great."

I WAS a young pilgrim in the King's highway, and my unskilful hands held the shield of faith but feebly. I had not fully learned that in every temptation I must, without stopping to reason as to whether I had already in part yielded, *look right away to Jesus*.

In this ignorance, I often came into darkness, through parleying with the "accuser of the brethren," about the past, when I ought rather to have fled to the open fountains. Glory forever to God and the Lamb, that by the Holy Spirit's aid, I now can answer to *every upbraiding*. Well, as for the past I know not, but the present faith cries, "The blood of his Son

Jesus Christ *cleanseth* me from all sin. Praised be the name of my gracious Lord, that I have learned through much anguish, darkness, and many sore buffetings from the adversary, skill in this heavenly art of *momentary* refuge in the all-cleansing flood.

While passing through these trials, he condescended most tenderly to my ignorance and weakness.

"He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same."

On one occasion I was engaged at my usual employment in the city of New York. It had been a trying day. In the high walls of brick and stone, rattling wheels, and all the varied din of a bustling metropolis, there was little to comfort and strengthen a faint-hearted Christian. And within, the adversary taking advantage of a weary mind and body, pressed me sorely; the promises seemed to slip from the grasp of faith, until, distressed and overwhelmed, I could no longer withstand, only lie prostrate and suffer.

But see the loving kindness of the Lord. Just at this time of my extremity there came into the office a little girl with a basket of tiny bouquets to sell. Too much engaged to give her more than a passing glance, I pursued my task; but a fellow-clerk, an ungodly young man, purchased one of the fragrant bunches, and after a few moments gave it to me, irreverently quoting the words, "Such as I have, give I unto thee." Oh, how little did he know that in his willing impiety, he was an instrument in the hands of Him who maketh *all things* work together for the good of his people.

I took the flowers and placed them before me in a glass of water on my desk. Those delicate blossoms of violets and mignonette stood out in their own native beauty, unlike the man-made papers and bank notes by which they were surrounded. They seemed as if dropped down from the fingers of my Father above, all redolent with the odors of the better land.

Ever and anon as I looked up from my work, my grateful heart drank in sweet soothing lessons of love and trust from their gentle teaching. In the delicate tracery of their fragile petals, I saw almighty power united to infinite condescension. God was not only the author of a holy law, the great Jehovah, but he was my *Father*, who made flowers, and little things of sweetness and beauty for my comfort and delight, and in all my weakness and worthlessness, "He who so clothed the grass of the field," did care for, love, and save me. Yes, praised be thy holy name, oh, my gracious God, "thy gentleness hath made me great."

Newark, N. J., 1861.

EXPERIENCE.

BY J. O. S.

I EXPERIENCED religion June, 1818. It was a thorough work of the Spirit,—evidence bright and clear. During thirty-two years of Christian travel, at various times I sought for the blessing of holiness, but unsuccessfully.

Some of this time I enjoyed a less degree of spirituality than at other times. Though cumbered with the cares of the world, I was often blest, and purposed to live faithful, and obtain the blessing of purity.

About the commencement of the year 1850, the good Lord revived his work in my soul, bringing me into the highest state of grace I had attained. Soon after this I was more powerfully convicted for full salvation. Musing in amazement a few moments, as I seemed to stand on a pivot, the decision was made, saying in my heart, By the grace of God I will have the blessing.

Then the Lord took my case in hand, helping me to hold up my mind steadily and firmly to the subject, while he worked within, bringing into subjection everything contrary to his will. I tried to pray much, and to exercise faith in the promises, but

seemed to find but little access to the throne of grace, though often mysteriously exercised by the Spirit. The 10th verse of the 5th chapter of 1st Peter was impressed on my mind, "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Jesus Christ, after ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, establish, strengthen, settle you." This suffering was endured with pleasure, anticipating blessed results.

The morning of the third of March, the first dawn of light (some twelve days from the commencement of my present exercises), I was wakened by the sweet influences of the Spirit moving mysteriously on my spirit. I seemed to lay passively in his hands, as a soul leaving the body, though some thoughts unfriendly to grace ran vividly through the mind, which were suppressed, while the renovating power of the Spirit seemed to expel, by an excision, the roots of bitterness, remove the stony heart and give a heart of flesh, a loving, tender, sympathizing, childlike spirit, with perfect union with the divine will, and brought the soul unto a closer union with the Lord. Giving a sweet peace with a calm frame of mind, without any special feeling of rapture, or ecstasy of joy. A thought was suggested, Are you satisfied with your acceptance? Perfectly satisfied, was the reply. I knew the Lord had wrought a good work in my soul, but knew not what to call it. I could say, and did say, the Lord had deepened his work in my soul, had brought me into a closer union with him, that I loved the Lord with all my heart, and that Christ was to me just such a Saviour as I needed. It seemed much easier to live religion, to do every known duty, and trust in the Lord than formerly, even though joy did not abound. Sometimes the tenement was mysteriously shaken by the Spirit, and shouts of glory would burst forth. Thus passed some more than five years, yet anxiously desiring to enjoy more of the presence of the Lord.

Attended a camp-meeting June, 1855. The burden of my prayer was, Lord, increase my faith, confirm my hope of heaven, and fill my soul with love that casteth out all fear. As the meeting was closing, felt some disappointed. I thought I had done all I could, but resolved anew to persevere and be resigned. While thus musing, these words came: If you receive the blessing, will you acknowledge it? My heart replied, By the grace of God I will. The next instant, as from the depth of my heart, was unsealed a fountain of *life and love*, which issued up from within and overflowed the whole man. I was perfectly happy,—perfectly satisfied. My prayer was more than answered in receiving the witness of the Spirit, witnessing to my spirit relative to the work just now wrought in the soul. Now I could say, I know where I stand, and what has been done for me, that Christ is formed within the hope of glory. Since then, nearly six years have passed, and still I am permitted to say (I think without presumption) I am in the King's highway of holiness, with glory in my soul. All praise is due the Triune God.

South Onondaga, Feb., 1861.

CAN I BE HOLY?

"I WOULD not if I could," said scoffing Indifference. "I could not if I would," replies downcast Despondency. They are both in the wrong. But our business is not now with the sceptic soul; it is only with our sincere but faint-hearted brother, Despondency. He belongs to a large family. He is brother to Mistrust, and Littlefaith, and own cousin to a whole troop of Doubts, Fears, and Unbeliefs, besides being step-father to Lack-courage and Miss Much-afraid. Perhaps he or his may fall in with this paragraph, and we will have a friendly word with him and his velvet-footed friends.

What is it to be holy? Holiness is not

monkish asceticism; nor is it pharisaism; nor is it sour sanctimoniousness; nor is it the unattainable state of the glorified before the throne in heaven. It is simply the *habit of being of one mind with God*. It is the fixed, permanent *habit* of soul that hates what God hates, and loves whatsoever God loves, even though all this costs daily and hourly self-denial. It is the habit of living with the Bible as the rule of life, and Jesus Christ as the example. That this habit of heart and method of life are not unattainable is clear, from the fact that God commands us in his word, "Be ye holy." Our heavenly Father never enjoins impossibilities upon his children. It is possible for you, therefore, my friend, to be holy. The Bible speaks of scores of men as "holy."

"Well, those were extraordinary men," says one, "who lived in extraordinary times; they possessed wonderful gifts." So they did; and so may you. Their God is your God; their promises are your promises; their heavenly Father never gave their souls a more glorious tonic than these words: "My grace is sufficient for thee!" Open your too much neglected Bible, and you will find the identical words there, and placed there, too, for your special benefit and support. That single passage was quite enough for Paul and Peter and John. It was a rock under John Calvin's feet. It sufficed for the Wesleys. It cured Martin Luther. The giants, Chalmers and Edwards, had nothing more. You have all they required. God's grace is enough. Have you ever sought the possession of that, sincerely, prayerfully, and practically? I fear not. I fear you never have tried to be holy.

2. Another says, "I have no time to cultivate heart-holiness; my business swallows up all my time." Then, sir, you have too much business. The more business you have, the more of holiness you need to conduct it aright, and to keep from being spiritually engulfed and ruined.

beneath it. If you have no time to study your heart, and study your Bible, and your Saviour's example, then *take time*. If in no other way it be possible, take it from your eating and your sleeping hours. What is far better, take it in the midst of your business, and let God be in your thoughts when in the counting-room, or amid the buzzing wheels of your manufactory, or behind the plough upon the hill-side. You can not well be a busier man than Daniel was when the cares of mighty Babylon rested on him; yet he found time to kneel down thrice in each day before his God. He did not serve the king any the less faithfully for serving his Maker all the more faithfully. We know not what occupation you pursue, but remember that presently your *whole business* will be with God, and he it is who commands, "Be ye holy."

3. "But," says a third, "I live in the midst of irreligious associations. Everything is against me. We pastors often hear this excuse from members of our flock. So far from being a valid excuse for neglecting holiness, it is an urgent reason for cultivating it. There is all the more need of your letting your own light shine, if the surrounding atmosphere is as dark as Egypt. Ahab's court was a most unfavorable place for the growth of godliness. Yet in that court was an Elijah who bowed not the knee to Baal. Nero's palace was a chilling spot for the tender plants of grace. Did they droop and die there? We find an answer in that buoyant heart-message of heroic Paul, "All the saints salute you, *chiefly* they that are of *Cæsar's household*."

This excuse brings up a kindred one. "I am driven about from pillar to post, and have no settled home. I am for ever journeying, with no quiet home for meditation, and no sweet, hallowed Peniels or Olivets of sacred life-long association." Neither had Paul. He was a bird of passage, with no abiding place for the sole of his foot. The roof under which he com-

monly tarried longest was the roof of a prison. John Wesley almost lived on the back of his pony. Whitefield was constantly in motion,—the swift-footed courier of the cross. But they grew on the road. Like torches borne against the wind, they burned the brighter as they ran. And you, my itinerant brother, whether roaming the land or sea, whether in the rattling coach or steaming rail-car, whether the denizens of hotels or the lodger in the wayside-inn, may realize an ever-present Saviour who compasseth your path, and who can make your heart to burn within you as you walk with him in the way. Never can you travel beyond the reach of that divine injunction, "Be ye holy."

4. "I am in trouble," says Mr. Despondency. "My mind is overborne by my griefs. I shall never be the man again that I was before I met with my losses." Neither was David the same man that he was before afflictions came upon him. "It is good for me to be afflicted," was his testimony. Sorrow left him a better saint than it found him. No strains rise sweeter from a Christian's lips than his "songs in the *night*." Never do the stars of promise gleam so bright as when the sun of worldly prosperity has gone down. Many a man who has forgot his God at the noon-day has "sung praises at midnight," like Paul and Silas in Philippi's dungeon.

For it is not only by toil, but by trial, that Christ ennobles, purifies, and sanctifies his people. He sometimes takes their estates away, and leaves them nothing but an empty purse and—a full Bible. He sends a messenger of love into their households with a shroud. The cradle, over which the mother hovers, slowly turns into a coffin; the little treasure that nestled so warm in her loving bosom lies cold enough under the grassy turf. But out from this tempest of trial comes the triumphant child of God, wet with the baptism of suffering, yet radiant as Mercy, rising from the river of death to the

pearly gates, and as she cometh up she exclaimeth, "Oh! my God, thou hast tried me, but thou didst make me, to come forth as gold."

The pressure of affliction affords no better excuse for the neglect of holiness than does the pressure of business or the adverse array of worldly associations. These are the very positions for the exercise of holiness. And with the command comes the promise of divine aid to obedience. Never, therefore, can you reach a point of prosperity so lofty, or a place in the vale of adversity so lowly; never can you be environed with an array of temptations so dense, or be screened by human authority so weighty as to protect you from that solemn injunction of Almighty love: "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation."—*Independent*.

REV. HENRY TRUE.

Our limited space has led us generally to preclude biographies. The readers of the Guide would undoubtedly be interested and profited if we made more frequent exceptions to this rule, but we find it difficult to discriminate, without offence, between the many that are written. We give the following sketch of an honored minister by request, not doubting that our readers will be profited by its perusal.

REV. HENRY TRUE was born in Chester, N. H., March 15, 1789.

He was created anew in Christ when about seventeen or eighteen years of age. He sought earnestly from the first that the divine nature within him might not only control the human nature and keep it under restraint, but that his whole being might be brought into harmony with God. His natural tendencies were strong, and he felt that it would require a great amount of divine grace to keep the elements of his nature balanced according to the rule of divine love. This grace he obtained at no very distant period from the time of his conversion, and retained it through some long periods of his life, though there were times when he spoke

as if he had lost in a degree the possession of it. But when he did speak of any lack of it, it was with such sighing and crying to God as would be affecting to the heart of a true philosopher to hear a strong man utter, and which showed plainly the birth and birthright of his spirit.

While he was yet a young man, Christ called him to preach the gospel. He heard the call plainly, both in his own heart and through the church. After a hard struggle, in which a sense of his own unworthiness was the chief feeling that hindered him from answering at once, "I am ready," he entered the Methodist itinerancy at the age of about twenty-five, and became a member of the Maine Annual Conference, of which he remained a member for about thirty years. This was in those days when what is now a district was a circuit, for constant traveling, and the messenger of God could have little bodily rest, except what he could get after preaching in the evening or before family worship in the morning. As sure as the day came, he must go. He labored in the gospel for the love of his Master's work. He sought above all things to deliver faithfully his gospel message. Said one who knew many of the Methodist preachers that travelled over the hills of Maine, "Among those who came, I never heard one who gave the gospel trump at the same time a clearer, sweeter, and stronger sound than did Henry True."

Many are the souls in the blissful regions, as well as on this side of the boundary "river," that can testify that his preaching was not in word only, but in demonstration of the Spirit; and there are those converted through his instrumentality who took up the divine message according to the word of the great Master, and are helping to perpetuate its delivery to the end of time. His labors were signalized by revivals, in which strong men were brought to kneel at Jesus' feet. But he has gone. Three of his children went before him, (one

who had, like his father, devoted the strength of his life to the preaching of the gospel,) and six are left. The companion of his early manhood and of all his life of toils and trials, tarries a little longer on the verge of heaven, but she cannot be here long. The feebleness of her health, which induced her husband to locate sixteen years ago, has increased with age, and, though clear in mind and strong in heart, there was reason in her dying husband's words when he said to her, "You will come soon."

He spent his years of local life in such labors as the church called him to, and never entered into worldly business, though sometimes he thought he ought to; but his heart was not enough in it to lead him to commence it. In his seventy-second year he is done with earth. If a "good ending" is the crowning glory of a good man's life, he had that glory. His friends have wondered at the triumphs of grace in him during the past year, and though he continued in his usual health up to the last few days of sickness which ended his life, more than one has thought that the immortal part was soon to escape, and on January 3d, 1861, at his home in his son's family in the city of New York, his time of departure came. He died of what the physicians pronounced pneumonia, after six days' suffering.

During his last year he had been very active in the cause of his Master, especially in meetings held for those seeking the blessing of perfect love. His own enjoyments in the deep things of God seemed to be increasing more and more as he advanced nearer his departure. While his sickness found him prepared for heaven, he had at the same time a strong desire to continue here for a season in labors for souls, if it were his Master's will. During his sickness he said little, but enough, however, to show the happy state of his mind. When asked how he felt, he replied, "Not great animation, but peace.

I have a well-grounded hope in God, —
'victory through our Lord Jesus Christ;'
'this is the victory, even our faith;' oh,
what are all our sufferings here compared
with the glory that shall be revealed; my
Saviour is very precious; I am happy in
going; my sky is clear," were some of his
last words as he passed away to his heavenly
reward.

F.

[Original.]

"BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH."

We have received, through a mutual acquaintance, the following lines from the author, who is a member of the Society of Friends. We publish it for the evangelical spirit which it breathes.

BEHOLD, a royal Bridegroom
Hath called me for his bride!
I joyfully make ready,*
And hasten to his side.
He is a royal Bridegroom,
But I am very poor!
Of low estate he chose me
To show his love the more;
For he hath purchased for me
Such goodly rich array,—
O surely never Bridegroom
Gave gifts like his away.

When first upon the mountains,
I, in the vale below,
Beheld him waiting for me,
Heard his command to go, —
I, poorest in the valley,
Oh, how could I prepare
To meet his royal presence?
How could I make me fair?
Ah! in his love he sent me
† A garment clean and white:
And promised brodered raiment
All glorious in his sight.
And then he gave me glimpses
‡ Of the jewels for my hair,
§ And the ornament most precious
For his chosen bride to wear.

First in my tears I washed me,—
They could not make me clean;
|| A fountain then he showed me,
Strange until then unseen!
So close I'd lived beside it
For many weary years,
Yet passing by the fountain,
Had bathed me in my tears.

¶ Oh love, oh grace, that showed it!
 Revealed its cleansing power!
 How could I choose but hasten
 To meet him from that hour?

I said, Delay no longer;
 He surely will provide
 All for the toilsome journey
 Up the steep mountain-side.
 He sought me in the valley,—
 He knows my utmost need;
 But he's a royal Bridegroom,
 I shall be rich indeed.
 Rich in his pardoning mercies,—
 Bounties that never cease;
 Rich in his loving kindness,
 Rich in his joy and peace.
 So then I took the raiment,
 And the jewels that he sent;
 * And gazing on his beauty,
 Up the hillside I went.

And still with feeble footsteps,
 And turning oft astray,
 I go to meet the Bridegroom,
 Though stumbling by the way.
 I soil my royal garments
 With earth whene'er I fall;
 I break and mar my ornaments,
 But he will know them all.
 For it was he who gave them;
 Will he forget his own?
 Ah! for the love he bore me,
 He called! will he disown?

He sent his Guide to guide me;
 He knew how blind, how frail
 The children of the valley;—
 He knew my love would fail.
 He knew that mists above me
 Would hide him from my sight,
 And I, in darkness groping,
 Would wander from the right.
 I know that I must follow
 Slow, when I fain would soar;
 That step by step thus upward,
 My Guide must go before.

Cleave close, dear Guide, and lead me!
 I can not go aright;
 Through all that doth beset me,
 Keep, keep me close in sight!
 'Tis but a little longer,—
 Methinks the end I see;
 Oh! matchless love and mercy,
 The Bridegroom waits for me;
 Waits to present me faultless
 Before his Father's throne;
 † His comeliness my beauty,
 His righteousness my own!
 G., 1st mo., 1861.

* Rev. 19: 7. † Rev. 19: 8. ‡ 2 Tim. 4: 8. § 1 Pet. 3: 4.
 ¶ Zech. 13: 1. ¶ Rom. 3: 24.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY REV. J. HARTWELL.

THE DAY-STAR.

TO-DAY (Sept. 13, 1860) large groups are obstructing the sidewalks on Nassau Street, New York, as they stand gazing up at noon-day into a bright blue sky. Here are gentlemen and ladies in their attire, and the rustic laborer in coarse apparel, some of them with their coats and hats off, all *gazing*. What do they see? There is a white, bright light; some say it is a *star*, others a balloon, or *something*. The eye once fixed upon it, and it is as clearly seen as any star in a cloudless night-sky. Yes, it is a star, beyond a doubt,—a little, bright, laughing star, that will not retreat before the strong light of a noon-day sun. How much of cheer its little bright face throws down upon the groups of hard-toiling men who drop all to look upon it. The man of the observatory, passing, paused just long enough to catch one glimpse of it, then fled away in great haste to employ the aid of a telescope, leaving the mass employing the utmost of unaided vision.

How pleasant were the suggestions of this little incident. I thought of Scripture; I thought of poetry; I thought of the wise men who saw a star in the East, and hastened to follow it until it led them to *Bethlehem*.

And just here came floating upon me memories that oppressed my spirits and melted a heart not often, nowadays, moved in such manner. The touching memories of childhood were revived, and that *sister's*, that *deeply* pious, that lovely sister's voice came over my soul, and my greatest power of self-control gave way. Ah! is there not a way to every man's heart? But that sister of mine! Reader, are you a strong man, whose eye seldom moistens, whose heart seldom melts? Do you know what it is to have a *sister*? — *such* an one, alas! as but few ever had,

—so devoted in heart, so true in principle; naturally gay, yet sufficiently grave; always cheerful, yet never frivolous or vain; young and retiring, yet firm in the resistance of sin, and bold to stand up for God; surrounded by many seductive influences, yet yielding to none of them. To be pious was to be singular and very strange indeed in the estimation of those around her. And yet she threw the whole weight of her influence, her prayers, and her faith in favor of a holy life, until she saw the greater part of them among the earnest disciples of Jesus.

Such a sister was mine.* And it is written that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." She won my stubborn heart, and turned my wayward feet "unto the testimonies of the Lord." Her life aroused my conscience, and her spirit made religion appear lovely. It was *her* voice that came over me in the noisy streets of the city,—her voice as I used to hear it in our quiet rural home, when she sang Bishop Heber's hymn—

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer was laid."

That voice was as clear and mellow as the flute, and sweeter far than any instrument that ever poured music on my ear, and possessed a melting pathos and power such as the deep devotion of the heart alone can give. I used to leave my amusements and young playmates to run and hear it, and stand and listen until sin appeared hateful, and the ideas of piety were invested with unearthly loveliness, and often went away from the influence of such song into some secret place to weep, or pray, or both. Her own mind was like a calm, cloudless day; and she prayed that in *such* a day she might *die*.

* Mrs. Polly Cleveland, who died near Charlotteville, N. Y.

And precisely at noon, in one of the brightest and loveliest days that ever smiled on the earth, the chariot arrived, and she stepped in and went up to

"The house of our Father above
The palace of angels and God."

Below, they said, "A disciple is *dead*."
Above, they sang, "A seraph is *born*."

We bowed our heads, and gave the rest of the day to reflection and prayer, with feelings like those of the prophet, when, with nothing but the *mantle* of Elijah, he turned his face towards Jordan, to trace *alone* the same path which he had just trod in company with the ascended one.

The next day came. The fields smiled as sweetly as ever; the foliage was still rich on the forest-covered hill-slopes that *rose* around us; the little sparkling brooklet gave out its low murmurs as it passed that vacated homestead, and the birds in the orchard and in the grove beyond seemed unconscious that a sweeter voice than theirs had been hushed forever. But the cool, fresh breeze, generally so gay, seemed thoughtful, and passed carefully, as though it would not move rudely a single leaf on the trees that shaded *that home*, as also the heart-burdened mourners that grouped around it. On the whole, it was very quiet. But oh! what a *speaking* stillness was that! What reflections it aroused! But when, sorrow would have been intense, then came again that soothing *voice*, as though floated by the passing breeze:—

"Cease, my heart, this mournful crying;
Death shall burst this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb."

And also again, as when she sang the hymn of the young and lamented Henry Kirk White, "THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM":—

"It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace."

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The star, the star of Bethlehem!"

Yes, "safely moored," she now may sing among the choristers above. May those who feel the loss of her *counsel* as well as her song, remember that it is written: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts. Then, at last, shall that large group, whose family concerts in that rural home made the afternoon of Sabbaths vocal with praise, sing together —

"No wanderer lost, a family in heaven."

THE following extract of a sermon preached by Rev. W. H. Dikeman of this city, before the annual meeting of the local preachers of the M. E. Church, held in Philadelphia, seems to be suitable for the Guide. The effect of the discourse was deep and most excellent.

N. Y.

J. H.

"III. The *end* the apostles had in view in preaching, or, the *object* to be secured by the Christian ministry.

"*'That we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.'* That we may be instrumental in the salvation of sinners. This is the great end of all gospel effort, — the salvation of souls. Oh, what an object! How different from that proposed to the student of law or medicine, or to the merchant or artisan, in entering upon his profession or business. Their object is to secure wealth and position, and worldly distinction; in a word, to become rich and honorable. But the true minister has a higher and holier object in view in entering upon the work of the ministry. It is to be a coworker with the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of the souls of men. What a magnificent and glorious object this! — an object in har-

mony with all the manifestations of divine goodness and mercy.

"I pity that man who enters the Christian ministry from mercenary considerations; angels weep over him, and devils scorn him.

"We repeat, the object of every true minister in entering the ministry, in preaching the gospel, is to save souls, — souls purchased by the blood of Christ. The burden of his prayer by day and night is, 'Give me souls,' — souls for my master, souls for my hire, souls as seals to my ministry.

"Christian ministers not only pray for souls, but they are indefatigable in their labors to lead men to repentance and faith in Christ, that they may be saved, or, in the language of the text, presented 'perfect in Christ Jesus.' This is the object and end of all their preaching and labors.

"*'Perfect in Christ Jesus.'* — This may imply —

"1. To be perfectly instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, so as to know the truth as it is in Jesus; and —

"2. To be made partakers of the grace of God, and thus be saved from all sin and filled with his fulness, — a state of maturity in Christian experience.

"How much angry disputation there has been in reference to perfection! How many sermons have been preached and volumes written on this subject. We have only to say, on this occasion, that no imperfect soul will ever enter heaven. In order to be admitted into that holy place, there must be no 'spot or wrinkle, or any such thing,' but 'holy and without blemish.' The pure in heart shall see God, shall enjoy God, shall enter into the holy city, and behold the King in his beauty. But observe, 'Perfect in Christ Jesus.' Not perfect in ourselves, or of ourselves, or by ourselves, but perfect in Christ Jesus, who 'is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' For, says the Apostle Paul,

'Ye are complete in him.' Thus we see that the great object to be secured by the preaching of the gospel is the full and complete salvation of the soul in heaven.

"It is proper here to observe that the Apostles never limited or restrained the offers of salvation. They were not believers in a limited atonement, or a partial salvation; 'every man,' the whole human race, were embraced in the gospel they preached. 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth,' is the invitation of the Saviour; and this the Apostles proclaimed to perishing sinners. While they taught that every man had sinned, they also taught that for every sinner Christ had died, and that he died for them, that they might be saved. They therefore made the offer of salvation frankly to all, believing that it was the will of God that 'all should come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved.' Hence, they warned 'every man,' and taught 'every man,' that they might, at the day of judgment, 'present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.'

"The Christian minister looks forward to this day (the day of judgment) as the time when he is to give an account of his ministry, — the time when he is to present those who have been saved through his instrumentality to the Lord Jesus Christ, who will then be the Judge. The presentation referred to in the text will be made in the presence of an assembled universe: 'Here am I, and the sheaves I gathered in the harvest-field of the world. Here am I, and the souls thou hast given me; I present them to thee as the purchase of thy blood, as the trophies of thy cross, as the seals to my ministry.' And now the consummation of all his labors and hopes is realized.

"And now has come his rest,
His triumph day; illustrious like a sun,
In that assembly, he, shining from far,
Most excellent in glory, stood assured,
Waiting the promised crown, the promised throne,
The welcome and approval of his Lord."

"The commendation is pronounced, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Oh, what a time of exultation and joy will that be to every faithful minister of Jesus. 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.'"

[Original.]

MY REFUGE.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

WHEN I can lean on Jesus' breast,
And to him lift mine eye,
And sweetly on each promise rest,
While storms are sweeping by; —
A holy calm is in the soul,
Though waves of sorrow o'er me roll.

When I can hear my Saviour say,
" 'Tis I, be not afraid,"
Though tossed upon the surging main,
I will not be dismayed.
Why should I tremble, doubt, or fear,
E'en though no other friend be near?

May I but know that he is mine,
That he my poor name owns;
Though earthly friendship should decline,
Or when on me it frowns;
While he is mine who changes not,
Why should I murmur at my lot?

When I can "kiss the chastening rod"
That lays earth's bright hopes low,
And sing the praises of my God
Amid the furnace glow,
I'll smile at sorrow, grief, and pain,
"And count my earthly loss my gain!"

Cleveland, Nov. 17, 1860.

THE CROSS.

SEVERE the life that fits for God,
One day the thorns, one day the rod;
Ever a beating back the cross,
Ever the fire to burn the dross.

Smoothly along we cannot sail,
One day the calm, one day the gale;
Ever the rocks on either side,
Ever the prow against the tide.

Shorter the life by every breath,
One day disease, and one day death;
Ever the falling shades of night,
Ever the open grave in sight.

Nearer the port by every wave;
Be strong, my heart — my soul, be brave;
Their's the gain who suffer loss,
Their's the crown who bear the cross.

The Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1861.

THE STRENGTH NEEDED.

THE Saviour said in his discourse with the Jews, "I can of mine own self do nothing." (John v. 30.) Only as he was united with the Father, and the divinity wrought with his humanity did he possess any power, great or small. How much less can fallen man do any thing of his own self; yet we are reluctant to receive and slow to practise this great truth. The full conviction of dependence upon divine grace, and its sincere confession before God, are primary steps in the attainment of needed strength.

We need this aid at all times, and for every duty and trial. We may allow our self-assurance to increase amidst much prosperity, but nothing can lessen our dependence. Just here lies the greatest danger. "All is of God," must ever be in the heart as well as upon the lips, or all will be lost. Through God David had become rich and powerful, and he turned from the Infinite Source of his power, and said, "Go, number Israel,"—as if it were essential to his strength whether they were many or few. In this he sinned, and for it was sorely punished. (1 Chron. xxi.)

Not only in ordinary duty are we dependent upon this divine strength, but in times of sore conflict it must be equal to the emergency. We must not at such times expect to triumph by mere manly courage, nor by the numbers, good feeling, and ability of our friends. Nor must we expect the gracious state previously attained to suffice. The divine power within us must and will be increased, if we live by faith, as the battle of God with his foes increases in intensity, and we are thrust by our Captain into the fiercest of the conflict. As our day, so shall our strength be.

And was this adoption of strength,—this essential strength,—ever denied to any trusting heart? Think, brother, of the way in which God has led you. Can you not say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me?" Why then do you shrink in these times of unexpected and most terrible calamity? There is no limit to the resources of the Holy One of Israel. You may do and bear all things through Christ strengthening you. Think how mighty and all-prevailing they have been who have lived by faith. "Time would fail us" to name even their wonderful endurance and deeds. Gird yourselves, then, beloved, with the divine panoply. "Put on strength,"—the strength against which the world, the flesh, and the devil cannot prevail. You will need all the precious provisions of grace in store for you, and it will be your own fault—may we not say *sin*?—

if you do not possess them. "Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee." (1 Chron. xxii. 16.)

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

SLEEPING AT THE POST OF DUTY.

"He cometh unto the disciples and findeth them asleep,"
—Matthew xxvi. 40.

THERE was a time during Napoleon's early Italian campaign, when his little and much exhausted army was in great peril. A superior force threatened to overwhelm it. At this critical moment, the vigilant commander visited at midnight his outposts, and found a wearied sentinel asleep. Letting him "sleep on," he shouldered his musket and paced his round until the soldier awoke. "My good fellow," said the general, "while you sleep at your post, the enemy may destroy us all. But, see, I have taken your place, and no harm has come to us. Be more watchful in future." By military law the soldier might have been shot; but, if the story is true, the compassion only of his commander saved him. He was weary, and this was a palliation of his offence. Perhaps nature was utterly exhausted and irresistibly demanded sleep. If so, he was without fault. The disciples in Gethsemane were weary with solicitude and watching, but the Saviour's chiding shows that he, who knew their frame and pitied their weakness, still saw reason to expect at *such* an hour a prayerful wakefulness. Their Master was in trouble. There was a touching emphasis in the appeal, "Could you not watch with *me*?" His suffering humanity called for sympathy and prayer from his disciples.

We have remarked that, for the soldier, sleepiness at his post, to the peril of the lives of his companions, and to the possible ruin of the cause for which he fought, there might have been a necessity;—and for the slumbers of the disciples while their Master was passing through an agonizing conflict, there was some palliation. But for those who sleep in their sins, there is only guiltiness. And for the spiritual slumberers at the post of duty, there is not the slightest excuse. 1. Because the most weighty responsibilities rest upon them. The interests of their Master's kingdom are threatened by deadly and wakeful foes. Each of his disciples is appointed a watchman in Zion. Her keeping is committed to their care, and if her walls are broken down, and her beautiful temple defiled, and the holy Name by which she is called, is dishonored, of them will he require it. The disciples have, too, their own salvation to secure. *While they slumber the door may be shut.* 2. The command is to watch and pray *always*. And the implied strength so to do is

most fully guaranteed. The Holy Spirit, who is the spiritual life of the soul, never slumber nor sleeps. The disciple who makes room for him, — whose heart is his temple, will no more slumber at the post of duty than will the sun pause in his appointed course. Since *He* is given bountifully to those who ask in faith, there is no more necessity of slumbering than there is need of perishing for ever.

1. Let Christians, then, watch the *tendency* of their hearts to slumber. It often steals upon the soul unawares. 2. Let them chide each other's slumbering. If you saw a brother sleeping where sleep periled his life, would you not awaken him? If you see your fellow-Christian inclining to sleep, it may be a prelude of his spiritual and eternal death. Arouse him. Even if he be angry with you, heed it not. He will thank you in the end, and you shall save a soul from death.

TRUST IN GOD SAVES FROM THE FEAR OF MAN.

"In God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me." — *Psalms lvi. 4.*

The inward assurance that infinite strength is pledged for our security, saves from the fear of finite power. This assurance is given to those who "*trust in God.*" This made Moses calm in the presence of the angry king of Egypt. It was the true source of the sublime courage of Daniel, and of those who shrunk not from the furnace of fire. When Peter and his fellow-disciples desired to smite with the sword, they immediately after fled from the face of their enemies; but soon, having put their trust in God, and having thereby received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, they stood before offended kings, and councils, and infuriated mobs, without dismay. Having this trust in God, we should not "fear what man can do unto us." 1. Because man is *weak*. Man is but flesh, and therefore of but little power. There is, indeed, in him no strength except what is given or permitted of God. He can in a moment take that strength away, and that too for *our sake*. 2. We should not fear, because what man is permitted to do unto us God will sanctify to our good. If he shall take our property away, God can restore it in kind here, or in the better treasures of heaven. If he take our good name, God will not therefore blot out our name from the Book of Life, but shall confess our name before his Father and before the angels. If by man we lose our life, by trust in God we may save it unto life eternal.

We exhort, then, to trust in God. Though war alarms, the mighty God of battles is our refuge. Let us say to him, "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee." The Christian's courage has the true basis. It is provided against all causes of fear in this world, and fitted for the unknown revelations of the world to come.

THE WHITE STONE AND NEW NAME.

BY REV. A. C. THOMPSON.

"And I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it." — *Rev. ii. 17.*

To him that overcometh there is pledged not only supplies for lasting spiritual refreshment, but also a token which is a proof of friendship, and of a right to peculiar privileges. . . . Various ancient customs might be referred to as an explanation here, but the most satisfactory appears to be this: Among the usages of hospitality it was the case that when a host and a friend contracted friendship for each other, they would take some small article appropriate to the purpose, often a stone, and breaking it in two, each would write his name on the piece he held. These pieces were then exchanged, and were called *tesserae hospitales*. They were proofs respectively of private friendship, and to a claim to the privileges of hospitality, if preserved and presented even by descendants of the parties.

Christian pilgrim! you call to mind the hour of your first successful contest with spiritual enemies, and how the one who was passing there, and who enabled you to overcome, kindly took you home with him and gave you such bread as you never tasted before. And did he not give you a white stone with a new name in it? As you look at the precious memento, does not that seem a name above every other? And when you have since presented yourself from time to time at his table, and have shown your token, has he not its counterpart, with the name you wrote when you subscribed that private compact? Does not a wayfarer come often to your door and knock, and you open the door, and he shows that well-known token; and you bid him come in, and he sups with you and you with him? Be careful of that treasure; you will one day want it still more. It will be your passport at the threshold of another world. And when at length you come to the marriage supper of the Lamb, the Master will draw near, and you must have the white stone with the new name upon it ready; and if it tallies with the one he holds, he will say, "Welcome, sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in my kingdom, and go no more out forever."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A GOOD START.

A BROTHER, in communicating his experience to us says: "I thank God that between thirty and forty years ago, when I began to serve God, I received a good start. The itinerant preachers by whom I was won to God preached a full salva-

tion. They circulated such books as 'Hester Ann Rogers,' 'The Life of Fletcher,' 'The Plain Account,' and 'The Experience of some of Mr. Wesley's Preachers.' They evidently felt the power of this important doctrine, and urged it upon the people from the pulpit and in private. My heart became at once interested in it; I became a partaker of its influence, and have not lost it up to the present time."

We happen to know well this aged friend. His youth was spent under very irreligious influences. His habits became those of an out-breaking sinner, and his passions, naturally violent, became uncontrollable. In this condition the mercy of God found him, and from all these evils the grace of God has kept him for nearly forty years in unwavering fidelity. He attributes his steadfastness to this early experience of perfect love, or, as he expresses it, "to a good start." Wesley somewhere remarks, that young converts should be taught to enter at once upon their privilege of full salvation. When this is not done, he says declensions and utter loss of piety become frequent. Let us then, beloved, urge upon all our converts this duty and privilege. They are not preoccupied, as are many older professors, with objections to it. The Spirit now helpeth them mightily. His voice is ever for a full plunge in the fountain that cleanseth. To the leprous soul coming to be healed he says, "Dip seven times and be clean." A perfect plunge and an entire cleansing is the "good start" for the young convert.

A NOTE FROM AN INVALID.

DEAR BRETHREN: Although not personally known to you, yet you seem to be an old friend, having become acquainted with you through reading the Guide, which a kind friend (Mrs. Laukford) has furnished me with for eight years.

I am an invalid, have been so for some time; it is six years since I have been permitted to go with the multitude to keep holy day, and four of that time I have been confined to my bed altogether; and during that time the Guide has been doubly precious. I long each time for it to come, that I may be refreshed by its purity and truth. Twelve years ago, next month, I was enabled through grace, and the instrumentality of the dear sister named above, to accept Jesus as my Saviour from all sin; and, blessed be God, since that time I have been enabled to *trust* and not be afraid, for I know that he is well able to keep that which I have committed to his care to the day of his coming, and through grace I can say the evidence is still clear, "He from sin doth save me now, and he will save me evermore."

Praying that you may ever be strengthened and encouraged in your work and labor of love, I remain

Yours respectfully,

B. C.

THE PEARL FOUND AT LAST.

A brother writes that after many years' Christian experience short of the prize of perfect love, he finds it at last:—

"About a year ago my attention was called more particularly to this subject by the faithful preaching of our pastor, whose arguments founded on analogy and the Word of God completely overcame my doubts, and convinced me it was my duty to be holy now.

"I immediately sought for it, and found such a world of corruption in my heart as astonished me.

"I found pride so strong as almost to forbid my confession of my condition; but I did confess, and, according to God's word, did find mercy.

"Oh, since then, in what a new light appeared the teachings of the blessed Word of God! how sweet were his promises, how lovely his character, how plain the way of duty, how delightful the path of his commandments! with what ease did I triumph over every besetting sin, how clearly did I see through the artifices of Satan! Oh, how substantial is the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Since then, how steady has been my advancement; how does the name of Jesus, by whom this great change has been wrought, increase in sweetness day by day.

"And now I am determined not to rest short of a full comprehension of the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and knowledge of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and the being filled with all the fullness of God."

THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

Br. Gorham has made arrangements to travel extensively, and to devote his whole time in special reference to extending the experience of perfect love, and to the circulation of the Guide. We invite for him the hearty co-operation of our friends. Those who may wish to enter into any special arrangement to aid him in his agency for the Guide, will please communicate with us at this office.

REVIVALS.

While a dark cloud has been hanging over the political sky of our beloved country, God in mercy has given us, in various sections, gracious outpourings of the Spirit. We judge, from a somewhat careful examination of our exchanges, which represent all parts of the country, and every evangelical denomination, that more souls have been converted during the last four months than during an equal time since the great awakening of '37 and '38. News from abroad is equally cheering. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer labor still in England, with unabated success. It is estimated, on reliable data, that during the last

two years, from eighty thousand to ninety thousand people have been received as members to the various orthodox churches of Wales. Recent accounts from Jamaica speak of a powerful work of grace there. May the unceasing prayer of the church be, O Lord, let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as in heaven.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE BIBLE IN OLDEN TIMES.

"Why, Fanny, here is your precious little Bible lying open on the floor, and some of the leaves are doubled down and soiled. My little girl must be more careful."

"O mother, I dropped it when I ran out to see that organ-grinder. I am so sorry the leaves got crumpled," she said, smoothing them out with her little fat hand. "Now I will sit down, and learn my Sabbath-school lesson directly."

"If Bibles were as few and scarce as they were only a few hundred years ago, we should be much more careful of them. No little girls had Bibles then, nor little girls' mothers, either."

"Why not, mother? Were they too poor to buy them?"

"Yes, my dear, and Bibles were too high-priced. It would have taken all the wages of a laboring man for fifteen years to buy one, leaving him nothing for food and clothing. Only the very richest people could afford to own one; and when a present of one was made to a church, it was such a great occasion, that many witnesses were called together, and the highest honors paid to the one who gave it. Perhaps the only Bible in a large town would be the one at the church; and that was always kept carefully chained to the great stone pillars. Only on church days could the poor people hear it read to them, and learn the way to heaven. Oh, how eagerly they crowded around the minister, and how closely they listened, that they might not lose a single word! Then they thought of it and talked it over among themselves, until I am not sure but many were more familiar with the Holy Book than most of those in our day who have the book in their own possession."

"It seems strange that Bibles should be so scarce. They are so plenty with us."

"The art of printing was not known then, and all books had to be written out with a pen. Think what a long time it would take to write out the whole Bible, as carefully as it was required. There must not be a single point or letter wrong in it, nor a single word crossed out."

"How it would surprise any one who lived in those days," said Fanny, "to come back to this world, and go all through the 'Bible House,' as

we did last summer, and see such great rooms filled with piles upon piles of beautiful Bibles!"

"We can never be thankful enough, my dear, that the Bible is placed within the reach of almost every one now. But we must also remember that our responsibility to read and study it is also greatly increased."

Sunday Sch. Banner.

CHILD'S HYMN.

"I am thine, save me."—*Psalms xcix. 94.*

DEAR Saviour, when my lips were sealed
In silence of mute infancy,
And only cries my wants revealed,
My parents gave me up to thee.
Thus I am thine; save me, I pray.

And when in childhood's early dawn,
My life was opening like a flower,
Their prayers for me were heavenward borne
With holy, consecrating power.
Lord, I am thine; save me, I pray.

And now, that from thy Holy Word
I learn thy goodness and thy love;
I do desire to love thee, Lord,
Oh! draw my heart to thee, above,
And keep me thine; save me, I pray.

While still this promise is for me,
That they who early seek shall find,
I do yield up my all to thee,—
Myself in thy sweet service bind;
For ever thine; save me, I pray.

Tract Journ.

BOOK NOTICES.

DAISY DEANE. BY C. E. K., AUTHOR OF "GRACE HALE," "OUR FATHER'S HOUSE," ETC. Boston. Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill.

The story of little Daisy is told in a style characterized by good taste and simplicity. It is full of evangelical truth, presented in a form to deeply interest and impress the mind. It cannot fail to be very popular with the young people, and, what is still better, quite profitable.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER, by the author of "Capt. Russell," "Watchword," etc., is from the same publishing house.

Those who have read "Capt. Russell's Watchword," etc., will need no further recommendation than to know that this new volume is from the same gifted pen. We know of some young folks who have been inquiring, for some time, for more books like that popular work, and they, as well as others of like taste—and we presume they are many—may now be gratified. We think it will be considered equal to any of its predecessors.

THE
GUIDE
TO
HOLINESS.

EDITORS:
REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

VOLUME XL.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY H. V. DEGEN & SON,
NO. 21 CORNHILL.
1861.

GEO. C. RAND & AVERY, 3 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

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THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

THE GOSPEL IS GOD'S POWER.

A SERMON BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. i. 16.

THE strength of this text, as I propose now to consider it, is in the statement that the gospel is *the power of God*. All power is of God. Muscular energy in man is an endowment from God. The powers of thought and reason are from him. All the great forces of nature; gravitation, wind, fire, water, light, steam, electricity, etc., exhibit forms of the power of God, and I understand the text to place the gospel in this list, and to assert that it is a method by which the divine power expresses or exhibits itself.

Now man always looks for the power of God to carry forward his enterprises. It is but little he proposes to do by the mere might of his own arm; and just in proportion as he becomes improved, enlightened, and elevated, does he come to depend more and more on the various forms of the power of God revealed in nature, and less and less upon his own unaided strength. Indeed, the degree of elevation attained by each nation under heaven is exactly indicated by the measure in which mere human power is supplemented or displaced by the power of God in the labors of its people.

But let us keep the idea in its simplest form, before the mind. In all the toils

of life there is an immeasurable stretch between what we do and the result at which we aim. A farmer drops five grains of corn in the earth, and what of it? Why, he expects the power of God to do the rest, and he is not disappointed of his sixty fold in harvest-time.

By availing themselves of the power of God as exhibited in a neighboring waterfall, a few men in a few months have stripped the mountain bare, and shred its great oaks into very ribbons. How little of all this did the men themselves do. A few strokes of the axe near the root of each tree, and gravitation brought it thundering to the ground. Brought to the neighboring bluff, gravitation threw it into the stream, which in turn bore it to the mill. Thence a power drew it to the saw, which, propelled by the power of God, ran through and through it till its identity was lost, and its original mass divided into shapes and sizes convenient for the use of man. Thus the mountain was made bare, and the forest was converted, and who did it? 'Twas man, made mighty by the power of God.

How little and simple is the thing you do, in taking a journey. Seating yourself in a car, you sit conversing, or reading, or meditating, or perhaps you recline in sleep. You tax no muscle for the promotion of your own velocity. Your only care is to preserve the proper re-

lation to the power that draws you on. Away you fly, many miles an hour, and in a little time are at your journey's end in a distant land. Now see how vast is the disproportion between what you have done and the result attained. You did a very little thing. One of the great forces of nature, that is, one of the forms of the power of God, wrought all the rest. So it is; whatever necessity presses upon man he is immediately reminded of some super-human power of which he must avail himself, and which he must appropriate and employ, as if it were his own.

The great want of man is salvation, and here the gracious proclamation meets him,—*the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth*. Here, as every where else, the act by which I avail myself of the power of God is a very simple and a very little thing as compared with the result I seek. I seek pardon. I seek a change of heart. I seek to become a child of God, and to gain an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. My simple acts of penitence, and prayer, and faith, must fall infinitely short of all this, and can hardly be accounted a progress toward it; yet are they the appointed means by which I am to lay hold on strength and avail myself, in my helplessness, of the power of God.

Every power is adapted to a *given class of results*. Gravitation will hold the spheres in their orbits, but will not make grain grow. Light will dispel darkness but will not drive a water-wheel. Steam will propel machinery, but will not enlighten a dark street. The wind will propel a ship, or drive a wind-mill, or fan a flame, but will not convey a telegram. Electricity will convey a telegram, but will not drive a wind-mill, nor a water-wheel, and so of all the rest. Every power has its legitimate and proper method of expressing itself; its own class of objects upon which to ex-

pend its force, beyond which it is no power at all. So it is with the gospel; it is mighty; I might perhaps say it is *almighty* within its proper scope, but beyond that it is not wise nor safe to trust it as a power. When the gospel comes there will doubtless follow in due time a better state of society,—physical wealth, improvement in political economy, higher education of the masses, and all that,—but still these are rather the incidents of the operation of gospel principles than the direct immediate results at which it aims. The gospel is the power of God *unto salvation*, just as gravitation, and light, and steam, and electricity are the power of God *unto* the results respectively which they severally produce. Let no man come to the gospel for mere entertainment, or philosophy, or wealth, or honor, or worldly wisdom: but let every man come to it for salvation,—salvation from sin, salvation by faith, salvation now, salvation complete, salvation for ever,—and let him remember that, in coming to the gospel for salvation, he comes just when it is God's method to let eternal power right down upon the seeking soul. This is the view for a poor penitent to take of the gospel. This is the view for every Christian laborer to take, and this is the view for every minister to take while preaching the word. Is he now, from his lips and from his heart, sending forth the gospel among the people? Then let his faith realize that the awful power of God is among the people, and that his success is not to depend upon his own logic, or eloquence, or vehemence, but upon the power of God, the Holy Ghost, who worketh with and through the word which himself has inspired.

I next remark that there is always a given method by which men are to avail themselves of any one of the great forces of nature. The force itself may exist, but it will accomplish nothing for you until there is a connection properly instituted between it and the object on which

it is to act. There is many a tiny stream in the land whose waters are so husbanded and used as to accomplish wonders; while Niagara thunders on from age to age, but turns no spindle. A few tons of fuel will suffice to keep a factory running for a week, turning out many thousands of yards of fabrics, but the mighty fires of Vesuvius burn idly on, working no good for man. Whatever may be the amount of power existing any where, it will do nothing for you till you shall have instituted the proper connection with it. A while ago I left Scranton, Pa., one morning in the cars. I took my seat in the forward car, and we started off. Immediately there was an outcry, and several persons, including the conductor, rushed to the rear door of the car. The bell was rung, and the train stopped and backed. What was the matter? Why, there at the depot was a car full of passengers who had been left behind, and who were much excited and alarmed at seeing the train move off without them. How did that happen? Simply because their car was not *hitched on* to the power. It stood in the right place, it even touched the train when it started, but it was not *hitched on*. Just so in the matter of salvation. Do you not remember how Christ once suddenly stopped in the way, when going to heal the ruler's daughter, with the exclamation, "Who touched me?" Peter and the rest said, "Master, the multitude thronged thee and press thee, and sayest thou Who touched me? And Jesus said, Some body hath touched me, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." The truth was, a poor woman, diseased and feeble, and ready to die, had come, in the press behind him, and laid hold of the border of his garment. For she said within herself, if I may but touch the border of his garment, I shall be whole. Now there you have the same principle in its spiritual aspect. Of all the multitude that thronged and pressed

the Saviour, not one appears to have received any spiritual blessing from the contact except this one woman, whose special faith in Jesus constituted the connecting link between her poor body and the world's Redeemer. The power was all there, but she alone received it, though it was equally available for soul or body in every other case. She alone was cured, for she alone *hitched on* to the power.

What multitudes in all our churches are like those that pressed and thronged the Son of God that day. They are in God's house. They throng holy places. They are much about the altar. More than all, they are *sincere*. They mean well. They are Christians in theory, and according to their light, in experience and practice also; but they lack the faith that brings the power; the mighty power of God *just now* upon their souls, in running, healing, cleansing grace. Only let this faith be exercised, even by the comparatively few in the churches who are the more devout; who, to some extent, hunger and thirst after righteousness, and we should witness wonderful displays of the power of God on every hand. There is power enough in the gospel to save the world to-day. But the difficulty is, the condition is not met; the connection is not instituted. Hear it, you *unbelieving believers*, you *baptized doubters* of your Lord's great power! The gospel is the power of God unto salvation to *every one that believeth*.

I wish next to remind you that the act by which you avail yourself of power is usually a very simple one. Do you see that long heavy train standing on the track? Now look at the engineer and see him put the power on that is to start it off at a high speed for the next station. Grasping a certain lever, he simply draws it toward him two or three inches, and away the train flies with its hundreds of passengers or tons of merchandise. See how the farmer, by the

simple act of casting forth his seed at the proper time, engages the forces of nature to work for him through all the season. See the mariner hoist his sail in the faith that the winds will propel him on his voyage. In all these cases, man goes, by a very simple act, out of himself, directly to the power of God. Just so, in seeking salvation. Man must do some simple thing that shall bring the power of God down upon his soul. The farmer must not try to manufacture corn, the sailor must not attempt to propel his own ship, nor the engineer to push his train; so man must not seek to save himself, but must hasten, by doing that simple thing, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," to secure the proper connection between the power of God and his needy spirit. Multitudes stumble at the simplicity of faith, — stumble at the idea that an act on which so much depends, should be declared to be so simple and so easy. They do not seem to see that that is just in keeping with the methods by which men lay hold on power every where. The appropriating act is always exceedingly simple, and, that it is so in the gospel, is an incidental proof that the gospel is of God, while it is an indication of great mercy on the part of God in bringing the provisions of salvation down to the humblest capacity. If the conditions of salvation had been rendered less simple, more complex and difficult, they had, by that very means, been placed beyond the reach of many. As it is, a child can believe and be saved.

But there is another view to be taken of this whole matter. Doubtless, all the forms of power which God has ever instituted are beneficent in their intention and adaptation; but *a power is a power*, and whether it will work for you or against you, depends on the relation — the position, so to speak, — which you assume with regard to it. That mill you built will cut up a log for you, and then, if you get in the wrong place, it will

cut you up too. The cars will carry you across the country with wonderful velocity, provided you are in your place; but all that power is a power to crush you if you get before the engine. Just so of the gospel. "We are unto God a sweet savor of Christ in them that are saved and in them that perish. To the one we are a savor of life unto life, and to the other a savor of death unto death." The gospel is a most beneficent power. It is adapted to bless you and to save you, but if you will resist it and oppose it, it will prove a savor of death unto death in your case. Not that the law is sin. Not that the economy of salvation is at fault at any point. But sin, that it might appear sin, — might demonstrate its terrible character, — works death in you by that which is good. Sin holds you in such a false and unnatural position to the gospel that its power acts disastrously instead of savingly upon you. These destructive effects of the gospel upon one who receives its light only to resist and oppose it, are fearful to contemplate. The man who has been elevated to heaven in point of privilege is the one emphatically, who, if he believe not, shall be thrust down to hell. Who are they that attain early and terrible hardihood in sin? They are often the children of praying parents, and sometimes of ministers of the gospel. They have received the light but to resist it. They have rejected the counsel of God against themselves, and have made the gospel a savor of death unto death.

Among the most hardened and reckless men, it is not uncommon to find those who have once known the way of life. Some of them have made considerable progress in it. But they have departed from the holy commandment delivered unto them. They have gone away backward, and now they revile and blaspheme that holy name wherewith they were called. Some of them have gone so far that they count the blood of the covenant

wherewith they were sanctified an unholy thing, and to do despite to the spirit of grace. It is a fearful thing to receive the grace of God in vain, — to resist and oppose the gospel.

In conclusion, I wish to offer two observations: —

1. Rely upon the gospel to save you. Look for power over sin, the flesh, and Satan, in Jesus, and in him alone. You can not save yourself. Mere strength of mind, whatever yours may be, will be found no protection against the power of sin. The current will carry a large vessel down stream just as certainly and just as rapidly as it will a small one. Your sufficiency, your only hope, is in Christ. You will never find the full power of Christ to save till first you sink to utter self-despair. Satan has only yourself to contend with, so long as you stand in your own strength, and he will easily conquer you; but when you fly to Christ, and simply look for salvation through him, he becomes your hiding-place and your strong tower, and your enemy finds himself confronted with Jesus, when before he only met a feeble man.

2. The other remark is, that you are in no danger of expecting too much of the gospel. It is indeed possible that you should look for a class of results from the gospel which it does not intend to accomplish; but it is always the power of God unto salvation. When a new power is discovered, men are wont to inquire what it can be made to do for them, and the men of thought are all astir in every place on the question, what other burdens can we bind on the shoulders of the new-comer? nor do they rest till they have found the limit of his powers. Would God, the children of light would imitate this example. Hear the Saviour's proclamation, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it *more abundantly*." Oh, for an ambition to prove the power of the gospel, — the

power of God in the purifying and refining processes of grace. What meager attainments suffice, as the standard in the church. How little ambition is there to prove the uttermost salvation, and to be filled with all the fullness of God. Let us, my brethren, go again and again to the fountain, till our souls are washed from every stain, and swallowed up in God.

I MUST PRAY IN SECRET.

I MUST pray in secret, for if I sin by neglecting my closet, I shall soon be left to other sins. Declension, inconsistency, formality, backsliding, all begin in the closet, in the neglect of secret prayer. "Away from God's presence," he will "take his Holy Spirit from us." Going away from him, neglecting communion with him, he will leave us. And left of him, spiritual darkness, if not spiritual death, will be upon us. Neglect the closet, and next the family altar will be neglected, and then the circle of social prayer, and then the Bible, and then perhaps the sanctuary, and all the means of grace. Neglect the closet, and you know not where or how far you may wander; you know not when, if ever, you will return. Neglect the closet, and soon you will abandon it; abandon it, and soon you will be left of God to dark if not to damning sin, — perhaps to endless ruin.

I must, then, pray in secret; statedly, frequently, earnestly. God enjoins it. My enjoyment, and my individual and peculiar necessities, demand it. I must do it that I may grow in grace, — may not decline in spirituality, — may not wander from God. To pray in secret! It is a solemn duty, a glorious and blessed privilege, thus to hold converse with the Most High; as a child with a father, as a friend with a friend, thus to commune with him, and breathe his spirit, and receive his impress, his image upon my

heart. Oh, may I ever prize, may I ever improve it. By divine grace I will, God's grace, God's Spirit, assisting me, I will pray in secret. Daily and faithfully will I do it till, from prayer on earth, I am raised to praise in heaven.

A LIFE OF PURITY.

It is a glorious thought that God and angels are pure. They have always been so, and doubtless will always be. They live a life of purity. They are without any stain of sin; always been, always will be. But we are sinful; we are sinners also; we are vile, oh how unholy, how impure. Yet even for us there is a purifying fountain in which we may wash and be clean. It is opened in the bleeding side of Jesus. Here we may wash away our sins and be made pure. If one sin can be washed away so can all. If one stain of depravity can be wiped out, so can all. There is power in the blood of our blessed Saviour not only to purify us from one but from all our sins. Hallelujah! If it possess this power, are there not some who have felt its glorious effects? Yea, thousands, many thousands. May we feel its power? Yea. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." What then is the result of this purification? Is it not this, namely, to make the life pure? If the tree be good, so will the fruit. "If the root be holy, so are the branches." If the heart be pure, so will the life. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." That is, the life is the index of the heart. The wheels within the clock move the hands around to the figures upon the face without. The hands possess no power to move themselves; they must be impelled by the machinery within. If this then be perfect in its arrangement, the outward index will be reliable, never false. Thus, and thus only, can we live a life of pu-

rity, by bringing our hearts to this test and holding them to this standard of gospel purity. Then how naturally and beautifully will a life of purity manifest itself. It will be the sweet and healthful outgoings of a pure and living fountain having its source among the "everlasting hills" of purity; yea, far up the glorious mountain of holiness, fed by the constant "showers of blessing." It will be the blooming and life-blessed fruitage of the trees of righteousness "flourishing in the courts of our God."

To this life of purity every believer is called. To it he is prompted by the Holy Spirit. To it every one will be sweetly brought if they will but follow the promptings of the blessed Spirit; for he not only prompts, but he also graciously assists. "He helpeth our infirmities." Shall we not then, dear brothers and sisters, follow these promptings and "enter into [this] life" of purity?

What glorious considerations are suggested as incentives for us to press into this pathway "where there is no death." It was the life our blessed Saviour lived, and oh, how much we should covet to be like him. It is such a life as we shall live in heaven. And oh, shall we not try to live on earth as in heaven? There will be no special honor attached to living a life of purity in heaven, for there every surrounding will be favorable to it. But how distinguished the honor of living a life of purity here amid these surroundings of sin, and temptation, and sorrow! Such a life is one of peace and serene joy, of holy communings with God, of victorious, all-conquering faith, of indwelling divinity.

CHRIST A GUEST.—If thou desirest Christ for a perpetual guest, give him all the keys of thine heart; let not one cabinet be locked up from him; give him the range of every room, and the key of every chamber; thus you will constrain him to remain.—*Spurgeon*.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY A. R. H.

THE blessed Spirit is bestowed in answer to prayer. God says, in reference to the rising glory of the church, "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Hear how he calls upon his people thus to seek and secure his blessing: "Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." In perfect harmony with the Bible is the unbroken testimony from history. What interest is thrown around that upper chamber where the hundred and twenty met on the day of Pentecost! And when, I ask, and where has the Spirit been ever copiously shed forth but in answer to fervent entreaty? And how abundant and striking have been the answers to prayer, when the church has felt her impotency, and grasped by faith the divine promises; how often have the blessings gone beyond even her largest expectations, so that she stood still and witnessed the salvation of God with mingled gratitude, humility, and wonder. When and where have showers of heavenly influence descended when the brotherhood, as a body, were immersed in secular and selfish concerns, and heartless in their supplications? And what surer presage of the sweeping victories of the Spirit have you ever desired than a general sentiment of regard for Christ, and solicitude for souls, and a general spirit of agonizing intercession? And with what courage and comfort in such connection have you entered the field as laborers together with God. To secure then, this gift,—the baptism of the Holy Spirit,—we must pray, and plead, and wrestle. A few cold, formal, heartless prostrations of the body and utterances of the lips will never accomplish it. We must pray, not intermittingly, but "without ceasing." The prayer we offer must

be prayer indeed, the breathing of the soul, the full beating of the heart. It must be uncommon, persevering, believing, ardent, importunate. In a word, it must be the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous. But more, we must make an extraordinary, unreserved consecration of our souls to Christ. It can scarcely be questioned that this was done by the apostles repeatedly during those ten days in which they were waiting "for the promise of the Father." We must earnestly and believingly give ourselves up to the Lord, renounce our own imaginary right, throw off the despotic yoke of sin, come fully out from the world, and prostrate our hearts, and souls, and bodies at the cross.

"Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole."

This act of consecration must be entire and for ever. No reservation, no half-heartedness; not the assumption of the form only, but the power; not only the blessings but the crosses also. "For God abhors the sacrifice unless the heart be given." It is only thus you can know what is meant by the riches of full assurance. And let not the worldly professor think he can grasp the world and fill his heart with it, and at the same time have these ravishing joys. Oh, no! it is a vain hope. Let go your hold of the world; tread it under your feet; empty your heart, and bid the Holy Spirit welcome; and do it for eternity. Do you wish such a happiness? Wish it! how can you not? Can it be possible that there is one blood-washed soul that does not wish,—yea, long to experience this "joy unspeakable and full of glory"? What! a Christian, and yet content to live so far from Christ? a Christian, and yet no ardent desire to have the Spirit come thus to dwell without a trial in your heart? It cannot be! You are deceiving yourself. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

Let the spirit of extraordinary prayer and entire consecration pervade the hearts of Christians generally, and soon, very soon, will copious showers of Divine influence descend on all our churches, al-
laying at once all unhallowed passions and prejudices, introducing everywhere the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and quickening into life and vigor a thousand sacred charities to bless the world and bring honor to the redeemer. Then, how immensely important that you and I, and every Christian, should enjoy a baptism from above! Without it, it is in vain for us to attempt to bring dying sinners to Christ. O! seek an extraordinary baptism! look for a mighty outpouring! the Spirit is now descending. We feel that he is near. Others feel it.

"A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood!
Oh! sweep the nations, — shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God."

Pittsburg Chr. Advocate.

WORDS WITHOUT WORKS.

"THY will be done." — On bended knee
We daily urge the solemn plea;
We breathe the words; yet oft, alas!
Like idly-uttered tones they pass;
For fancy's dreamings throng around,
Till in the heart no place is found,
To strive by actions to fulfill
The precepts of God's holy will.

"Go, teach all nations." — So we read,
For aid those scattered sheep to feed
The Church entreats. We turn aside: —
The soul for whom our Saviour died,
We leave to perish; day by day
They pass untaught from earth away:
And yet we pray that all fulfill
The precepts of God's holy will.

"Thy will be done." — Each eve and morn
Still be that wafted prayer upborne!
But not in words alone. Ah, no!
He who would true devotion show,
Must learn to act as well as speak,
Nor rest till all be taught to seek,
In Christian meekness, to fulfill
The precepts of God's holy will.

Juvenile Miss. Magazine.

[Original.]

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

BY E. R. (OXFORD, ENGLAND.)

WHAT! watchman of the night?
Speak heav'nly sentinel, that guard'st the bed
Of those, on whom the holy oil is shed,
In thy celestial might!

What! watchman of the night!
Who in still hour, starts up from fitful sleep?
Who, in still hour, doth holy vigil keep,
Until the dawn of light?

Full many a patient brow,
Pining, beneath the throbbing touch of pain,
Pale, weary eyes that sue for rest in vain,
Are conscious, wakeful, now!

And many a patient mind,
Bound in the chain of drear affliction's thrall;
Hearts, that the folds of deathly sorrows pall,
Doth ever more enwind!

And souls, sore tempest-tossed,
Struggling against the fierce temptation's power,
Whelmed in the gloom of Satan's darkest hour,
While all but faith is lost!

Flower of God's chivalry!
Chosen to fight, while weaker spirits rest;
Called the dense legions of the foe to breast,
With fearless arm and eye.

Priests, meet for Deity!
Pealing from silence, sacerdotal lays;
Cleaving night's stillness with the choral praise
Of their high minstrelsy!

O! brother, sister — saint!
O! pensive partners of the tear and sigh!
O! fellow-heirs of the sweet home on high!
Swell into song your plaint!

For unto you 'tis given
To raise th' exultant tones of spirit-birth,
And join in choir the sorrowing strains of earth,
The sorrowless of heaven.

Above yon starlit hight,
Voices from out the shining seraph throng
Are blent harmonious with that grief-born song,
"They rest not, day and night."

"Say, Children of the light!"
Your Master calls, "can ye too swell the train
Of ministrants within my temple's fane?
They rest not day and night!"

Amen! so be it, Lord!
From our sad couch we list the heavenly chime,
To that dread cadence, our low moan we rhyme;
At thine own challenge-word.

Amen! the anthems soar;
Chorded, the voices pure, the cleansed by blood:
O Lamb, O! holy, holy, holy God!
We worship and adore!

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

Grimsby, March 25, 1861.

DEAREST S.: Your last was received when we were at Rochdale. During our visit there, the Lord began to work in power, and the names of 550 persons were registered as having received either pardon, or the witness of purity.

What would our American friends say to persons walking thirty-two miles in order to attend a Sabbath service. The English people are generally better walkers than we. They often come from five to ten miles, — but I was really surprised to find a company, on Sabbath evening who had walked sixteen miles, and were intending to return the same evening. This reminds me of an interesting little reminiscence of our labor in Scotland. A little company not enjoying religion, came from a place twelve miles distant. They came forward as earnest seekers, and soon found the Lord.

A wealthy gentlemen belonging to the Church of England was among our most earnest, influential helpers in Glasgow, and those who came so far seeking the Lord resided near his country mansion. On going out in the summer, he found these converts steadfast, and others added to them, and the cause sufficiently promising to suggest the propriety of a church edifice, and he headed the subscription with one hundred pounds, and proffered the support of a Wesleyan Missionary, — the matter was soon taken in hand, and I presume by this time they have their chapel reared. How well this company were repaid for their long walk.

The same gentleman also proposed to lead a class every Thursday at noon for those of the Established Church who were converted during the revival services we were engaged in at Glasgow, and did not intend leaving his own church.

Much the same was done after we had finished at Leamington.

The ladies of Leamington, irrespective of denomination, presented me with a beautiful Bible, with the inscription, "From the Ladies of Leamington." We often are cheered with manifestations of interest somewhat similar from other denominations, but we would not wish you to think that we are pushing the battle to the gate, without any sort of conflict or trial. This we found to be the case at Poole. After it was found that we would positively leave, and in fact, ceased to labor for one day, Mr. Brewer, the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, &c. was waited upon, and the case stated, when he threw up not only his offices in the church, but his membership. After this God permitted his Israel to go out in wondrous power against their enemies. Although the Wesleyans had a large church before, they have been compelled to enlarge it, so they have had a sort of reopening and are now prepared to seat about three hundred persons more than previously. But I will not tell you what trials I endured in my *own feelings* at the time, and since, in connection with these matters. I fear that in no Christian denomination has the god Bacchus been as utterly denounced *as he should be*.

This god Bacchus usurps a far more extensive and deadly sway in England, than in America; thousands are being sacrificed yearly on his shrine. If the professed children of this world were the only victims, it were far less sad, but from the clergyman, down to the lowest classes of society, its devastations are ever to be seen. And the minister of any denomination who would come out openly, and denounce the use of spirituous liquors, would hazard his reputation seriously. Thanks be to God that we have been enabled, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, to denounce this sin fearlessly, and glorious have been the results. If we had not had some conflict, we could not have had conquests; and blessed be God, our conquests have been so great that

I might write a volume, and not exhaust the theme.

Two weeks ago we commenced our labors here. A large concourse is in attendance every evening. Last night the crowd was dense, the communion-rail and aisles filled, and not less than seventy seekers. Many received pardon,—others purity of heart. I have not heard the secretary's report, but the work here quite exceeds that of Rochdale, or anything we have witnessed for some time. The communion-rail, which holds about forty persons, is generally filled each afternoon with those persons, many of whom come from many miles distant, seeking purity. I think not less than twenty received the witness of holiness at a meeting two or three afternoons since. Oh, what a glorious outpouring of the Spirit we had, while with one accord we were pleading the promised gift. In the evening we not only had the altar crowded with seekers, but several class-rooms,—they are now having resort to the school-room. The prayer meetings go on simultaneously, and many are blest in both places. Everything around us calls forth adoring gratitude. I lift my eyes from my little sheet, and a paradise opens before me,—a rich lawn variegated by beautiful flowers in bloom, and trees of various kinds, hastening to clothe themselves in richest verdure.

[From Loughborough Monitor (England), of Apr. 18.]

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of whose religious labors some account was given last week, continue to attract as large congregations as ever to Leicester Road Chapel. On Sunday last the chapel was so densely crowded, that forms had to be placed along the aisles for the accommodation of those who thronged to hear. Every night, the places set apart for inquiries, called by Dr. Palmer "the altar of prayer," were crowded, and between two

and three hundred persons have given in their names already. Many of these were previously members of the Wesleyan or other churches, and came forward to obtain a clear knowledge of their acceptance with God, or to get a higher degree of holiness. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are evidently very happy Christians, and they profess and preach, as the privilege of all believers, "a full salvation." The two peculiar doctrines of Methodism, the preaching of which were the chief cause of its persecutions and the means of its success, are the witness of the Spirit and entire sanctification. These blessings are prominently set forth in their addresses, and all are encouraged to expect them. Some have thought that these doctrines of early Methodism were on the decline, and were being allowed quietly to sink into the grave of silence, like the decrees of hyper-Calvinism, and the thirty-nine articles with some, being only occasionally referred to except at a ministerial synod, or an ordination service. These doctrines, however, can hardly fall into neglect while every ministerial candidate is required to state that he is living in the enjoyment of the former blessing, and that he is seeking after the latter. Comparatively few, however, of ministers or people, profess to enjoy the high state of holiness laid down in their standard theological writings. The clearness and confidence with which Dr. and Mrs. Palmer speak of this high and happy religious state, the anecdotes related of persons who have attained it, and their tender and winning style of address, induce many to seek the same blessing. Every night, substantially the same invitation is given, and the sinner is invited to repent, the backslider to return home, and the believer to enter on the path of a higher spiritual life. Soon after this, many are seen bowed at the altar of prayer. There is evidently no respect of persons there,—the man of gray hairs kneels beside the very young

in years; those who have hurried from the factory, mingle with those who have come from the drawing-room. The same sense of inward spiritual need draws them all around the same Saviour for spiritual health and peace. Meetings for prayer are held at midday, from one to two o'clock, instead of those at three o'clock. This time is found to be more convenient and many attend. Many written requests have been sent forward and read by Dr. Palmer at these meetings, asking the prayers of the congregation for an aged parent, an intemperate husband, a dissolute son, etc., and in some instances the congregation is desired to unite in thanksgiving for the conversion of some one or other, who a few days before had been made the subject of united prayer. Persons are encouraged to single out some friend or acquaintance to be made the object of special prayer and urgent invitation. One interesting case of this sort was that of a man who had not attended a place of worship for years, but who on being made the subject of prayer and invitation was brought the same evening to the chapel, and professed to find peace with God. On Tuesday evening the ministers of the chapel held a short open-air service on the Nottingham Road. On Sunday collections were made for the framework-knitters of Loughborough, and for the Famine in India; the sum of £4 was collected in the afternoon for the former object; and in the evening £6 8s. for the latter. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are expected to continue over next Sunday.

IT IS THE CROSS.—It is the cross that tells us most of the evil of sin; for it shows us the Son of God punished for our sin.

It is the cross that tells us of the free grace of God to sinners; for it shows us that rather than let us die, God gave his Son to die for us.

[Original.]

"AN ISRAELITE INDEED."

BY B.

AN image rises up before my mind this moment, which, if I were an artist, I would attempt to paint. It is the countenance of an old friend, a brother beloved, in whose company I have spent many happy moments. His name was Joseph; but those who were most intimately acquainted with him, were in the habit of familiarly calling him Joe. He was not wealthy, yet his temperance, frugality, and industry had placed him in very comfortable circumstances. He was not learned, having barely sufficient education to read his well-conned Bible and hymn book. He did not possess a high order of intellect, yet was nevertheless endowed with good common sense. He was no flatterer, seldom praising any man before his face; and the severity of his morality, and his fidelity in reproving sin wherever he encountered it, made him "a terror to evil-doers"; and yet, by saint and sinner, he was almost universally respected and beloved. There was a divine simplicity about him, a transparency and uprightness of character, which required only to be perceived to be admired. In 1854, I was appointed to the circuit on which he lived; and he was one of the first persons with whom I became acquainted. The circuit had suffered a long spiritual dearth, it had been the scene of agitation and division in other days, from which, unhappily, it had never fully recovered. The love of many had waxed cold; some had yielded to discouragements, succumbed to adverse influences, and turned their backs on the cause of God; so that, when I arrived, I found the societies virtually disorganized. But in the midst of these trying circumstances, Joe had held on "the even tenor of his way." He had kept a conscience void of offence, maintained a consistent Christian conversation, and by his testimony to the

goodness of God, and the sufficiency of his grace, he was "a light shining in a dark place." He lived up to the full measure of his light; his path grew brighter and brighter, and approximated nearer and nearer to "the perfect day." Of his pardon, adoption, and regeneration, he had no doubt. He was reconciled to God. "The Spirit itself" bore "witness" with his spirit that he was a child of God, with a distinctness which enabled him (although a man of extreme modesty and tenderness of conscience) to speak with a confidence which generally carried conviction to the minds of those that heard him. Still, Joe was a stranger to full salvation. Although for thirty years a Methodist, this precious scriptural doctrine had never been fairly presented to his mind; or at least not in such a manner as to enable him to comprehend it. He had often heard it alluded to in sermons, but I think he told me he had never heard a single discourse specifically devoted to that subject. When he had heard it discussed, it had been presented in a dogmatic and controversial form, and treated in a loose and fragmentary manner. The way to the attainment of this grace (the point upon which above all others he was anxious to be instructed) had never been pointed out in such a manner as to give him a clear perception of it. And though for years he had been travelling on the very borders of

"A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
Where dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest,"

Yet all the while he labored under the delusion that it was a great way off. He deemed Christian perfection a state so high, that it was almost presumption in him to attempt to aspire to its possession; and one which, if it were ever reached by him, it could only be after a long and arduous struggle.

The first Sabbath after my arrival on my new circuit, Joe was my chariteer; he was one of the stewards of the circuit, and felt himself under obligation to see that the work was supplied; and being always ready for every good work, he kindly volunteered to take me to my appointments. The conversation, by the way, turned upon the privileges of the believer; no subject could be more congenial to his feelings, and he eagerly drank in every word that was said. The text at one of the appointments was Psa. cxix. 94, "*I am thine, save me.*" The sermon was simple, almost conversational in style; the successive steps in the process by which the soul reaches that point where it can say, sincerely and truthfully, "*I am thine,*" and the certainty of the prayer for salvation, even in its full and perfect sense, being answered upon the simple condition of faith in Christ, (the exercise of which would be natural and easy when this point was reached,) were pointed out. The Holy Spirit was eminently present. God condescended to fill the trumpet with his own breath: and as I proceeded in the discourse, I could not help noticing the countenance of my friend. It was evident that each successive step was promptly and decidedly taken, as soon as it was presented to his mind; and when the appeal was made, "Will he not, DOES he not NOW save?" there was the audible response, "Glory to Jesus, he does save." In that moment the work was accomplished; the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed him from all sin; and the Holy Spirit testified as clearly to his entire sanctification, as he had previously done to his justification.

Consistent as Joe's life had previously been, it was marked by a higher order of consistency from that hour. There was a symmetry, a grace, a moral beauty which adorned his character afterward, which had never been there before. He was conscious of the great change which had taken place in himself, and it did not

escape the observation of those who were most intimately acquainted with him. There was the same stern and inflexible devotion to the right, the pure, and the good; but it was marked by a freedom and joyousness which showed that the last vestige of the spirit of bondage had departed, and that the idea of duty was swallowed up in that of privilege. The yoke was no longer felt, the service of the Lord was perfect freedom. He still retained the same implacable hatred to sin, which had long been a prominent feature in his character; but it was accompanied by a far more tender and ardent affection for the sinner; and though he never missed an opportunity to reprove sin, his reproofs were characterized by a gentleness and tenderness which added immeasurably to their weight and effect.

Soon after this gracious work was wrought in Joe's heart, an extensive revival took place in the neighborhood; and eternity alone will disclose how far his example, his conversation, his prayers, and his faith, contributed toward sustaining and carrying forward that blessed work. Every minister knows how important it is to have among his hearers a living illustration of the doctrines which he teaches, and on the other hand, how chilling and discouraging it is to dwell upon the great experimental verities of our holy religion, especially to describe the more advanced phases of religious experience, or to delineate the more mature forms of the spiritual life and character, while he is haunted with the idea that there is not one to whom he can point, whose experience and character harmonize with the idea which he feels it his duty to hold up before the people. In Joe, his pastor had always a living embodiment of the truths embraced in his teaching upon these points. And in addition to the silent testimony of his holy example, he never failed in the love-feast, or the class-meeting, to testify to the praise of the glory of the grace of God, "that the blood of Jesus

Christ his Son cleansed him from all sin." And each week developed some new phase of the inner life, showing that his piety was not stagnant, but that he was constantly "growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In seasons of comparative reaction and declension after the excitement of revival, his presence and influence in this respect were invaluable. Though he was "kept in perfect peace," and "rejoiced evermore," Joe was not without his seasons of "heaviness through manifold temptations;" and there were times when in the absence of sensible enjoyment he was left to walk wholly by faith. It was at those seasons especially that the grace of God was magnified in him. With what simplicity and unwavering confidence would he return to first principles, repeating the words which had constituted his passport into the rest from inbred sin: "*I am thine, save me;*" and with what a firm grasp would his faith lay hold on Christ while he added, "*Thou wilt, thou dost save me.*" No wonder that each successive trial left him stronger and happier than it found him. Pure, simple, upright, and joyous soul! When shall the church be composed of such? Lord, hasten the day.

Canada West, April, 1861.

"THE SECRET PROVIDENCE."

"His ways are past finding out."

OH, grieve thee not, because thou canst not see
The path of him that treads in mystery;
Nor think it strange that thine, a mortal's gaze,
May not, undazzled, look on noontide blaze.

For e'en the spirits pure, who work his will,
And high intents of providence fulfil,
Perform his task, though oft they cannot know
How future gladness springs from present woe.

Around his throne they stand in bright array;
Children of light and everlasting day,
All winged, his high and sovereign will to bear
Throughout his vast domains of earth and air.

IT IS HIS WILL, — and though the glorious end
Be too remote for them to comprehend,
They pause not, knowing that that end will tell,
That now as ever, God hath counseled well.

EXPERIENCE.

BY E. T. H.

I WAS early the subject of religious impressions. The winter I was thirteen I became more deeply convicted of sin, and prayed much, sometimes a great part of the night, thinking I would not go to bed until I obtained religion. But failing to receive a satisfactory evidence of my acceptance with God, I finally concluded to put it off until the following summer, when I would go to camp-meeting, where I might, I thought, surely obtain that for which I sought. Accordingly, when the time arrived, I availed myself of the privilege of attending camp-meeting, and soon began in earnest to seek the salvation of my soul. On the third evening of the meeting, my burden rolled off, and peace took possession of my soul. I should hardly have known that this was religion, had not a devoted Christian friend, who was conversing with me, inquired if I felt better; and when answered in the affirmative, told me to pray for the evidence of what God had done for me. This I soon obtained, and never afterward doubted a moment the genuineness of the work wrought.

A very short time elapsed, before I became convinced of the need of a deeper work of grace. In reading the word of God, I beheld the high standard of the gospel, and in my simplicity wondered where those were who came up to it. But I dared not lower it. My desires increased to know for myself the heights and depths of the love of God. I read various works on Christian Perfection. By some, I was encouraged to believe I could obtain the blessing I was seeking; but again I thought it was too great for one so young in experience, and also in years. Thus my mind alternated between hope and fear, when another privilege presented itself of attending camp-meeting. My convictions increased, and

my anxiety was great to obtain full salvation; more so than when seeking God at first. Not that I was under the same condemnation, but I had such a view of the inward corruption of the human heart, and the purity of God's law, that I felt that I must *then* and *there* have a clean heart. But oh, what a struggle ensued! what a conflict with the enemy of all righteousness! Never afterward could I be made to doubt the existence of the devil. So sensible was I of satanic power, that it seemed as if I must see him with my natural eyes, and feel his grasp upon me. By prayer and faith I almost got hold of Christ as my entire Saviour; and then another thrust from this mighty foe, threw me down in despair for a moment,—Satan desired to have me, to sift me as wheat;—again I rallied and made another desperate effort. Live or die, I was determined to conquer, and blessed be God, I did. After wrestling until the break of day, light broke in, the tempter fled, and I had the clear evidence that the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin,—that I was *wholly sanctified*. Oh, what a triumph! I was indeed created anew in Christ Jesus, and found him to be my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

More than twenty-eight years have passed since that memorable night,—since that happy hour. My course has been onward and upward. I can look back now and see, that in the first part of my experience, I may have depended too much upon feeling. But I did find that the “joy of the Lord was my strength.” Many powerful blessings I received which my heavenly Father perhaps saw was necessary then to encourage me. I had not learned the way of faith so perfectly then, as now, and did not speak so positively of the blessing, when I had not that fullness of joy. But how much it has done for me! From how many evils I have been saved, and

how my happiness and usefulness has been enhanced, by thus early giving myself to the Lord! How it has sustained me while passing through severe trials, outward persecutions, and constant affliction for many years past! Glory to God in the highest, for this great salvation!

Now, though an invalid, and not able to attend the public means of grace; nor perform the active duties of life, what a heaven of repose I enjoy in Christ! As year after year passes, and I near the celestial city, my faith becomes stronger,—centers more fully in Christ,—which brings me into a perfect rest heretofore unknown. It is an “abiding under the shadow of the Almighty,” a “dwelling in the secret place of the Most High,” asking “what we will, and it shall be done.” I can rest upon the promises of God, and while I am careful to comply with the conditions required, I can believe they will be fulfilled in me. Oh, that all would taste and see the riches of his grace! Oh, that all would seek and find the fullness of his love!

[Original.]

JESUS COMES.

BY MRS PHOEBE PALMER.

“The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.”

WATCH, ye saints, with eyelids waking;
Lo! the powers of heaven are shaking!*
Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning,
Ready for your Lord’s returning.

Lo, he comes!
He comes all-glorious;
Jesus comes to reign victorious;
Jesus comes!

Pardoned sin and heavenly favor,—
Lo! the purchase of your Saviour,—
Blood-washed robes and crowns of glory:
Haste to tell the world the story.
Lo, he comes!

Nations at their base are crumbling;
Hark! his chariot wheels are rumbling;
Tell, O tell, of grace abounding,
While the seventh trump is sounding,
Lo, he comes!

* Luke xxi. 25-33.

Kingdoms fall, though proud and stately,
Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly;
Earth her last sad pangs is summing;
Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.
Lo, he comes!

Lamb of God! thou meek and lowly,
Judah’s Lion! mighty! holy!
Lo, thy Bride comes forth to meet thee,
All in blood-washed robes we greet thee.
Lo, he comes!

Sinners, haste while Christ is pleading,
Now for you he’s interceding;
Haste, ere time shall be diminished,
Soon the mystery will be finished.
Lo, he comes!

[Original.]

PRESS ONWARD.

BY C. W.

ONWARD, onward, toiling pilgrim,
Boldly press thine upward way;
Seest thou not in yonder glim’ring
Faint, the break of endless day?
Haste thee onward,
Haste to greet the rising day.

Weary nights and days of anguish,
Sure may fill thine earthly lot;
Drink the cup of sorrow gladly,
Christ hath drank it, murmur not.
Haste thee onward,
Weary pilgrim, falter not.

One by one earth’s joys are withering;
One by one its treasures fly;
Hopes are severed; oh, remember,
Heavenly joys can never die!
Haste thee onward,
Mourning pilgrim, heaven is nigh.

Haste thee onward,—souls are dying,
Hark! the Master’s calling thee:
“Child, go labor in my harvest,
Lead poor wanderers home to me.”
Haste thee onward,
Laborer, bearing sheaves with thee.

Soon thy toils will all be over;
Soon the reckoning day will come;
Soon thou’lt hear the Master calling:
“Toiling pilgrim, hasten home;
Haste thee onward,
Take the crown, ’tis all thine own.”

Then toil on with faith unshaken;
Boldly press thine upward way;
For in yonder distant gleaming,
Faith beholds the dawn of day.
Haste thee onward,
Haste to greet the eternal day.

[Original.]

"HONEST FIRST—HOLY AFTER-WARDS."

BY E. R.

THUS spoke a friend, as her eye ran over the "Pressing Appeal" on the cover of the September number of the Guide. When Pope said, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," he enunciated a higher truth than he was aware of. There is no virtue in the world, in the church, so rare as honesty; or, to give the quality its right moral expression, *justice*.

Men—regenerate men—can practice benevolence, gratitude, kindness, generosity, charity, any one of the higher virtues, rather than justice. Why is this?

One reason, perhaps, is that justice is the quality of which we have the least experience in our relation God-ward, and which, therefore, we are the most likely to let slip, in our conduct man-ward. The other virtues enumerated, we feel laid under the most solemn obligations to keep in mind and practice in life. We reason thus: "Freely we have received, freely let us give." "We will be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us." "We will have fervent charity among ourselves, for charity divine hath covered the multitude of our sins." But justice, we have no such solemn and tender sanction for its exercise. That question has been dealt with by our Surety. We have, as we think, had nothing personally to do with it.

Such a thought contains in one part a glorious truth, in another, an aggregation of truth. It is true, that we have known nothing of the action of justice on ourselves, in being made righteous before God. It is not strictly true that we are not under an economy of justice, in reference to the results of our justification

by grace. It is not, indeed, likely that God would deny himself the exercise of so high an attribute of his nature in his dealings with his children; and in confirmation of this the thoughtful Christian's own experience and observation will bear witness to its steady yet benign rule upon and around him. Not in "reward reckoned of debt to him that worketh," but in the graduation of gift to the capacity of improved talent. "To him that hath," in this life, "shall be *given*," (none the less a free gift because the meed of previous faithfulness,) "while from him that hath not, shall be taken away that which he hath." This and kindred laws of the life spiritual, have their origin in the divine justice. Justice, whose condemnatory power has indeed fallen solely on the believer's substitute, yet whose regulative exercise is held over the believer himself. Meditation on this fact and the methods of its working, could not fail to impress Christian minds with the necessity of cultivating its influence.

But want of appreciation of the divine dealings in this respect, is not the only, nor the chief, reason of defective justice. This virtue, so homely in manner, actually requires a truer balance of moral qualities, a firmer faculty of spiritual perception, a greater perfectness of "senses to discern both good and evil," than any other. If not the highest virtue by repute, it demands the highest caliber of piety for its existence; it demands that which sometimes is *not* found, where, nevertheless, a fair "abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness," is found, a symmetrical Christian character.

This may sound extravagant, but a little consideration will prove it reasonable. In the first place, a true comprehension of its nature and laws, is only to be obtained at the price of constant fellowship with the Father of lights. Not from an unholy world or an imperfect church can we gain its ideal. We must go di-

rect to the fountain of righteousness to know what righteousness is, we must walk with God ere we can learn "to do justly."

Again, there is no motive to the exercise of justice—of even-handed justice—at all times, and without regard of personal interests,—but pure love of rectitude. To be generous, forbearing, patient, charitable; to confer benefits, to forgive injuries, to endure suffering, to live under the influence of kindly affections, all this makes one powerful appeal to selfish principle, none the less powerful that it is so exceedingly disguised. It flatters self-love by placing the subject of these qualities on a vantage ground, on a moral elevation above his fellows, often acknowledged by them, still oftener securely known to himself. But justice has no such lure. Its claims do not come in the shape of pleas for the putting forth of superior goodness. They meet us on the unflattering position of equality, and require our virtue as their due. In the most rigid meaning of the words, we are made sensible that "we have done that which it was our duty to do," and without any margin for soothing comments on the occasion, are obliged to subscribe to the inference, "We are unprofitable servants."

Finally, the union of knowledge, and will, and power; the eye purged from the film of conventional standards of right and wrong; the heart purified from the taint of selfish bias, the holy walk which "owes no man any thing but love," and is continually paying that easy debt,—all this is dependent on light from that only One in whom "is no darkness at all," and on a harmony of spiritual forces, produced by the constant touch of a divine hand on the springs of the interior being.

But in order to vindicate more particularly these general assertions, and to gain some definite, though it may be very imperfect notion of moral honesty, it will

be well to mark, by familiar illustration, some instances in which it has been transgressed by Christian people. An honest man (in the common acceptation of the term) will undoubtedly pay his debts, but will he never place in his interest any circumstance, for the purpose of paying a little less than his actual debt? Will he never silently avail himself of the plea of relationship, friendship, church association, gratitude for past benefits, or present necessity on the part of his creditor, or any one of these nameless influences which ramify between man and man?—will he never, because of these, rate his debt at a little less than its positive proportions; not as a favor accorded, for that of course would stand on a separate ground of free gift, but as an advantage *taken*? If so, this is dishonesty. Yet many a person will find it easier to give a donation to a charitable institution than to fulfill to the last tittle, these obligations which are moral rather than legal. An honest-minded woman starts on a morning's trafficking with a general intention of paying for her purchases; but will she always give the fair price of every article, without any attempts at unjust "bargaining"? If not, this is dishonesty. Yet to do so, will require higher principles than to bestow a profit unfairly saved in alms on the next visit of charity.

But the claims of justice are not to be computed by bales and coins. St. Paul, in enforcing, by particular directions, the general precept, "Render to all their dues," considers it as substantially a part of Christian honesty to yield "honor to whom honor is due," as to pay "tribute to whom tribute is due." And giving this rule its legitimate latitude, to what an exact discharge of national, civil, social, domestic duty are we hereby called! What a boundless extent of moral obligation awaits our discharge. What is it to be just? Never to take advantage of the indulgence of a superior, nor of the

weakness of an inferior. The following cases may serve as illustration : —

A pupil at a French boarding-school of strict regulations for out-door life, had engaged to pass a day with some friends away from the school. Uncertain whether the rules of the establishment allowed to the elder pupils an additional hour of absence in the evening, she came back at the time appointed for the return of the younger ones. "Why were you anxious to return so early," said the directress, meeting her pupil on her entrance. "You might have known that if you had transgressed the rule, I should not have been angry with you." "It was because I knew you would *not* be angry with me if I were late, that I was anxious to return at the right time," was the answer. The Frenchwoman, who was doing generous acts every day of her life, looked thoroughly nonplussed at the cool justice of the reply of the English girl. And her lack of apprehension was not merely national. Justice, in the form of non-encroachment on kindness, is everywhere too little understood.

On the other side. Two young women, one a lady, the other a servant, were walking out together. The latter held two parcels, the former none; while, as the circumstance arrested her thoughts for a moment, she reasoned thus: "The servant is more used to burden-bearing than I am; she may then carry both." But justice uttered its word: "What right have you to overburden your fellow-woman, because she is in a situation of life which does not permit her to expostulate or refuse compliance?" At that voice the smaller parcel was transferred to the empty hands. Justice, in its aspect of non-oppression of weakness, especially in the case of children and servants, is oftentimes strangely forgotten.

There are many kindred features of justice, which might easily be illustrated from the life, but to do so would be tedious. Playing on the fears of the tim-

id, on the waverings of the irresolute, on eccentricities of mind, or foibles of character; compassing good ends by doubtful means, or turning aside, under any selfish pretext, from doing unto others "all things whatsoever we would they should do unto us," — all these are ramifications of the wide-spread sin of dishonesty.

Another evidence that, even to Christian people, the virtue in question is somewhat of a stranger, is that, when brought face to face with her, they often do not know her traits, and call her by another name. A teacher bears with the ignorance or obtuseness of his scholar, and supposes himself *patient*, when oftentimes he is only *just* to the limits of childish capacity. One man passes over the offenses of a friend and calls himself *magnanimous*, when probably he is only *just* to the facts of a case which include provocation on his part, or misunderstanding arising from default of mental sympathy. Another gives alms to the poor, or contributions to public charity, or presents to less prosperous friends and relations, and considers himself *generous*, when in reality he is only not *just*, because his gifts are below the *just* claims which such objects have upon him. Oh, if all Christians, in all circumstances of life, were simply, singly honest, they would have less self-complacency and more real excellence; give themselves credit for far less virtue than they at present do, and possess very much more!

"Honest first, holy afterwards." Does then this motto stand in its right order as an incentive to the love and habit of justice? No, truly! the positions must be reversed! We must be holy before we can be honest. None but the holy eye can discern, none but the holy heart devise, none but the holy life execute the laws of pure justice. The whole nature must be placed under the control of the spirit of holiness before a just life is possible.

Nor even under the safe-conduct of that good Spirit, would it be wise for the

inexperienced Christian mind to attempt to grasp at once all the responsibilities expressed or implied in the foregoing considerations. The obligations of religion, however great and solemn, are never meant to weigh as an incubus on the freed spirit of those who "know the truth, continue in his word, and are his disciples indeed." Light and grace, the power of perception and the power of action come by degrees, as both are used. And, moreover, the practical detail of a holy life needs not only many accessions of divine influence, but much training of divine providence, and sometimes of a painful character, to dissipate the mists which old habits and old prejudices have cast over the spiritual vision. If the "heart" is "perfect with God," the "works" will also be "found perfect before him;" not necessarily before ourselves, or our fellow-Christians, but before *him* who alone knows the measure of our present strength, and will increase it, as it is sought in faith, and used in faithfulness.

For in the restricted as well as the enlarged sense of that word, "The path of the JUST is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Oxford, England, March, 1861.

[Original.]

THE TWO SWEDISH WOMEN.

BY Y.

WE all admire adaptation. If we are only on a short journey, we like to meet with a congenial spirit, — the memory is pleased to put down something worth looking at another time. But how much more desirable, that months, or years, are passed in agreeable society, where we can feel the response of the heart, and the look that is interpreted in kindness.

While passing through "The Old Ladies' Home," in our usual weekly

visit, we found the room where we had been accustomed to see a dear Swedish woman, was vacated, — we turned across the corridor, and found her in another room, large enough to accommodate two persons, and to our surprise her inmate was also a Swede. Our friend, whom we never visited without a smile, and a happy look, if not in great pain, laughingly said, "I so happy." She was so pleased with her companion, who is a Christian, — both loving Jesus, they can talk together in their mother tongue, and read aloud their own Swedish Bible, — talk over the days passed in their native land and all its dear associations. We thought, how well mated, though not from the same place, yet were born not far apart. We have felt a holy thrill of gratitude when we have come in upon our oldest friend, who is much confined to her room with cough, sitting, reading, and asked, "what book?" With her eyes sparkling, and her whole face lighted with laughing joy, replied, "Car vosso! Car vosso! he so good, — so good!" What a reward, I thought, for having that valuable book translated, if for no one else but this dear child of God.

She sweetly enjoys love without alloy, — cleansed in the blood of sprinkling, — she is an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.

She knows in her happy experience the benefit of Car vosso's *prompt* and *instantaneous* faith in Jesus, and his power to fully save.

When she is not reading or praying, she is knitting; and on her mantel-piece may be seen several little white baskets, the fruit of her labors.

One day we stepped in upon her while she was bowed at the side of her bed, — we remained a moment, and left her undisturbed.

Sweden is the better, as well as our own land, for the holy life of that precious unassuming disciple of the Lord Jesus, who is laid aside from the activities of

the world, that, like Anna, she may wholly wait upon the Lord.

When all the jewels are set in the diadem of Jesus, how many crowns will adorn the brows of those who were on the earth, "little and unknown."

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY MEETING.

MANY who are in the habit of here giving their testimonies in behalf of full salvation have given their sons to our country in the present crisis. One mother had parted with two sons, one in another State. In putting up the knapsack of one, she placed the little Bible there; on hearing from him, the message was, "Tell mother I'll read the book she put in my knapsack."

She had thought if her sons were only Christians she could easily part with them, but in the midst of her secret queries, this was replied to her heart, "Have I not kept them all these years?" She answered, "Yea, Lord,"—and laid them anew on the altar of God and her country.

A minister said the friendship of Jesus had never been so precious to him as in the trying exercises of the past week; he thought if his son was a Christian he would be at rest about him,—but he *now* can trust him with his *sleepless Friend*!

One spoke of the sweetness of this promise, which had been given her in time of need years ago, and she had proved its efficacy: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

She found it was *her duty* to keep her mind stayed on God in all emergencies, and in that condition she was kept in perfect peace; she rejoiced in the present application of the blood of Christ. Two found perfect rest in Jesus.

A layman related that when the Niagara left the port of New York with the Japanese Embassy, nine of her men were lovers of Jesus;—a continued revival on

board had returned the ship with fifty who are Christians.

A BEAUTIFUL SCENE.

On Sabbath evening a week ago, after sermon in one of the up-town M. E. churches, a young man in the chancel said he thought it would be well for all the young men who were about to leave for the army to present themselves at the communion-rail. Forty-five responded, and kneeled closely around God's altar; fervent prayer was offered, joined by a weeping congregation.

TUESDAY MEETING.

OUR country has become a sacred theme;—we think of it Sabbath and week-day alike,—we pray for it by night and by day. We look up for its safety, and right, and every one's experience is somehow interwoven with our beloved land. We may have thought we sometimes, in the past, have lacked patriotism, but it is not so now, all the latent and dormant feeling is aroused. One dear woman said her mind had been dwelling for the past few weeks so much upon the promise, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him."

Some one had told her that she could put up a box of good things for her boy, whom she had willingly given up at his country's call, and it would be taken safely to him; and as she stepped about with alacrity and joy, to fill the box, this promise was ringing in her heart, and she thought, "my heavenly Father is more willing to give me good things, even his Holy Spirit, and to give my boy good things from himself too." Oh, how this encouraged her faith! Many wept.

Another said she had been unwilling to give her testimony in this meeting, but lately a friend had said to her that it was a snare of the enemy to keep her

more silent here than elsewhere. She pondered this in her heart, and resolved, when permitted to come again, she would break the snare. She had been a formal Episcopalian, — a few years ago went to a Methodist meeting, — there heard a young female pray, — it greatly affected her, — she continued to attend, — went to the altar for prayer and was converted. Since that time felt the need of purity, and now rejoices in the cleansing blood of Jesus. She was fully rewarded for breaking the snare of the wicked one. The aged friend of holiness, Dr. Bangs, added his powerful testimony to the power of the full salvation of Christ.

A young missionary, who is under appointment for India, at the close, responded to the heartfelt testimonies related, and thrilled our hearts with his glowing love and zeal; fully saved at the foot of the cross, he is ready for his Master's service in a heathen land.

[Original.]

GENTLE WORDS.

BY ABBIE F. EMERY.

"Speak gently to the erring
Ye know not all the power,
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour."

GENTLE words. They fall, like dew upon the parched and drooping flowers and withering leaves, cooling the fever of the human heart, and allaying the burning passions of the frail offspring of sin and sorrow; they find their way into the bosom of affliction like balm into the bleeding wound, assuaging pain and grief alike, till we exclaim, all is well once more! They are the gift of Jesus to the drooping, suffering, dying poor. They are offered to earth's most weary ones to give them joy and peace and rest.

Where, O where, in the wide, cold world is there a sound more sweetly welcome, — more softly melodious than a

gentle word, — than the outbreathing of a kind and gentle heart. Then, who would stay them? who bestow unwillingly a gentle word to help the weary and tired traveler on? Who, ah who, would not breathe a kind, a soothing and gentle word *for Christ's sake*?

I was but a child in years, — scarcely fourteen, — and naturally impulsive and ardent, affectionate and rather willful. I had erred in some way, and caused my devoted mother pain. It was not an unusual thing for me to commit a thoughtless act, but my heart was not hard; I loved to do right, but had not the moral or spiritual determination. I had committed an error. My mother was sadly tried and afflicted. She talked with me very seriously and sternly, and endeavored to impress me with a deep and just sense of the rebellion of my proud and willful heart. I do not know what actuated me, but I sat unmoved and perfectly impenitent. Naturally tender and easily influenced, I was to-day rebellious, cold, and haughty. My mother's advice was so tender, yet so firm and womanly, that it was strange I did not at once burst into tears, and, throwing my arms around her neck, beg her forgiveness, nor rest till all was well once more. My indifference was by far more sad than the act which prompted the chastisement. My mother solemnly and feelingly prayed that God would look upon me with pity, and melt me into love and perfect obedience; prayed with all her heart that her darling child might be taken into the blessed fold of Christ Jesus, the all pure and holy.

Oh, that short, tearful prayer! I feel its solemn power over my spirit even now; I feel its sweet, impressive warmth through my too worldly heart; I feel the blessing that was then so strongly craved for me. Oh, how have I felt its influence since, though then I owned it not. A friend entered at the moment when I would have spoken of penitence. I crept

softly away to a shadowy corner, where, unperceived, I laid my head, my weary, aching head upon a chair and tried to think, tried to collect my half-distracted powers. The lady who had entered was an intimate friend of my mother's, and a woman of deep and tender sympathies, and withal, possessed of a high moral and religious character. She perceived the sorrow of my mother, and tenderly inquired the cause.

How breathlessly I listened. How eagerly I drank in every low word till my whole frame shook with emotion, and my young heart seemed ready to burst. *Those gentle words*, how they thrilled my soul, and found their way into my hitherto impenitent heart. The dark and impenetrable cloud seemed bursting. I saw with a startled vision *why* my dear mother felt my sin so deeply. My breath came hot and feverish over my parched lips, as I listened to the intense and agonizing desire for me to be a Christian.

I heard the lady say: "I had a dear brother. He was the pride of our household, the joy of all our hearts, for he was full of life and gladness and song. Oh, *how* we loved him! he became our idol. We thought him all that was high and pure and noble. We listened to his words of frolic as though it were an inspiration. We gave heed to all his light and thoughtless acts, as though they were something too bright for earth; ay, we grew profane in our idolatry, and as we sowed so we had to reap. My proud and beautiful brother became a very outcast in his wickedness.

"In our foolish weakness we had made ourselves his slaves. In our blindness we had awakened in him a spirit of tyranny, and a disposition to bend all that came within the pale of his influence to his own ungovernable will. Oh, God! were we not justly and sufficiently punished! How low had our idol fallen, — how suddenly and how low! But I spoke

to him only in the same gentle tones of old, and soothed him as I had been wont to do when he was sick. Years passed on in this way and I despaired not, though mother, father, brothers, and sisters all gave him up, saying, in their utter abandonment of grief, 'Oh, what have we done, what great sin have we committed, that God should forsake our most beautiful one!' Alas! they did not feel as I did, that his ruin was the work of our own misguided selves, — the result of our blind idolatry. But so it was. God forgive us our rash and pitiable weakness.

"Sickness at last laid its blight upon my too fair and, alas, too frail flower, — the brightest amid all our household; and for weeks and months he languished upon a bed of pain, the most acute and frightful in its terrific power.

"How closely I watched by him all through those long, long days, and still longer nights, — how eagerly I listened for a word, a look of recognition, or a little smile to prove that peace was stealing into that poor bleeding heart.

"But still I was doomed to disappointment. No smile parted those dear lips, no light of reason came into the once beautiful eye, now wildly frightful in its glare, while the whole expression told of the most terrible suffering. Very fearful and despairing was this retribution. I grew pale and thin in my anxiety and close confinement, and could hardly recognize myself. At last, a change was visible. The crisis had come. We scarcely breathed in our eagerness to catch the first words of hope from our experienced physician.

"Would he live for God, or for the world as he had done so long? If for him to die now would be gain, could I give him willingly? Could I say, though I have lived only in his smiles, yet if it seem best in thy sight, O God, take him? The answer came at last, though it swelled my heart to bursting, 'Lord, not my will, but thine be done.'

"I felt like a changed being. Henceforth I would live to the glory of God; I would devote my life to the great work of regeneration, as far as God laid it in my power, as a timid woman to do. *'He will live!'*"

"Oh! how the words thrilled my frame, awakening in my breast emotions so new and strange, I hardly knew whether it were pain or pleasure, so intense was the feeling. My brother lived. He was changed. He left his room an *humble devoted Christian*. Oh, how my heart swells at the thought! and what happiness there was in store for me, — for me, a poor, shortsighted incompetent being. He came to my room, and, clasping my hand within his pale white palm, drew me upon my knees and poured out his soul in grateful prayer and thanks. There was crowded into that little hour happiness enough to last a lifetime. I wonder that my heart did not burst with its great weight of joy. And all this he assured me again and again was the result of *my* patient kindness and gentle words. Had it not been for these, I should long since, in my blindness, have wandered far from my home, and God knows where I should have laid my dying head, or what would be my future. You pillowed my weary head upon your faithful breast, and poured the balm of gentle words into my weak, weak heart, and — *I am saved!*" The lady paused, for tears forbade her utterance. Again she spoke: "You, my dear friend, have made an idol of your child. Do this no more. Give her wholly to God, and he will bless you, and, I doubt not, make her all you can wish her to be. Trust in God! Watch and pray, and he will reward you with exceeding joy."

I still crouched in my corner with my head low on my cold and trembling hands. The hot tears were chasing each other unbidden over my cheeks, my full heart was relieving itself in an abundance of grief. Those gentle words had broken

up all my pride, had changed me into an humble penitent; ay, they had done for me that which solemn sternness would never have accomplished, — they had bowed me to the dust. Still lower upon the floor I sank, and in my poor, incompetent way begged God, for Christ's sake, to pardon and forgive me all my sin and fold me close, close to the bosom of his undying love! Then —

"Speak gently of the erring, —
Oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet;
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod."

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

Having met with this beautiful and truthful poem, I am anxious that all, in whose reach I can place it, may be benefited by it. It should be studied by every parent, and instilled into the memory of every child, as one of the great rules of a successful life. Parents teach it to your children, and require them to repeat it to you once a week at least, and God will cause it to bring forth the sweetest fruit.

C. W.

M. M. JOHNSON.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou, for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Choose thou for me *my friends,*
My sickness, or my health;
Choose thou *my cares for me,*
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

[Original.]

NIGHT.

BY HARRIETTE.

WELCOME, the night's soft dewy shade,
When stars have filled the upper deep;
For heavenly contemplation made,
And not alone to sleep or weep.

When sleep forsakes our wakeful eyes,
Amid the shadows of the night;
Full oft do glorious visions rise,
Upon our raptured inner sight.

Fair Bethlehem's star did not arise,
To shed its glorious rays of light;
Along Judea's eastern skies,
Till day was lost in sable night.

And so, when sunny days are ours,
We think not of the light divine;
Till God, our earthly light obscures,
That we may see his glory shine.

Let earthly sun and stars grow dim,
Too long I've sought their fitful light;
Henceforth, my praise shall be of him
Who giveth songs in darkest night.

Welcome all other stars to fade,
If Bethlehem's star, with light divine,
Will shed its influence o'er my head,
And in my bosom sweetly shine.

Come in, thou lovely star, come in,
And shine my darkness all away;
Search out and banish every sin,
And shine unto the perfect day.

BE THOROUGH.

If you are making efforts to promote revivals, as we trust you are, let your work be done thoroughly. A surgeon who cuts out a cancer, but, for fear of hurting the patient, leaves enough of the roots remaining to keep the disease alive, until it finally proves fatal, would be severely censured. If your own beloved child were the sufferer, you would say, "Never mind the screams, doctor, make a perfect cure." But few men have sufficient nerve to make skillful surgeons, — none without a mighty baptism of the Spirit of God, have enough to deal faithfully with souls. It requires courage, and a large degree of disinterested love to say to those whose outward life is in the main correct, and

who are making a creditable profession of religion, and yet who, as you have every reason to believe, have "lost their first love," and now have a name to live while they are dead, that they are in danger of being lost. But deal faithfully with them. Be kind, but firm. Tell them weeping, that they are the "enemies of the cross of Christ." If saved they will love you. They will be your truest and firmest friends. If they reject your warning and turn away in anger, the smiles of Jesus upon your well-meant endeavors will more than compensate you for the losses you incur. Unswerving fidelity is the price which every one must pay for his friendship.

BE THOROUGH WITH PENITENTS.

Do not heal slightly. One of the most critical periods in the history of an immortal soul, is when it is under the awakenings of the Holy Spirit. Under such circumstances one needs help. The convicted Saul is sent for instruction to the converted Ananias. If the penitent be not dealt faithfully with, he will, in all probability, soon be in a much more hopeless condition than he ever was before. A few years will find him either a confirmed sceptic, or a Pharisee, a sectarian and a bigot. He will be too far off to be reached, or too strongly fortified to be wounded by the sword of the Spirit. As, then, you love souls, and would not be held responsible for their eternal damnation, deal faithfully with them. Insist upon a repentance that goes to the very bottom, — that leads the sinner to the abandonment of all sin, and that prompts to restitution to every human being that has been wronged, no matter how long ago, or to how small an extent.

In the court of heaven,

"One may not be pardoned
And retain the offence."

Confession is one of God's conditions of forgiveness. And the confession must be as broad as the offence. If we have trans-

gressed against our fellow-men as well as against our Maker, confession to God alone will not answer. Humbling as it may be, we must acknowledge our fault to the persons we have wronged, and make all the reparation in our power. Insist upon it. Bring God's truth upon this point to bear upon the conscience.

Tell the penitent what God says about nonconformity to the world, — how pride will just as certainly exclude one from the kingdom of heaven, as any other sin. Ask those who evidence a desire for salvation if they are willing, in dress, as in all other things, to conform themselves to the requirements of God. The issues of life and death are often suspended on very small matters. A little spark, escaping through a little opening in a chimney may kindle a large fire. A small breach in the wall may admit the enemy that destroys a large and powerful city. So a little sin may bring to nought the most promising beginnings in religion.

Deal faithfully with backsliders.

They may be pardoned. But they must seek forgiveness like other sinners. It is a common and fatal mistake to encourage backsliders to hope that they may, by discharging religious duties, "grow up" into the enjoyment of religion. They commence praying, attending upon the ordinances, and supporting the church, and soon mistake the self-complacency they feel in the discharge of a duty, for the favor of God; and the greater fluency with which, from practice, they are enabled to speak and pray, as an evidence of "growth in grace." They feel quite proud of the dead uniformity in their religious experience, which results from their destitution of the Holy Spirit, and congratulate themselves that they do not have such "ups and downs" as others do. Their want of feeling they call "living by principle," and as the devil does not tempt them as he did when they were really in the way to heaven, they conclude that they are more pious than they were in

former years, when the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts, "by the Holy Ghost given unto them." They become confirmed Pharisees, self-complacent bigots, determined opponents of the real work of God. Deal faithfully then with backsliders. The command of Jesus to one who had lost his first love was, "*Remember* therefore from whence thou art fallen, AND REPENT, AND DO THE FIRST WORKS."

Be thorough with your own heart, and with your most devoted co-laborers. If the revival influence begins to subside before the congregation generally, except such as persistently resist the Spirit of God, are saved, persuade the laborers to humble themselves a little lower at the foot of the cross, and get a deeper baptism of the Holy Spirit. Set them the example. Just as long as that result can be secured the work of God will go on. There is nothing that convicts sinners like a thorough breaking down among professors. Be thorough then. Work for eternity! God help us! — *Earnest Christian.*

PLEASING GOD.

BY PRESIDENT FINNEY.

MANY persons profess to consecrate all to God. This they will do at the communion table: this they will kneel down solemnly and profess to do in the house of God, in their closets, or at the family altar; and then immediately go away, and go right to pleasing themselves, and pursue their own plans of self-gratification just as they did before. Practically, they have made no change whatever in their lives. They go right away and carry out all the schemes of self-pleasing upon which they had settled.

Here is a person who has promised at the communion table to live wholly to please the Lord. The next day I find him starting off on an excursion of pleasure, or in pursuit of some selfish object. I ask

him, How is this? have you got the mind and will of God in this? and has he required this at your hands?

He will reply, I had calculated upon this course, had laid my plans for this for some time past; I thought I might as well execute it now as at any future time. I reply: so you did not *mean* anything yesterday when you professed to lay all upon the altar, when you swore at the table of the Lord to do all for his glory and to aim in all things at pleasing him. Practically, then, you have made no change in your self-pleasing arrangements. You purpose still to carry out all your plans for self-gratification. Here you are deliberately pursuing all the plans that you had laid to please yourself, and *this* is your religion! This is all you intended by your consecration! This is what you meant when you swore with the elements of Christ's broken body and shed blood in your hands, that you would not live to please yourself, but would live wholly to please God! *Yesterday* was Sabbath,—you swore solemnly to live every day of your future life wholly to please the Lord. But *to-day* you are executing your projects of self-pleasing. *To-morrow* you have something else planned for pleasing yourself; and next day, and the next; and so you deceive yourself. To-day I meet you here. I ask, brother, how came you here? Your answer amounts to this, I came here to please myself. But you ask, what harm is there in it? I answer, in *you*, there is infinite harm in it, for you don't mean to please God. And thus you think you are religious, and go about what you call a religious life; but with the supreme intention of pleasing yourself. After all, how little real, honest, consecration to God there seems to be.

But after all we can well afford to live to please God; for the more singly we aim at pleasing him, the more truly and surely do we really please ourselves. We do not *aim* in this to please ourselves; but, notwithstanding, we *do* gain our own appro-

bation. We *aim* at pleasing God, and not man. We therefore care comparatively little what man thinks of what we do; if God approve, it is enough. The soul is quiet under that consideration, is peaceful and calm as a summer evening sea. It becomes crucified unto the world and the world unto it; it pleases God; it is adjusted to his will; it meets his pleasure. He smiles his approbation, and all is peace.

A HYMN.

HENCE, lying world, with all thy care,
With all thy shows of good and fair,
Of beautiful and great!
Stand with thy slighted charms aloof,
Nor dare invade my peaceful roof,
Or trouble my retreat.

Far from thy mad fantastic ways,
I here have found a resting-place
Of poor wayfaring men;
Calm as the hermit in his grot,
I here enjoy my happy lot,
And solid pleasure gain.

Along the hill or dewy mead,
In sweet forgetfulness I tread,
Or wander through the grove;
As Adam in his native seat,
In all his works my God I meet,
The object of my love.

I see his beauty in the flower;
To shade my walks and deck my bower,
His love and wisdom join.
Him in the feathered choir I hear,
And own, while all my soul is ear,
The music is divine!

In yon unbounded plain I see
A sketch of his immensity,
Who spans these ample skies;
Whose presence makes the happy place,
And opens in the wilderness
A blooming paradise.

Oh would he now himself impart,
And fix the Eden in my heart,
The sense of sin forgiven;
How should I then throw off my load,
And walk delightfully with God,
And follow Christ to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

He who knows himself has occasion for much modesty.

The Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1861.

PERFECT LOVE—DELAYING ITS ATTAINMENT.

MOST Christians profess a desire to be holy, — as holy as it is their duty and privilege to be. But they do not desire the attainment of the blessing *now*; or, rather, they are not ready to comply, at the present moment, with the conditions of its attainment. There is, with too many, always something future connected with their purposes concerning it. As do sinners with regard to seeking renewing grace, they are ever ready to exclaim, not now! They have lands to see, oxen to prove, or a new married wife to engage the attention, and they pray that they may be excused. They plead too, that their temperaments are peculiar, but they do not show how these can be made better, by their neglect of the highest attainments of divine grace. Their circumstances, they urge, are unfavorable to the securing and maintenance of perfect love, though they know that holiness, whether of low or high degree, is not of circumstances but of grace. They allow themselves to be stumbled by the alleged mysterious or inexplicable nature of the blessing, notwithstanding they profess to have come into the possession of the new birth, of whose *nature* they could know nothing, until they learned it by grace through faith; thus ignoring the teachings of their own experience, that we cannot understand spiritual things until we become spiritual through the mercy, and by compliance with the conditions, appointed by God in his gospel. Again, some pause at the difficulty of retaining this grace, and venture hesitatingly, intimations concerning the backslidings and false professions of many of its friends, *hesitatingly*, because they evidently feel how sadly insufficient, and how glaringly inconsistent these excuses are. But, passing by these evasions, we urge the immediate attainment of perfect love upon all Christians—

Because the Word and the Spirit of God, say now. The command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and the prayer, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly," and the promise, "I will sprinkle you with clean water, and you shall be clean," have a *present* application, or they are too indefinite to have any meaning. And the Holy Spirit concurs in this as he does in all teaching of the Word. If his voice were heard, the *entire* sanctification of the soul would not, we are persuaded, be far removed, in point of time, from its new birth. How soon, after the first gush of joy in the converted heart, does he begin to show its remaining corruption. By his strivings, the young convert begins to

groan for a *full* deliverance. The suggestions of the devil, aided by the false standard of holy living, and the false teachings of too many Christians, prevent the Holy Ghost from applying the Word so to the new-born soul, as to bring it unto the full liberty of the gospel. We appeal to acknowledged facts to prove that this is the experience of most Christians at the beginning of their spiritual life. That some, obeying the Word and the Spirit, secure the immediate cleansing, we are fully assured. But lately, a case in point, occurred under our observation. A young man was brought under renewing grace. There was nothing noticeable in his case, except it be the fact, that he was surrounded by Christian friends who taught him that he must live as a Christian, a life of entire consecration and of momentary faith. This being but the echo of what God was teaching him, he entered at once into perfect love. Nearly a year has passed since this occurred, and his experience during that time was stated to us, a few days ago, in nearly the following words: "I am a wonder to myself. God has led me in a surprising manner. I am conqueror, through him, in all things. Every thing has gone well with me since I gave my heart to God." "But," we interposed, "do you have no trials?" "O yes, but I cast them upon God." "And your business," we asked, for he had just assumed business responsibilities,— "does not that perplex you?" "No, for I refer it, in *every particular*, to God. It seems to me that I have God to assist me in the smallest as well as the most important work of my hand; I ask him to aid in 'doing my jobs,' and he does so. The other day I could not collect money enough to *pay* my board, though I had much owing to me. I did not try to borrow it, but laid the matter before God in prayer; and, before night, all that present necessities required was paid me." But, we ventured to suggest, you have been favored in worldly matters. You have been unexpectedly thrust into an excellent chance for business. "Well," he replied, "God has tried me on this point. I thought, at one time, after the arrangements were nearly completed, that I had lost the opportunity altogether. But I cast the matter upon God, and was at perfect peace, and," he added, calmly, but in a decided tone, "I can give it all up now without a struggle. All I have and am is God's."

Such, certainly, might be the early experience of every convert. Such is the duty and privilege of all now, and this would be their present experience, but for the soul-destroying habit of *delaying the blessing*.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

In the night of our national or personal calamities, we should seriously inquire, *What of it?* It affords much occasion for thought. In its every aspect, the individual Christian should feel that he is personally concerned; but chiefly,

perhaps, to ascertain what his present duty is, in reference to it. The night of affliction, of dismay and confusion, is the time of drawing nearer to God. It is a time in which we should seek to be "exercised thereby," that our chastening may yield "the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

We further remark, more specifically, that such a night, *is not a time for sleep*. It was not made like the absence of the natural sun, for men to lay aside labor and care, and lie down in refreshing forgetfulness. Every sense should be awake, every grace should be expanded and strengthened, and every means of spiritual progress improved.

But especially, should the night be a *time of searching self-examination*. It is permitted to try us, that we may know what manner of spirit we are of. Outward prosperity has been taken from us, that we may turn our thoughts away from men and time, to God and eternity. We have looked around upon our great prosperity, and, in our heart have felt, perhaps, if by our lips we have not said, our wisdom hath gotten us this. We must learn that we are essentially weak and dependent. Wherein we have sinned, we must be sorrowful, confess and forsake.

The *darkness* is favorable for spiritual vision. We can not see worldly good, but we may see our errors and the hand of a Father upon us. Again, *the night is a time of danger*. The foe is indeed ever active; but he is especially so, when the mind is unusually exercised by joy or sorrow. Be sure he will come in the night. He will come to stir up evil passions, to beget distrust, and thus to blind the spiritual vision. Let us therefore be sober, watching unto prayer. And finally, we should not forget, that though there may be a night following many a glad morning, yet the morning will finally triumph over the night. To a country humbled, penitent; and finally true to its God, shall the day dawn. The more sincere, deep, and speedy the humility, the speedier and clearer will come the day. And so of the individual. Let the Christian especially, not despond. God reigneth. He even giveth songs in the night. Let us praise him.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

THE RIVERS OF GOD'S PLEASURES.

"Thou shalt make them to drink of the river of thy pleasures." *Ps. xxxvi. 8.*

THE pleasures of which the Psalmist here speaks, are *God's* pleasures, because they are such as he gives. They are clearly distinguished from those afforded by the world. His pleasures are suited to our mental and moral condition. They satisfy. The world's, dazzle for a time, promise much, and depart soon, leaving sorrow behind.

They are God's pleasures too, because they are kindred to those of which he partakes. Small

indeed are the pleasures of God's people, in comparison with those of the Infinite Mind; but they are of the same nature. They may say—

"A drop of that unfathomed sea is ours,
A drop derived from thee."

It is a "*river of pleasures*," because they ever flow in the trusting heart. And it may be said of it, as of the "river of the water of life," that it "proceedeth out of the throne of God and the Lamb." It is therefore "pure" and "clear as crystal," *Rev. xxii. 1*. God being its fountain, it is perfect in character, exhaustless in quantity, and endless in duration. Being fed by the tributary streams of strengthening faith, increasing love, and ever growing activity of labor, in the service of God, this river of *pleasures* will widen and deepen for ever and ever.

Of its joy-bestowing waters, a sorrowing world *might* be partakers. "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will let him come."

A CLEAR AND IMPORTANT INJUNCTION.

"Search the Scriptures." *John v. 39.*

1. Search them as God's Word. We are little profited by them, unless we recognize fully their divine authority. When they speak, it should be to us as if we stood, as did Moses, face to face with God; or as if we sat with the disciples on the Mount of Beatitudes, and heard him who spake as never man spake. *The whole Scriptures* are to be regarded as divine. A disparagement of one part is a letting down of the moral force of the whole. So let us search, from Genesis to Revelation, as a voyager on a sea of continuous beacon-lights, observes narrowly all, though some shine more clearly than others, marking the headlands of his progress towards the haven to which they all guide him.

2. They should be searched in early life. A child needs to learn from the first dawn of conscious being, not only its parents' name, but his spirit and character, — the goodness that he daily shows, the love that he cherishes, and the duty that he requires. He must grow up into a knowledge of these, drink into their spirit, and feel their power. So should it be with those who are to be sons of God. They can not learn too soon nor too perfectly the privileges and duties of their adoption and heirship.

The early Christian life, as well as every step of its progress, should be marked by a searching of the Scriptures. Thus the seeds of renewing grace will take deep root, and develop into precious and abundant fruit.

3. The Scriptures should be searched daily. To say we have no time, is an insult to God and a trifling with our soul's salvation. The man who finds no time to eat his daily food, destroys his health. He who does not take time to feed daily upon the Word of Life, trifles away his spirituality.

4. They should be searched in course. This does not preclude the occasional selection of such portions as may suit special occasions, or peculiar frames in our Christian pilgrimage. The devout and believing George Müller, declares his aversion to the "skip and hop" method of reading the Bible. Since it is all given by inspiration, it is all profitable. If every Christian in the land, brought the whole Scriptures in devout review before his mind, once in six months, there would be shown a wonderful advance in the church in the knowledge and experience of divine things.

5. The Scriptures may be searched profitably, by the hard study of the real student. No book will bear so *thorough* a searching. Much of its treasure lies upon the surface; yet much is revealed to those only who *mine*. The help of Bible-Dictionary and Atlas, books of travels, judiciously selected commentaries, and a knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, may be of great value. Yet even the Biblical student as well as all others may do well at times, to search for its wealth, through the reading simply of the common Bible.

6. Let the Scriptures be searched in a spirit of faith and prayer. Seek the Holy Spirit as an atmosphere in which to study them. He takes the things of God and shows them unto us.

MADE WHOLE BY CHRIST.

"Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." *Acts ix. 34.*

Let the seeker after entire sanctification, ever keep the eye of his faith on this great truth. The efficient cause is Christ. The leper may dip seven times in Jordan, and the blind man may anoint his eyes with clay, but without the divine word, their infirmities remain. The amount and kind of intervening agency, is Christ's appointment. He who would be made whole, must carefully, and with much prayer, regard his will in this matter, and leave to him all the rest. It may be assumed as a fundamental principle of the divine economy in this great work, that man's part is simple, ever practicable, and ever easy, to the willing and obedient heart. When he complies with the conditions assigned him, *believingly*, God, just then, maketh him whole! Reader, "Wilt thou be made whole?" If so, "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

THE HELP OF GOD'S COUNTENANCE.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." *Ps. xlii. 5.*

Like most true believers, the Psalmist had his times of despondency. He was "cast down, but not in despair." At such times, his soul panted after God, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks!" (Verse 1.) He did not sit down and yield up his soul to the power of the devil. He did not spend his breath in complaints to his

brethren, but he turned his eye to God, and pressed after him, as the panting hart follows the signs of the refreshing brook. To aid his pursuit of God's helping favor, he called to mind the time when he "had gone with the multitude to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise." (Verse 4.) Such a recollection would inspire his faith. God *had* made him glad, and he was an unchangeable God. He expected help not from man, but in "the countenance" of God. One smile from him was gladness itself. It was "health." (Verse 11.) It was a defense. For who dared to assail him when God was his friend? It was strength, for what could he not do, encouraged by such favor? And let it be remembered, by every desponding Christian, that the Psalmist never allowed a doubt that he should "yet praise him" for the help of his countenance.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

RESTITUTION—QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

A CORRESPONDENT subscribing himself "Inquirer," asks several questions as follows:—

1. Suppose a man fails in business, pays 50 cts. on the dollar, and is legally exonerated, but afterwards is able to pay the deficit; can he be a child of God, and not pay it?

If this question must be answered categorically, yes or no, we should say, no; but, in point of fact, the rule of duty must bind to special circumstances in each case. 1. Some of the creditors may have disappeared or deceased, so that there is now, in so far, no claimant. 2. Some of the creditors may be able and willing to donate the deficit due them. 3. There may be a question whether the bare possession of enough to pay arrears of the kind alluded to, *by sacrificing all the debtor has*, including furniture, implements, library, and such like, brings with it the duty to cancel the old claims by making such sacrifice: but we can not doubt that a right-minded man, will be keenly alive to the claims of honor, in all such cases.

2. Suppose A., in a business transaction with B., has taken advantage of circumstances to defraud the latter. B. dies at length. Can A. be a Christian, and not pay B.'s heirs the amount? and ought interest to be paid, as well as principal, on all, from the date of the transaction?

The moral complexion of the act of the debtor in this case, is very different from that of the one above supposed: but the duty of restitution is substantially the same in the two cases. That the person originally defrauded is now dead, can not affect the validity of the claim, if there be representatives of the claim within reach. The claim being valid, interest is of course due upon it, at the rate per cent which money has borne during the period between the fraud and the restitution, in the place where the defrauded party

has resided. If there be no living representative of the claim, still, the money does not belong to A., and he is solemnly bound to divest himself of it, by devoting it to some charitable institution, or by giving it forth, in judicious distribution to the poor.

3. Suppose a man has robbed another, and is able, by giving all he has, to repay. Can he be a child of God, and pay back a fourth or a portion; proposing to continue to pay so much at stated times until all is paid? or must he pay back all, and all at once?

Here the indebted party must be supposed to be more deeply guilty than the transgressor in the case before supposed, but the general principle of restitution is still the same. The question of paying all at once, or in instalments, must be decided by the circumstances of the case. It may not be the duty of a reformed criminal to publish his former shame; and if the present payment of all, would so strip him of all he has as to attract public attention, and thereby disgrace his family in the eyes of all men, the consideration might shape the details of the acts of even a holy man. In case he should judge it duty, for any reason, however, to make restitution in instalments, rather than in full at once, it ought to be done with the consent of his former victim, or his representative.

Thus saith the Lord, "Owe no man any thing. Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."

Utica N. Y., May 3, 1861.

LINE UPON LINE.

We aim to give line upon line, with here a little and there a little, concerning the great essential truths pertaining to holiness of heart. But to answer formally, the frequent questions which are put to us by correspondents, would make a tedious and profitless repetition of the same statements. The following questions from a respected author, will suffice as an illustration of many.

1. "Do the Scriptures teach that there is any thing further to be removed from the heart after regeneration? If so, what?" We refer inquirers on this point to an able article in the June Guide, on "Sin in Believers," as well as to recent editorials on the same subject.

2. "Do the Scriptures teach that we are to be convicted the second time, for sins remaining at the time of justification?" Christ says, John xvi. 8, that when the Comforter is come, "he will reprove;" Greek, *convict*, "the world of sin,"—as well doubtless in believers as unbelievers. Where *sin* is, there is the Spirit's work of conviction.

3. "Do the Scriptures teach that it is necessary to have a second application of the blood of Jesus, in order to cleanse from the sins—if any—which remain at the time of regeneration?" The Scriptures address believers, "brethren,"

"saints," and therefore regenerated and holy persons, and promises them a further and perfect cleansing from unrighteousness, on specified conditions. But the entire ground of these questions is covered by the articles above referred to, which may be studied by those perplexed on these points.

AN IMPORTANT ITEM. PLEASE READ.

We should be pleased to speak to our readers solely of things pertaining to full salvation. But they must hear a word concerning money. Since our dues are large, and our receipts have been comparatively small, it has become necessary for our subscribers to hear a word about money, in order that they may continue to hear from us about salvation. We know that the times are hard, and the exhaustive influence of war is great, but the cost of our monthly issues does not lessen, but rather increases with the embarrassments of other business. Now, our dues are, to borrow an expression, *dew drops*, very small individually, but will, if all return in little streams to the fountain at this office, cause our spirits to flow more joyously, and our monthly issue to continue to bless, as we are assured they do, many hearts. What we desire, and have a right to expect of our beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, whose fellowship we have in their connection with the Guide, and whose love worketh no evil to their neighbors,—the publishers,—but contrarywise, *good*, is that they feel for us, in their Christian sympathies, and in their purses, to the amount of their several dues, or, to so much of it as they may religiously deem our part of their means, if those means are not sufficient for a full payment. We beg not to be forgotten by any.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE ADOPTED BIRDS.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

"SWITCH, switch," went the scythes, as the men, early in the morning, were mowing the tall grass. Round the field they went, not minding the grasshoppers that leaped in terror, or the meadow-mice that scampered in the thickest grass. By-and-by the owner of the field came to them, when one of the men pointed to a little stick which he had stuck in the ground, and said with a laugh, "We cut all before us."

"No harm, I hope."

"Nothing of consequence. But see!"

The gentleman went to the stick, and there found a poor meadow-lark, with her head cut off by the scythe! She was on her nest keeping her little young birds warm, and thus the scythe took her life. Faithful mother!

The gentleman took up the nest containing four very small featherless birds. What to do

with them he knew not. So he carried them home, and on his way recollected that near his house was a faithful old robin, which had made her nest in the cherry-tree, and also that she had just begun to set.

On reaching the tree, there the robin was, to be sure, and he knew well that she must have her own way. So he watched her. In a few hours, she flew off to get her food. The moment she was out of sight, the gentleman climbed up and took out the four little blue robin eggs, and put the four little larks in their place. Again he took his place to watch.

In a short time Mrs. Robin came flying back to her nest. She went straight to it, and was just going to hop into it, when she looked in. She raised her wings, and stood in utter amazement. A few moments ago she had left eggs, and now they were birds! She stood and looked, turning her head one way, and then the other, and seeming to scan them very closely. After her amazement had gone past, she flew off, and in a few moments came back with the male robin. Then they both poised themselves, one on each side of the nest, and looked in most earnestly, with raised wings. Sure enough, it was even so! They were birds and not eggs! Then they began to chatter, as if talking the matter over, and explaining the state of things. How they looked, and peered in, and talked! After a while they flew off in great haste. The gentleman feared it was now all over with the little orphans. But no! In a very few minutes they both returned, each bringing a worm, with which they began to feed them! They had adopted them, and from that hour they took care of them and raised them.

Does God take care of birds? Yes. And he has promised to take care of his people and their little orphan children, as birds take care of their young. — *Sunday School Times*.

THE CHILD AND THE SCEPTIC.

A LITTLE girl was sitting beside a cottage door, And with the Bible on her knee, she conned its pages o'er,

When by there passed a traveller that sultry summer day,

And begged some water and a seat to cheer him on his way.

"Come in, sir, pray, and rest awhile," the little maiden cried,

"To house a weary traveler is mother's joy and pride."

And while he drank the welcome draught and chatted merrily,

She sought again the cottage door, the Bible on her knee.

At length refreshed, the traveller, a sceptic, he arose:

"What! reading still the Bible, child? Your lesson, I suppose."

"No lesson, sir," the girl replied, "I have no task to learn,
But often to these stories here with joy and love I turn."

"And wherefore do you love that book, my little maid, I pray,
And turn its pages o'er and o'er the livelong summer day?"

"Why love the Bible, did you ask? How angry sir, you look?

I thought that every body loved this holy, precious Book!"

The sceptic smiled, made no reply, and pondering traveled on;

But in his mind her answer still rose ever and anon,—

"I thought all loved the holy Book" "It was a strange reply;

Why do not I then love it too?" he whispered with a sigh.

He mused, resolved, examined, prayed; he looked within, above;

He read, acknowledged it the truth, and worshiped him with love.

A nobler life from that same hour the sceptic proud began,

And lived and labored many a year, a Bible-loving man.

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

BOOK NOTICE.

PERFECT LOVE; or, Plain Things for those who need them, concerning the Doctrine, Experience, Profession, and Practice of Christian Holiness. By J. A. WOOD, of the Wyoming Annual Conference. Boston; H. V. Degen & Son, 1861.

The author says in his preface, that this work is written from a Wesleyan stand-point, and teaches the Wesleyan interpretation of God's Word, on the subject of Perfect Love. This statement the reader will find fully verified by an examination of its contents. It is a complete Encyclopedia of Wesleyan teaching on this subject. Quotations from its standard authors, both those of its earlier and later history, are made, to verify, in connection with the Word of God and Christian experience, every point stated. Though thus largely a compilation, there is, in the main, much originality in the work. It teaches by questions and answers. In this respect, as well as in the clearness and force of its style, it reminds us of the old Wesleyan "Minutes;" this we consider high but deserved praise. We doubt whether there is a query deserving notice, concerning Perfect Love, which is not here discussed. It can not fail to be very useful.

M.

PERFECT LOVE.

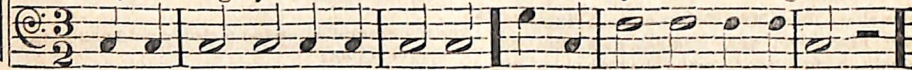
Arranged by W. Mc DONALD.



1. Ye who know your sins for-giv-en, And are hap-py in the Lord ;
2. Tho' you have great peace and comfort, Greater things you yet shall find,
3. O, ye ten-der lambs of Je-sus, Hear your heavenly Father's will ;



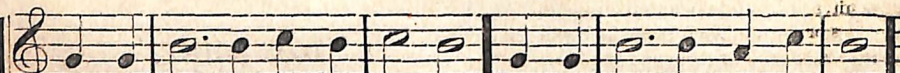
4. Come, my brethren, come, my sisters, Seek, O, seek this ho-ly state,
5. May a mighty sound from heaven, Sud-den-ly come rushing down,



Have you read that gracious prom-ise, Which is left you in his Word?
Freedom from un-ho-ly tem-pers, Freedom from the car-nal mind;
Claim your portion, plead his promise, And he sure-ly will ful-fil;



None but ho-ly ones can en-ter, Thro' the pure ce-les-tial gate;
Cloven tongues, like as of fi-re, May they sit on all a-round;



I will sprinkle you with wa-ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,
To pro-cure your full sal-va-tion, Je-sus suffered, groaned and died,
Pray, and the re-fin-ing fi-re, Will come streaming from a-bove,



Can you bear the thought of los-ing, All the joys that are a-bove;
On the soul of each be-liev-er, May the Ho-ly Ghost come down,



Sanc-ti-fy and make you ho-ly; I will dwell and reign within.
O, be-hold the heal-ing foun-tain, Gushing from his wounded side.
Now be-lieve, and gain the bless-ing, Full sal-ya-tion, perfect love.



No, my broth-er, no, my sis-ter, God will per-fect you in love.
It is com-ing! it is com-ing! Glo-ry, glo-ry, to the Lamb!



[Original.]

REV. GEORGE MÜLLER.

BY REV. Z. A. MUDGE.

GEORGE MULLER was born at Kroppenstaedt, Prussia, on the 27th of September, 1805. His early days did not afford a promise of a happy or a useful manhood. Mr. Müller describes the waywardness of this portion of his life with characteristic fidelity. At the age of seventeen he began to give some attention to his studies, and as he evidently possessed a superior capacity for learning, he soon gained the approbation of his teachers, and was able to enter the University at Halle, at twenty, creditably recommended.

HIS CONVERSION.

Though young Müller had partaken of the Lord's Supper twice each year, for five years, without any spiritual apprehension of its import, yet even this connection with this ordinance of the church, was, by the divine blessing, made profitable to him. It produced conviction of unworthiness. It led to efforts, vain indeed, at reformation of life, without a change of heart. A dissatisfaction with his moral state increased constantly. In November following his removal to Halle, as he was returning from a walk with a friend and fellow student, the latter remarked that he was accustomed to attend a meeting on Saturday evenings, where the people read the Bible, sang and prayed, and read a printed sermon. Müller at once resolved to attend. It was evidently the first meeting of truly converted persons which he ever attended. The fervent prayers, the devoted spirit, and especially the cordial interest taken in his soul's welfare, by the brethren, deeply impressed him. He went home with a new and strange feeling of peace and joy. From this meeting he dates the commencement of a new life in Christ. The inward witness of a divine change soon

became clear, and his life evinced to the world its gracious fruit.

HIS REMOVAL TO ENGLAND.

Dr. Tholuck came to Halle soon after Mr. Müller's conversion, as professor of divinity. His presence occasioned the attendance of several evangelical students, and thus Mr. Müller was provided with evangelical instruction, and, to some extent, with pious companions. He heard Dr. Tholuck's occasional sermons with great spiritual profit, and sometimes walked fifteen miles to enjoy the privileges of hearing a godly minister.

Mr. Müller had an early desire to consecrate himself to the missionary work. At the suggestion of Dr. Tholuck, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society for the promotion of Christianity among the Jews. He was accepted on condition that he would come to London and study under the directions of the Society for six months. His University course being completed, he arrived, in compliance with this proposal, in London on March 19, 1829.

A NEW SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Mr. Müller's health failing soon after his arrival in London, he left that city for rest and purer air, and visited Teignmouth in Devonshire. His sickness and the spiritual instruction of brethren from Exmouth, were owned of God, in answer to his special prayer of faith, in giving him a wonderful increase of the work of grace. He says, "Never in my whole life had I seen myself so vile, so guilty, so altogether what I ought not to have been, as at this time. It was as if every sin of which I had been guilty had been brought to my remembrance; but at the same time I could realize that all my sins were completely forgiven,—that I was washed and made clean, completely clean, in the blood of Christ. The result of this was great peace. I longed exceedingly to depart and be with Christ." He began now to

see the office of the Holy Spirit, and the unspeakable richness of the treasury of God's Word, as never before. He returned to London, and began to work at once to bring his fellow-students into the enjoyment of the same rich blessing. He induced a number of them to meet with him, from six to eight in the morning, for prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. He thus describes the immediate effect of these meetings: "One brother, in particular, was brought into the same state as myself; others, I trust, were more or less benefited. Several times, when I went to my room after family prayer in the evening, I found communion with God so sweet, that I continued in prayer until after twelve, and then, being full of joy, went into the room of the brother just referred to; and finding him also in a similar frame of heart, we continued praying until one or two; and even then I was a few times so full of joy that I could scarcely sleep, and at six in the morning again called the brethren together for prayer." The reader will observe the several particulars of the history as given above, of this special blessing of divine grace given to Mr. Müller. He had, for several previous years, enjoyed a clear evidence of the new birth, and borne the fruits of it in self-denying labors for Christ. Then, while struggling to know and do God's will fully, he sees the corruption of his nature as never before, lays hold of Christ by faith, and is filled with peace and joy.

THE WORK OF FAITH.

Mr. Müller's doctrinal sentiments and plans of usefulness, were greatly changed about this time. He separated himself by a friendly arrangement from the Missionary Society, and entered at once upon the work of the gospel ministry in Devonshire. He had been ordained at the University, but now felt that a fresh commission had been received by him from on high. Seals were immediately given to his ministry. He preached several times

at the Ebenezer Chapel in Teignmouth. A great stir was the immediate result. Some were offended and left, not to return; others left, but came back to rejoice in what had, at first, repelled them. Many came who had not visited often the house of God, and were saved through grace. He was induced to accept the pastoral care of this church in the early part of 1830. His salary was to be two hundred and fifty dollars.* Soon after his marriage, in November, he began to entertain conscientious scruples in reference to receiving a stated salary, or of even asking any person to aid in defraying his necessary expenses. He resolved, therefore, to call his brethren together, state his convictions on these points, and thenceforth to ask only the Lord for his daily bread. This he accordingly did; at the same time both he and his wife literally "sold all they had and gave alms;" giving, for benevolent purposes, all of their property, — thus throwing themselves wholly upon the promise of God, that they that trust him shall not lack any good thing. The sittings of his church were made free. A box was placed in the entry for the contributions of such as pleased to give to the support of the pastor. Certain brethren engaged to open this every week, and pass its contents to him. He purposed never to state his necessities, however pressing they might be, to any except his *Great Provider*. To these principles, with regard to the supply of his temporal wants, Mr. Müller has strictly and invariably adhered in his practice, for more than a quarter of a century. The results are stated with great minuteness in his narrative. We give a few quotations from his diary, showing how he had learned, with the apostle, both to "abound, and to suffer want;" or rather, to show how, while waiting upon God in faith, he lacked no

* We have, in this article, considered the English pound (£) as equal to \$5 of our money, which, though not quite accurate, is sufficiently so for a general statement.

good thing. The quotations are taken from his experience at Teignmouth, and from his subsequent experience at Bristol, to which place he removed in May, 1832. He says, under date of November, 1830:

"Our money was reduced to about eight shillings. When I was praying with my wife, in the morning, the Lord brought to my mind the state of our purse, and I was led to ask him for some money. About four hours after, a sister said to me, 'Do you want any money?' 'I told the brethren,' said I, 'dear sister, when I gave up my salary, that I would for the future tell the Lord *only*, about my wants.' She replied, 'But he has told me to give you some money.'" Mr. Müller attempted to turn the conversation, but the sister proceeded to speak of her remarkable convictions of duty to aid him just then in his support, and ended by giving him ten dollars.

It is one of the principles of Mr. Müller to contract no debts, not even of the smallest amount, for the briefest time. The butcher, the baker, the milkman, as well as the tailor and hatter, were paid when purchases of them were made, so that his faith rested upon God for a supply to meet this duty of prompt payment. Sometimes, when one meal was finished, not enough, either of food or money, remained to provide another, yet a recourse to God in prayer brought the needed supply.

Thus he writes in his journal, under date of November 27, 1832: "The Lord's day. Our money has been reduced to twopence-halfpenny; our bread was hardly enough for this day. I had several times brought our need before the Lord. After dinner, when I returned thanks, I asked him to give us our daily bread, meaning, literally, that he would give us bread for the evening. Whilst I was praying, there was a knock at the door of the room. After I had concluded, a poor sister came in and brought us some of her dinner,

and, from another poor sister, one dollar; in the afternoon, she also brought us a large loaf. Thus the Lord not only literally gave us bread, but also money." Thus Mr. Müller goes on from day to day, during each succeeding year, trusting and receiving. The following general statements will show how faithful a Master he has thus served. Near the end of the first year of this manner of living, he had about two dollars on hand, but the providence of God called for that a little while after, so that it was closed without a farthing. But he had received during the year without solicitation, and without even making known his necessities to any one, about seven hundred and fifty dollars. This was more than twice the amount of the salary under the stipulation. At the close of the next year the amount thus received was over eleven hundred dollars. At the close of 1837 it was fifteen hundred dollars. But it must be remembered that he had removed to Bristol, where his sphere of usefulness was greatly enlarged, and, doubtless, his family expenses increased. The yearly supplies, with an occasional exception, steadily increased; during the year 1854 it was over three thousand dollars. But it is with Mr. Müller as it was with the children of Israel when they gathered manna; when he receives little he has no lack, and when he receives much he has nothing over. His economy is equal to the smallest income, and his generosity exhausts the largest. He understands the command "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth" literally, and so keeps nothing in store for the future. To illustrate how strictly he lives by this rule, we may mention the fact that a few years ago a friend sent him five hundred dollars as the commencement of a fund for the future support of himself and family. This, Mr. Müller courteously but decidedly declined, returning the money, and answering the friend that he had a sure means of support in the daily prayer of faith.

SCRIPTURAL KNOWLEDGE INSTITUTION.

In 1834 Mr. Müller established the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution, for Home and Abroad." The objects at which it aimed were, (1) to *assist* such day and Sunday schools as employed only pious teachers, and taught with other instruction the scriptural way of salvation; and to *establish* such schools; (2) to circulate the Holy Scriptures; (3) to aid missionaries, especially those who *trusted only* in God for support.

A public meeting was called, and Mr. Müller and a friend stated what they proposed to do. The meeting excited no special attention, and with this announcement Mr. Müller waited upon God for the funds. There were no agents sent forth, no organization effected, no one was to be solicited to give. The money was expected through the divine influence upon the hearts of God's people, given in answer to the prayer of faith; and to unceasing prayer he resorted. The result, in the following twenty-six years, is thus summarily stated: For schools, he has expended \$45,000; for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, \$25,000; for tracts and books, — a feature of the institution which was commenced in 1840, — \$40,000; in aid of missionaries, \$170,000, — total, \$280,000.

HOME FOR DESTITUTE ORPHANS.

In 1835, Mr. Müller felt moved by the Spirit of God to add to the enterprise above described an effort to provide a home for destitute orphans. The primary reason for this he thus states: "Now if I, a poor man, simply by prayer and faith, obtained, without asking of any individual, the means of establishing and carrying on an orphan house, there would be something, which, with the Lord's blessing, might be instrumental in strengthening the faith of the children of God, besides being a testimony to the consciences of the unconverted of the reality of the things of God."

Mr. Müller announced his purpose in an address at a public meeting called for the purpose. No other person spoke, neither was a collection made. The enterprise was then left with God. Its steady development through subsequent years to the present time is a study worthy of the philanthropist and Christian. Its seed-time, its putting forth of "the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear," have been wonderful. Its general results, up to the present period, may be thus stated: Two buildings have been erected in Bristol sufficiently large to accommodate 700 orphans; another building, larger than either, is in process of erection; the whole number of orphans which have been under Mr. Müller's care is 1,153; the present number is 700; the whole amount received for this enterprise, including the funds for the two buildings and the one in process of erection, is \$667,640. This, added to the receipts for the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, amounts to the sum of nearly *one million of dollars* received from every part of the globe.

The moral influence of these enterprises cannot be estimated. Many souls have been converted, including a large number of the orphans. A new stimulus has been given to the faith of God's people; a stimulus in a direction in which it was much needed, namely, in reference to receiving and rightly using this world's goods.

"DUTY CALLS, BUT I HAVE NO FEELING."

"I HAVE *no feeling* on the subject of religion, and therefore I can *do* nothing. Of the truth of Christianity I have no doubt; of its infinite importance to me personally I am fully persuaded. But as for making any *decision*, which will bind me to the immediate duty of prayer and other kindred duties, I *never can*, until I have some *feeling* on the subject to begin with. It's but solemn mockery, the very idea of which I cannot tolerate."

So said an impenitent friend of mine a few days since, who had spent some forty years in sinful neglect of God. I was urging him, with all the powers of persuasion which I could call into exercise, to decide that question of questions: "Shall it henceforth be your will, to do all God's will?"

Conscience was pressing the obligation of a full consent that God shall reign; a devoted Christian wife was making full proof of the power of sanctified, tender affection for a beloved husband; ay, and more than all, the Spirit,—the last messenger sent from heaven to save the lost, was working within him mightily to will and to do God's will,—to do it without condition and without compromise.

When I first spoke to him on the subject, he seemed instantly to be deeply agitated. He quickly turned his face from me, and stood for some time looking out of the window, as if wishing to see some one in the street, but in reality to calm and conceal the deep heavings of a restless heart. Tears unbidden flowed freely.

And yet his plea was, "I can't pledge to do what God requires, for I have *no heart in it*. As for being a hypocrite, I never will." In the same community are numbers of others who persist in disobedience, on the same plea,—*no feeling!*

This friend of whom I speak was assured that the requisite to please God is *not* a given kind nor degree of *emotion*, but simply this, *sincere, honest obedience*,—a full consent to be any thing and do any thing which God requires, as honestly as you know how.

It was said to him, "If you need a more hearty interest and deeper emotion, the only way to get them, is to fix your thoughts upon God, his character and claims, and move right onward in the path of duty. If you need any thing of God, honestly ask it. If he requires you to do any thing, *do it*."

Such a course will deepen and perpetuate the flow of feeling in the heart.

But to refuse to decide, when God calls for decision, to stand still when he says "*Go forward!*" is only fitted to make the heart as bleak and barren as the snow-clad mountains around us.

At last, my friend said: "*Feeling or no feeling, henceforth duty is mine!*" God is right and I am wrong. Saved or lost, I will call upon his name!" With this purpose fully formed, he went from the evening lecture to his fireside. There he called upon the name of the Lord in the presence of his household. He said that it seemed to *him* that every passage of Scripture which he had ever read was pressing him like a millstone to yield to God.

It was the joyful crisis. Salvation came to that house. When willing to consent that God shall *be* God, he had no occasion to complain of any lack of emotion.

Reader, are you waiting for more feeling before you begin to serve Jesus Christ? Then let me ask—

1. Are you sure that more feeling is needed? You may not be aware of the depth of your present emotions.

2. Are you taking the only course which is fitted to soften your emotions?

Refuse to pray, and you may never feel. Continue to *disobey*, and you will not only never feel as you wish to, you will never enter heaven. Consent at once to do all the will of God.

Oberlin Evangelist.

[Original.]

SELF-DENIAL.

DEAR SISTER: You desire me to write you my views relative to self-denial in dress.

I shall not attempt, in meeting your request, an elaborate discussion of this subject, but will present you a few thoughts, which, I trust, will reflect the light you desire.

"Let him deny himself," is the un-

equivocal command of our Saviour to any who would become his disciples. "To deny ourselves," says Mr. Wesley, "is to deny our own will, when it does not fall in with the will of God, and that, however pleasing it may be." (Works, v. I., p. 429.)

In this excellent definition, we see lucidly its nature. When self makes claims upon us, the gratification of which would be repugnant to the will of God, our "one rule of action in every thing," we should deny ourselves that gratification, "however pleasing it may be."

Superfluity in dress, or that which is merely ornamental and for fashion's sake, I think will come under this rule. That such is directly repugnant to the will of God, is clearly manifest in the direction of St. Paul (1 Peter iii. 3), "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, and of putting on of apparel."

Ornamental dressing is prolific of the most disastrous results. It often engenders strife and contention between individuals. I once knew two sisters who essayed to excel each other in ornamental dress. It resulted in a contention and hard feeling between them, and finally in the withdrawal of one of them from the church. It tends to keep poor people from the ministrations of God's word, and therefore deprives them of its blessings. It tends to keep its votaries in the vale of poverty, causing them often to feel its impinging hand, with all its woes. It deprives them of the ability to meet the claims of benevolent causes. Listen, dear sister, for a moment, to the cry of the poor heathen, perishing for lack of the bread of life, and ask yourself the question, May I not do something for them by laying aside my superfluities?

The claims of God, your own conscience, your temporal and spiritual well-being, and the eternal destiny of immortal souls at home and in heathendom,

call loudly upon you to practice self-denial in dress. And will you, for a moment, turn a deaf ear to these calls? God forbid; but from this moment may you consult the will of God in all things, and closely follow its sublime and all-important teaching, until the Judge shall say, "It is enough, come up higher."

Affectionately yours,

J. B. SYLVESTER.

Ansable Forks, N. Y., March 5, 1861.

[Original.]

PERFECTION.

BY G. H. H.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

GOD has a perfect charity, or love, for every one, not excepting the erring; and so we must, to meet this requirement, exhibit this same perfect spirit, according to our measure or capacity, toward the whole world. As our knowledge is limited, we may act very differently from the way in which God would act, in a given case; but God, who is the only proper judge of man, looks not to the action, but to its source. The motive must be perfect. And when this is so, then the great requisition is fully met.

As, when once brought submissively under the operation of the Spirit, our knowledge will constantly increase,—our capacity to love will also increase; and we must keep pace with this increase by laying out every acquired power in the one great service of love. Our love may be called perfect, however, even while in a state of progress. For the moment we begin to love with all our capacity, however limited that may be, then we begin to be perfect in love.

Here is the foundation of the Wesleyan doctrine of "Christian Perfection." It is a perfection which still goes on to perfection. The bud, the blossom, the ripe fruit, are all perfect, as such; and they fitly illustrate how a number of persons may all be perfect in love, and

yet vary greatly in their attainments. But, as the bud, blossom, and fruit harmonize perfectly, so these, though differing in the stages of their growth, will be found to drink of the same spirit.

God calls us, then, to begin the perfect life. The power to love perfectly must come from him. It is obtained by faith. Consequently, the entering upon a perfect state of love, is not a work of time though the progress in that state, is.

By leaving the world behind us then, let us give all to God, and exercise present faith for an immediate perfection of love,—and then, still “let us go on to perfection,” continually.

Pittsburgh, May 18, 1861.

[Original.]

ONE HOUR WITH GOD.

BY MARY.

FAR from the noisy world, retreat,
I come, to spend
One hour in holding converse sweet
With Christ, my friend.

There, bringing all my doubts and fears,
My every care,
I spread them all before the Lord,
In humble prayer.

If darkness shroud my soul in gloom,
I seek his face;
If heavenly light my way illumine,
I praise his grace.

I meditate upon his love
Who freely gave
His life, a ransom, on the cross,
My soul to save.

And, as his boundless, matchless love
I thus review,
I pledge my vows of faithfulness
To him anew.

Thus, humbly sitting at his feet,
His grace distills
Like early dew, and peace divine
My spirit fills.

Not all the bliss the earth affords
Could tempt my heart
To yield these seasons of delight,—
This better part.

Oh, may I ever shun the paths
By worldlings trod!
And prize, all earthly good above,
One hour with God.

Lewiston, Me., May 11, 1861.

VOICES FROM THE CLOUD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

“WHAT dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?

Is the day breaking? comes the wished-for hour?

Tell us the signs, and stretch forth thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.”

“The stars are clear above me: scarcely one
Has dimmed its ray in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see, on the horizon’s verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge.”

“Look forth again, O watcher on the tower,—
The people wake, and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full daylight that they know must shine.”

“I see not well,—the morn is cloudy still;
There is a radiance on the distant hill;
Even as I watch, the glory seems to grow;
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow.”

“And is that all, O watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour.
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?”

“A mist envelopes them; I can not trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks.”

“We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;—
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest; many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!”

“I see the hill-tops now; and chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn.”

“Again,—again,—O watcher on the tower—
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?”

“I hope, but can not tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,
As of a lark— young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.”

“What doth he say, O watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,
Filled with the glories of the future time?”

"He prophecies — his heart is full — his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day, —
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When error shall decay, and truth grow
strong,
And right shall rule supreme, and vanquish
wrong?"

"He sings of brotherhood and joy and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive
mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

"Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it, — tell us, yet again,
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?"

"It breaks, — it comes, — the misty shadows
fly, —
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

[Original.]

THE EXPERIENCE OF A MORNING.

BY L. C. E.

How precious have been the dealings of the Lord with my soul since he taught me the simple way of salvation by faith! This has been one of those beautifully bright mornings, not in outward circumstances, but a glory within. You have noticed the glorious radiance of the sun on a midsummer day, pouring its rays upon the very tiniest and insignificant of all created things, and into some hitherto darkened room, whose windows, before tightly closed against its influence, have been flung open to receive that which is free to all. So has the glorious gospel of the Sun of Righteousness been shedding abroad its rays into my dark heart, and this has been one of the mornings when there did not seem to be the smallest cloud to hide my Saviour from my view. Oh, how precious is Jesus to them that believe, and how wonderfully near does he appear at times; how well

do we realize that we are not alone, but that the Comforter has come and taken up his abode with us, although we may be deprived of earthly consolation. Is there one thing we could ask for, when we have such an *all-sufficiency* within us? No, my heart says for ever, no! When I retired this morning for my hour of communion with my God, how clear did the way of faith appear, — it was Look and live. Jesus saved me; oh, I knew he cleansed me, — his word said so, and I believed it; and the Spirit bore witness with my spirit to the efficacy of that all-atoning blood, that fountain opened in the house of David for all uncleanness. When I was obliged to leave that precious place, Jesus went with me. He continued to speak blessed words of peace to my mind; my hands were occupied, but my thoughts were all turned inward where there was a flame of divine love burning so brightly on my heart, it was a fire kindled by the Holy Spirit to consume all my dross. I was drawn again to appear before a throne of grace to worship and praise the Lord, who showed to me, even me, such wonderful deliverance; and as I turned over the pages of the word, passage after passage appeared, all bearing testimony to the goodness of Jesus, his readiness to save; and as I read that I might "reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through my Lord Jesus Christ," and then again that Jesus was become my righteousness, my sanctification, oh, how my full heart laid itself exulting, rapturously and helplessly in its resting-place, the bosom of my Saviour. Here, I realized, am I indeed safe, accepted through the Beloved, in whom I have full redemption. Again was I engaged in my household duties, but from the ground of my heart ascended the spirit of praise and rejoicing; my soul was being bathed in the stream of redeeming love, and higher and higher rose the tide, until my full heart seemed as if it would burst its bounds. A Sa-

viour's love was being shed abroad kindling mine. My unuttered longings were,

"What can I do my Saviour to praise."

Oh that I could proclaim to the world his name. Oh the goodness, the condescension that, stooping to me, a poor guilty rebel, took me from the depths of darkness and transplanted me into this glorious light!

I would say, for the encouragement of doubting, trembling ones, this light has not always been so clear. Sometimes, when feeling vanished and I did not walk by faith, I lost myself in a maze of doubt and unbelief; I turned away from Jesus, and then of course all was darkened, for as I was clearly nothing in myself, when I turned from the source of my salvation I had nothing to plead, there was no clothing for my nakedness save the righteousness which is by faith, and in that I must abide. Oh, how many days of bitter anguish have I experienced, when I knew it was "worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone;" how have I pleaded at the mercy seat, hour after hour, without appropriating to myself the answer, "I will, be thou clean." I knew I must make a full consecration; I knew I must forsake all else to follow Christ, and I was willing, nay, longed to do so, that I might but know him, whom to know aright is life eternal; but I did not trust, I did not believe, and dreary days and weeks have I passed in despondency. Then came a period of more earnest determination to live by faith, with occasional glimpses of light. I began to say, I do believe, I will believe; and oh, how the enemy did try to attack me here; how he did try to convince me that because I was destitute of feeling I was not wholly the Lord's; how he did seek to discourage me by causing me to look at my own imperfections! But, praise the Lord! his word was indeed a light to my feet, the simple way of faith became easier, the gleams of light brighter and more glorious; such

bright days as this are more frequent, or in times of darkness I can rest upon the promises and claim them as mine, and behold Jesus as ready to receive and save all who come unto him; and those who take him at his word will find verified, as I have found it, the promise, "Said I not, that if thou wouldst believe thou should see the glory of God?"

My tongue has been loosened to speak his praise, in the class-room, at meetings for the promotion of holiness, and where it appears to be my duty. The utterances were at first faint and feeble; the enemy tempted by telling me it was presumptuous, that I must not publicly claim so great a blessing. Had I followed his teachings I should have lost what I had gained; for, having given myself to do the will of the Lord, it was my duty to take up the cross, strive to forget myself, and speak to the glory of his name. Oh, how poor, how unworthy are these our thank-offerings! But may the first faint notes of praise begun here below swell to an unceasing anthem throughout eternity as we worship at the feet of "Him who hath loved us and washed us in his own blood."

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 18, 1861.

LIVING DOWN CALUMNY.

BY REV. A. M. ALLEN.

I ONCE read of a man who was for a time beset with all manner of evil speaking. To those that asked an explanation he gave it, and they were satisfied. At one time he was in danger of losing his temper; at another he seemed despondent; at another he thought of a public vindication; but he had no responsible accusers; besides, the evil reports were so many, that, like the vermin in the plague of Egypt, they would have required months to remove them. At length he resolved in reliance on God to keep silence, and maintain quietness of soul, and let the storm blow over.

No sooner had he formed the purpose than he felt relieved. But friends, more officious than wise, talked of lawsuits, pamphlets, and even a public meeting. To such he gave the following twenty reasons for his conduct:—

1. If these rumors are true, it would not be lawful to deny them; in such case my mouth ought to be stopped.

2. If they are false, my noticing them will not make them more so.

3. I have determined to try to imitate one of whom it was said, he never forgets any thing except injury.

4. The early Christians, when reviled, did bless; 1 Cor. xi. 12. So will I.

5. When Jesus was reviled, he reviled not again; 1 Peter ii. 23.

6. Patient continuance in well doing, if any thing, will put to silence the ignorance of foolish men; 1 Peter ii. 15.

7. It is the glory of a man to pass over transgression; Prov. xix. 11.

8. He who utters or believes a false rumor, is hurt far more than any one else; Ps. xv. 3. I shall pity such with all my heart.

9. Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience; 2 Cor. i. 12.

10. I have put all that concerns me into the hands of Christ, and he will keep what I have committed to him; 2 Tim. i. 12.

11. It shall ever be my rule to leave off contention before I begin it; and not often have I defiled my conscience with it; Prov. xvii. 14.

12. It may be that the Lord will look upon mine affliction, and requite me good for his cursing this day; 2 Sam. xvi. 12.

13. I need forgiveness for ten thousand sins; shall I not forgive others?

14. I have lived to no purpose if rumors not founded in truth can destroy my good name.

15. I hope some of my detractors will soon have a better spirit; they have not always shown such evil dispositions.

16. Experience proves that nothing is more tormenting than malignant feelings.

17. If I am called to these trials, so were Job, Moses, David, Paul, and Christ; it is enough that I fare as well as they.

18. This is perhaps the best opportunity I shall have for a long time of showing the meekness and patience of Christ.

19. Time spent in prayer will do more good than if spent in fending and defending; in proofs and recriminations.

20. Eternity is just at hand; it will make these little annoyances soon to disappear; I shall not think of them once in a million of ages; or if I do, it will be only to thank God for sustaining me under them, and for bringing me out of them. Nothing shall change my purpose.

His busiest enemies relaxed their efforts, and by degrees changed to be his defenders.

The highest character ever given of him was by one who had circulated most of the slanders, and he had the satisfaction of seeing how safe is character in the hands of God. Did he not act wisely? Will you act as wisely when tried?
Zion's Herald.

LETTER TO AN ANTINOMIAN FRIEND.—NO. 10

BY A. P. J.

DEAR M.: How could you so misunderstand me as to call words that were only meant in kindness, severe? Other friends attempt to soothe you with words of sympathy, but you say they bring no relief: neither can they by such means, for they are as powerless to remove the cause of your sorrow, and as ineffectual in reaching the seat of it, as the caresses of affection would be to remove the roots of a cancer, or to cure a fever. I do believe that religious apathy would result in spiritual death in some souls,

but for timely affliction to arouse it to spiritual exertion. For there is as much necessity for spiritual effort for growth in grace, as for physical exercise to keep the body in health. It is dreadful for you to be so ensnared by this no-effort heresy. You will not allow it to be called antinomianism, but it is that in principle; though you may not carry it to the ruinous extremes that some do, yet you are sufficiently ensnared by it to hinder your growth in grace; and, consequently, to necessitate the rod of chastising. Yet when I see that there is no other way of deliverance from trouble, except by your first being delivered from these hindering doctrines, and by commencing in earnest the work of effort for higher attainments in grace, you say that it is severity, because I tell you so. Upon the same principle you might accuse a surgeon of cruelty for the use of the knife in removing a deadly tumor. All medicine increases sickness before it restores to health. I can well recollect, in childhood, of saying, "I had rather have the fever, than to take the calomel and oil" that was administered to cure it. Neither could I be persuaded or caressed into willingness; but when told that the fever would last until it was taken, and perhaps result in death, made no further opposition. The mind can never be at peace, while the soul is diseased with the least particle of sin. As "there is no peace to the wicked," peace can only be established as a state, so far as sin is subdued, and cast out. It never can be permanently established, until a state of holiness is attained. But if you ever attain to this state of sanctification, by which you will be delivered from inward bondage, and the disturbing power of outward things, you will have to renounce the strange idea that you are elected to a character; and make gospel efforts to obtain that character. You have it not, and yet you say you are elected to it. If you are elected to it, why are you not in possession of it? How can you be benefited by such an election? There is a state of grace that brings "peace that passeth (the natural) understanding," and "joy that no man taketh from you." But you are in a state of grief that passeth the spiritual understanding; for those who have been delivered from bondage to inordinate grief can not but marvel that any one will remain in a state from which there is such entire deliverance freely offered to all who will accept of it upon gospel conditions. And so far from being in that state of "joy which no man can take from you," the smallest circumstance has power to take it from you. You say it is all by grace, and so it is; but though the grace is his, the effort to obtain it is ours. How does this no-effort state of yours correspond with Paul's words and example, who, when he was in a much higher state of grace than we are, said he "had not yet attained" all that he desired, "but reached forth, followed after, and pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Philip. iii. 7-14.) But Paul speaks, afterwards, as if he had obtained all that he sought (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8). And we see from the above texts the means by which he obtained "the high mark." Must Paul follow after, reach forth, and press onward for it, and can you attain without the use of any means? He speaks of "suffering the loss of all things;" and so far from grieving over his losses, "he counted it nothing that he might win Christ." But it seems that you expect to win him without either suffering or service. "God is no respecter of persons." Why would he appoint such a laborious way for Paul to attain spiritual blessings, and such an easy way for us? "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force," as much now as then. Be assured this easy doctrine, which you misname grace, is "another

gospel," and has its origin and home in the ease-loving, carnal mind, which is death," and not in "the spiritual mind, which is life and peace," and giveth living action to "every good word and work." The primitive Christians had to "strive to enter in at the strait gate," but you expect to enter in without strife, by a process which you call free grace, but the meaning of which you do not seem to have any adequate idea. Is the grace less free because there are preparatory conditions? Admit that it is free, though the term free grace is not used in the Scriptures. It is called a free gift, because it is something which can not be purchased. The conditions by which we are brought into a preparatory state to receive and profit by this gift, do not add any thing to the giver,—the benefit is all our own. But what is it that he gives? The gift does not include all grace at once, but the power for effort to attain more. As we see in that of the ten talents,—each one had to add to the talent given; and the unprofitable servant that did not use the given power to add to the gift, was cast "into outer darkness, with weeping and wailing." If there was not a condition, why was he responsible for complying with it, with a penalty attached, even the loss of the gift. "To as many as received him, to them he gave power to become the sons of God." It does not say that he gave them son-ship at once, but "power to become sons." It seems here that man has a receiving power, for the act of reception is mentioned as his own. It does not say that he gave him power to receive; but speaks of it as a power that he possessed, and when he used his receiving power which he had by nature, then power was given him to become something above nature; even a son of God. It proves that if we use the capacity we have fully up to our ability, that we will have more given us. "To him that hath (so used it) shall more be given; but to

him that hath not (improved it) even that which he hath shall be taken away." This is the exact meaning of this passage; for it is in reference to the ten talents; and it was said, "Take from him the pound (the unprofitable servant, who had not added to the talent given), and give it to him that hath the ten pounds," (to him that hath doubled the talent given him.) (Luke xix. 24-26.) Yet you speak as if you would be doing something against free grace, if you made efforts for higher spiritual attainments. But is it not rather sinning against grace, by not doing it; inasmuch as the God of grace has commanded it? There is no aspect of free grace, however freely bestowed, that can absolve the person on whom it is bestowed from obedience. Chalmers says "obedience is a part of the power of salvation." It is certain that salvation is constantly mentioned in connection with obedience; as if those who were in a saved state did constantly exercise that power. Paul speaks of their "obeying from the heart," and similar expressions. Neither is it something which we can do or let alone at our own option, as we see from the following texts: "He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." "And the Holy Ghost hath he given to them that obey him." (Heb. v. 3; Acts v. 32.) Here salvation is positively spoken of as conditional upon obedience, and the gift of the Holy Spirit also. Man can not become the author of his own salvation, but he can submit himself to the authority of him who is the author and finisher of our faith." He is as much the finisher as the author of our faith, but in every step of the way, man is a co-operator, according to his finite power. And it is by using the grace that he has, to get more grace, that he increases the original gift. And that he is responsible for this increase, and that there is a penalty attached to his evasion of duty, we find

from the award of the unprofitable servant, who "was cast into outer darkness, where there was weeping and wailing." And this was done solely on the ground of unprofitableness; for there was no specific sin alleged. It was not upon the ground of what he had done, but upon the ground of something that he had left undone. "Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." (Luke xi. 28.)

CHRIST IN THE STORM.

THE late Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, in one of his admirable letters, remarks that "we can not see the glory of Christ *in the storm*, unless we embark with him in the vessel." May we not add, that those who have most promptly embarked with him have always seen most of his glory? We are naturally backward to go on board. We prefer to linger on the quiet shore. But when, in a time of necessity, the love of Christ "constrains" us, at his bidding, to "get into the ship and cross over to the other side" of the stormy sea, he will come to us "walking upon the waves." And if we then are "affrighted" by what we see, he will say with an unwonted sweetness of tone, "It is I; be not afraid." He will show us his power to rebuke and quiet the tumultuous waves; and his "Peace, be still," will be all that is necessary to secure a great and glorious calm.

Amid the darkening signs of the times and in view of the stormy sea which the providence of God seems to be calling the church to navigate, how delightful is the assurance that "the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters,—yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." While the disciples of Christ shrink upon the shore, dreading to embark, and anxiously crying to the watchmen, "Watchmen, what of the night?" there comes from the pure depths of heaven, across the waters clear as a bell

upon the midnight air, the welcome answer for the watchman to re-echo, "The morning cometh." Though "the noise of the sea, and the tumult of the people," for a season, drown the voices of the angels chanting, "Peace" and "Good will," Jesus will rise up at length in his might, and command peace, and display his glory. The harsh discords and jar-rings will be but the "tuning of the instruments" that are out of order, preparatory to a grander and sweeter anthem of praise.

"Peace, and no longer from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

Let us take courage and embark. Even though our Captain is not visibly with us, or seems to be "asleep in the hinder part of the ship," he will manifest himself, and display his power just at the right moment. We shall not "perish." "The great storm" will be hushed. "The wind and the sea" will "obey him." And we ought not to give him occasion to say, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" Let us trust, and not be afraid. Let us, at the call of his providence, go on board, and cross the tempestuous sea, and we shall certainly see his glory, and, sooner or later, hear the song of praise, like the sound of many waters, to God and the Lamb.—*Tract Journal*.

[Original.]

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

BY DORA.

"By grace are ye saved."

YES, "grace, grace," must be the song from the foundation to the topstone! "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Christ our Saviour." "That

in the ages to come, he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us, through Jesus Christ." "For by grace are ye saved, through faith; not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

How we are constantly brought to Christ as the agent employed in man's salvation, and the medium through which the grace of God flows to the believer! He it is whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation for our sins, through faith in his blood, to declare his (not our own) righteousness for the remission of sins that are passed through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, his righteousness, that he might be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth on Jesus.

Grace imparts the first ray of light to the darkened mind of the sinner; grace reveals the pollution of his heart, and grace points to the cleansing fountain by grace prepared for the washing of the guilty.

Grace purifies, adorns, and prepares the sinner for the enjoyment of everlasting life, in connection with glory, and honor, and every joy that grace can provide and bestow.

"Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? Of works? Nay, but by the law of faith." Most clearly, then, is the fact established by the word, that we are saved by grace; which grace is communicated from God to us, through Christ; that he becomes our righteousness, or, in other words, that his righteousness is accepted as an equivalent for our deficiency on the ground of our faith; and that when we do thus believe on Christ, his righteousness is wrought in us, we are "made partakers of his holiness," thereby constituting us righteous persons.

Being thus made partakers of his divine nature, becoming Christlike in our disposition, we shall, at his coming, be renewed bodily in his image.

How, then, are we justified? "By the

grace of God, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." How do we obtain peace with God? "Through our Lord Jesus Christ." How do we receive the gift of righteousness? "By Jesus Christ." How does grace reign unto eternal life? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord." How are we delivered from the bondage of the law? "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." How do we have access to the Father? "Through Christ." How do we offer up acceptable sacrifices to God? "By Christ." And when the company of the redeemed awake to life, clothed upon with immortality, shouting, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—to whom is this salvation ascribed? "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Well might the apostle say, "By grace are ye saved," and when the topstone is brought forth with shouting, we will cry, "Grace, grace unto it!"

[Original.]

WHAT ARE OUR MOTIVES IN SERVING GOD?

BY B. S.

IN most cases we shall probably find there are mixed motives, some of which may be more prominent than others. The motive of fear is often a leading one. Noah, "moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house;" and thus many, fearing destruction, will seek after God; and, moved by the same principle, they serve him more as a servant than as a child.

Others seek salvation more for the "loaves and fishes" than from any other motive; their aims are low and earthly. To such, the Saviour may with propriety say, "Ye seek me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled," and asks, "How can ye believe (i.e. fully) which receive honor one of another?"

There are others who hope to enjoy the more pleasurable and emotional "fruit of the Spirit,—love, joy, peace," etc. These disciples like to sail in smooth waters, and share the luxuries of the king's palace without participating in the toil and responsibility connected therewith.

There are a few others who seem to covet toil, reproach, and suffering, in view of future reward. Moses is an example of this sort. He "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of reward." Others of this class "were tortured, not accepting deliverance that they might obtain a *better* resurrection."

There is still another class, few, indeed, who seem to be without motive, or, with but one, which absorbs every thing beside. Enoch and Job are specimens. Of Enoch it is written that "he walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." We can discover in his case no mixed or selfish motive. Before his translation "he had the testimony that he pleased God." The patriarch Job passed through the most fiery tests of loyalty without discovering any selfishness or defective faith. We perceive in him no desire for recompense,—no claim for divine preferment either in this world or in the resurrection. And as Job became more and more transparent in the fiery crucible, he addresses himself to God in tones of deepest reverence and humility, saying, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." He seemed to feel a perfect self-annihilation. He still stands before us as God's representative of "a perfect and upright man," maintaining under all circumstances a spotless integrity. In his case we see the fulfillment of that prophetic sentiment, "purified, made white, and tried." This is the divine order always. In proportion as we advance in the divine life, we

shall be tried as gold is tried. Our motives will be dissected and sifted. If we do not perceive this under one phase of discipline, we shall most surely do so in another; and it is folly for us to flounder and rebel when God subjects us to tests of loyalty.

Soldiers who go out in defense of their country, do so under "sealed orders," as to the programme. Thus the soldiers of Christ are called forth, not to question, not to parley, but to obey promptly. But earthly figures fail us when the soul "is swallowed up of life." Paul says, when he gained this summit, "It is no more I that live, but Christ liveth in me." Such a state is one of unmixed faith; or, in other words, no outward circumstances, or inward emotions sway the soul to and fro, because "it is fixed, trusting in God." Until we gain this prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus, we shall be more or less the victims of defective faith and selfish motives.

If the heart is in a mixed moral state, its practical developments will correspond therewith. By this remark we do not intend to convey the idea that every action, in itself considered, will be faultless when the heart is right. Ignorance, illness, and the force of former habit may occasionally mar the fruit of the Spirit, but, like a good tree, no sensible man will cut it down or condemn it because some of its fruit has, from some cause, become marred in its exterior. It is these outward discrepancies that induce many to let go their hand of faith which had previously grasped the sacred treasure, and thus they fall back, and sink lower in their discouragements than ever before. It is better to start anew instantly, than to beat a retreat when difficulties beset us. Faith is our strength, our shield, and our only weapon of defence.

"—faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone."

Dorchester, June, 1861.

THE PROUD MIND OF THE FLESH.

BY JOHN KITTO, D.D.

Read 2 Kings v. 11, 12.

THE deeply interesting and suggestive history of Naaman the Syrian, who came to Samaria to be healed of his leprosy, and was healed by bathing seven times in the Jordan at the command of Elisha, is one on which volumes might be, and actually have been written.* It especially abounds with matter from which, by nearer or remoter analogy, instruction in things spiritual may be drawn; and seeing that, in its first aspect, it is no more than a simply-told incident in the history of Elisha, we scarcely know any passage of holy writ of the same extent, which more remarkably bears out the declaration of the apostle, that *all Scripture* is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness." The history or rather the anecdote of Naaman, is "profitable," not for one of these things separately, but for all of them.

The point of this history to the consideration of which our mind is most drawn, is Naaman's near failure of cure, by reason of his having settled in his own mind the mode in which it was to be done, and his scorn of the simple and naturally inadequate instrumentality prescribed by the prophet.

We, knowing much better than Naaman did, the character and claims of Elisha, are apt to be amazed at the petulance and pride of Naaman. Yet in fact there are few of us,—are there any?—who have not manifested many times in the course of our career, as much or more resistance to the demands upon our faith, and to the enforced exigencies for the humiliation of "the proud mind of the flesh," as ever Naaman did, and often with far less reason. Let us

rather admit, that the demand upon the faith of Naaman, and the extent to which he was required to bend down his natural reason, formed somewhat of a severe exaction from one so raw and inexperienced in the things of God. Yet it is the common course of the Lord's dealings with those whom he brings under the operation of his healing grace. The course is paternal. As a father deals with his children, so deals he with us. He demands obedience, he exacts submission, he requires faith; and then, the mind being brought into the right state, he teaches, he leads, he heals. So his soldiers at their enlistment are subject to the same discipline as the world's soldiers. Obedience, discipline, are first of all exacted. This is the foundation of all things, and facilitates the education and training which go to complete the good soldier for the spiritual no less than for the world's warfare.

This fundamental requisite is generally enforced upon us in the same way as in the case of Naaman, by the Lord's refusing to be bound by the course of proceeding which seems to us best, and pursuing a course of his own, to which our unqualified submission is demanded. And often, in the course of our career, we are checked in the same manner, with rigorous claims upon our submission, until we are brought into the state of having no will of our own, but are content to be still in the Lord's hands, leaving him to dispose of all things for us, and recognizing in all matters, and that readily and cheerfully, his way as the best. This refusal to be bound by our courses, is a right which the Lord exercises for our good, by bringing us into a state of affectionate and constant dependence upon him in all things and as to all times. Hence we are continually taken at unawares, with incidents which we did not expect, or could not calculate upon, but the right reception of which, or the contemplation of our constant lia-

* We have before us one old folio volume of about 900 pages, upon seven verses of this history.

bility to which, serves to hedge up our way when we become prone to wander, and to instruct well in all the lessons of his school.

"I am a scholar: The great Lord of love
And life my Master is, who, from above,
All that lack learning to his school invites."

And in that school it is as often by his discipline,—by his rod, as by his book, that he teaches us to profit.

It is only by the grafting of our will into his, that we can bear much fruit,—any fruit; and no branch was ever yet grafted without being cut to the quick. In what he allows us, or in what he takes from us, in his dealings with us, or in his action upon us through others, the same object is always kept in view, of teaching us our dependence upon him; and it is well with us,—very well, then *only* well,—when our will so works with his, that in all we see, or hear, or enjoy, or suffer, we strive to realize for ourselves that which he strives to teach,—to see his will, and to have no will but his.

This dependence upon him, and this submission of all things to him, is health to our souls and marrow to our bones; and therefore, and for our profit, in so far as the Lord loves us, will he care to bring us into this state, by all the dispensations of his providence and grace towards us. He is a great King. He is our sovereign Master; and often the soul that shrinks most keenly from man's despotisms, submits the most cheerfully to hold all things, from the least even to the greatest, at the absolute disposal of him whose imperial prerogatives are not only beyond dispute, but give that which man most needs and which he can no where else find,—REST for the soul amidst all life's perturbations.

We may, to a certain extent, take it for granted, that if we have well tilled our ground, we shall in due course have a sowing season; that if we have sown our seed, we shall in due time reap the crop; and that if we have carried it to

our barns, we shall at leisure thresh out and eat the fruit of our labor. And so generally it comes to pass. Yet we still hold all at our Lord's prerogative; and by wet, by drought, by sunshine, and in a hundred other ways, he will teach us that he reigns; and he is not so tied by the means and husbandry we use, but that for our presumption, unbelief, or unthankfulness, he will use his prerogative in bringing all the labor of our hands to naught. We are thus taught to walk with more awe and fear before our God, who is, when it so befits him, A CONSUMING FIRE.

There remains, therefore, nothing for us but to shut up ourselves and ours, daily and nightly, in the ark of his protection; to rise up, to dress, to eat, to work, to converse, to lie down with a humble and thankful heart, not as slaves, nor yet as presumers, but as those who know that they are not their own, as those who, if their Lord should say,—“Thy silver and thy gold are mine; thy wives also, and thy children, even the goodliest are mine,”—can answer,—“My Lord, O king, according to thy saying, I am thine, and all that I have.”

How narrowly should we look, how guardedly should we walk, and how soberly should we use every blessing, if we were under bond to surrender all to a creditor at an hour's warning, and we were beholden only to his courtesy for the bread we eat! Even so, let us walk humbly before God, who is our sovereign, and has our lives, our wealth, our persons at his command,—in a moment to take all, if it so please him, from us. Let us daily take all we have as lent one day more from his hand, and use his blessings humbly and purely, as though we use them not; and strive to realize the condition of that holy man, who, when asked over night whether he would go to such a place on the morrow, made answer,—“I thank God, I have known no morrow these twenty years.”

[Original.]

"BE YE HOLY."

BY M. M. J.

READER, have you named the name of Jesus? If you have, heed this injunction, "Be ye holy," and worthily wear your profession, letting your light shine. "A city on a hill-top cannot be hid," much less the light emanating from the happy spirit born of God, and filled with the fullness of his love. You may deceive yourself and others; but the eye of the Omnipotent One sees, without a glass, sin's death-spot on the soul. Is it no privilege to adorn, or, in other words, render attractive the doctrines of Christ's salvation? The pious soul, wrapped in the garments of holiness, delights, exults, in the enjoyment of this exhortation. It is the life and character of the Holy Sufferer that renders Calvary so attractive! Be not deceived; Christ is your example. Nor does his divinity render this nugatory; for he also possessed a human nature like unto yours. "He, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed *himself* to him that judgeth righteously." Such, more or less, will be the conduct of every *true* follower of the lowly, lovely Jesus. The apostles, after being scourged for preaching the words of life, rejoiced that they had been accounted worthy to suffer for this cause. These are very significant and important examples to the child of grace. Of all the lancets of persecution pointed against the soul, none is so pernicious as that hurled by our own hands. We are our own most formidable persecutors. We are not willing sufficiently to conform to the examples given. When Jesus says to his followers, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep among wolves," he conceals no danger. This contains the most imminent, natural danger. Think about it. But he adds this gracious rule, "Be

ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

Have you vicious passions and desires unrestrained, a will unconquered, these are of the devil. Flee from the devil and he will flee from you; but in fleeing, remember you must run towards Jesus. Dream not that ever so faithful an observance of all the external ordinances and means of grace *can* save you; nothing but an *internal* work can subdue the rising impulse to sin. This is sufficient: God dwelling in the heart, working to *will* and to *do* of *his own* good pleasure. Wash in all the streams of earth, and you shall be filthy still; yes, *filthier still*; but go, wash in the flowing blood-stream of Calvary, and you shall be clean every whit. Alleluia! "Be ye holy" in heart and life. Bring the pruning-knife of a watchful spirit to operate on your thoughts, motives, desires, and actions; be in earnest, and if there be branches and twigs that disturb your peace, do not cut through the *bark*, and then withdraw the knife; but cut it off and cast it away, otherwise it will dwarf the whole tree, and shrink the fruit to nothing. Pruning and affliction are full of life and health,—strange paradox! In the darkest cloud lives a glory. Its shadow may be terrific, so as to make one tremble; yet there is a light beyond, which may (if we will) vanquish the portentous cloud, and beam forth in fondest gleams of glory.

Name the name of Jesus *in charity* with all men, or name it not at all. The wise Bacon bears this tribute to charity: *The desire of power was the fall of angels: the desire of knowledge the fall of man; but in charity there is no excess; neither men nor angels ever incurred danger by it.* Paul said: *Though I speak with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity,—then what? Why, I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.* If your tongue has not learned the gospel rule, "Speak evil of no man," nor your heart "to do unto others as you would

have others do to you," you are no better than Simon, who bewitched the people of Samaria with his sorceries, giving out that himself was some great one; and who thought the gift of God might be purchased with money. Let me address you in the language of Peter: "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity."

If there are such things as trifling actions in life, God beholds them, and will bring them into judgment. Then let us watch over our *little petulancies*, and be not provoked to anger, but rather to godliness. The immortal spirit can not afford to sport with those things on which hangs its destiny. Oh, no! Then let us bestir ourselves that we may be found with our lamps trimmed and burning, so as to enter in with the Bridegroom at his coming.

Canada West.

[Original.]

HINTS AS A GUIDE TO HOLINESS, HAPPINESS, AND HEAVEN.

1. *Consider*, What am I? Whence did I come? Whither do I go? Who is God? and what is his nature? In what relation do I stand towards him,—my Maker, Sustainer, Redeemer, Judge? Heaven,—a place of holiness, purity, love, and everlasting happiness,—am I fit for it? Hell,—a place of everything wicked and vile, demons and damned spirits, hateful, and hating one another, "the smoke of whose torment ascends up for ever and ever,"—how can I escape it? "What must I do to be saved?"

2. *Pray* in true sincerity for light and help to him who has declared himself both able and willing to grant our requests for wisdom and grace.

3. *Ponder* on what is required in order to become a real Christian, such an one as keeps always all the commandments of God.

4. *Count the cost*, deliberate coolly. Can I give up the pleasures of intemperance ("the lusts of the flesh,") in eating, drinking, ease, indulgence, unlawful connections, &c.; and be content to use plain food and drink, fast at times, and endure hardships, and labor and privations? Can I give up the delights of the eye ("the lust of the eye" in clothing, in houses, in furniture, in gardens, in equipage, &c.; and be content to be plain and homely in dress and other things, that I may not keep snares to vanity about me, and that I may be able to help the poor and needy? Can I forego "the pride of life," the good name, the fame, the honor, the titles, the distinction, the respectability, the desire of wealth, &c., and be content to be poor and unnoticed, and to be accounted base, and vile, and mean-spirited, and to be despised and derided, and slandered, and ill-named, and to be accounted as the very filth and offscouring of all things on the earth?

5. Having fully counted the cost, *resolve*, if such be your determination, by God's help, to cease to do evil, and to learn to do well.

6. *Pray* that God will show you the state and condition of your soul, and what it is that you really need, in order to be received into his favor.

7. Seek the company and the advice of true Christians, and quit all other kinds of company, although as near and as dear as a right hand or a right eye, except so far as necessity requires. YOUR SALVATION MAINLY DEPENDS ON THIS.

8. Read the Holy Scriptures, and search them with meditation and prayer, and a submissive willingness to be led into all truth. A teachable, childlike spirit.

9. *Watch* vigilantly against sin, and fly from all things leading thereto, especially

from such things as have been most habitual and besetting as from the face of the most deadly serpent.

10. Do not despond or despair. *God is almighty.* As soon as you begin really to turn to him, he turns to you. He greatly pities and infinitely loves you. To the true penitent his mercy is higher than light, deeper than depth, broader than breadth, and longer than length.

11. If, through temptation and the weakness of your faith, you should sin, either in omission or in commission, go at once to the mercy-seat, with shame and confusion of face, and confess your sin with sorrow and contrition of spirit, and pray for grace to help and keep you in time to come. This do, even though you should sin seventy times seven in a day, — any number of times.

12. If, in your former ungodly state, you had injured any in their persons, or characters, or property, by ill-usage or neglect; or by lying and slandering; or by stealing and driving hard bargains, and overreaching, and deceiving, and misrepresenting, and tricking, &c. (and who that has come to years of maturity but has done some or all these things), it will be your duty to make due amends to all that you have injured in person, in character, or in property. You will, perhaps, find this hard to flesh and blood to do, but God's grace is sufficient to enable you to do all things, and he will thus enable you, if you continue to call upon him.

13. *Faith* in Christ as your Saviour, one, for whose sake God has actually pardoned your sins, is necessary; this you will know by its fruits, as love, joy, peace in the Holy Ghost, dominion over sin, power to resist temptation, communion with God, and the direct testimony of his Spirit that you are reconciled to him. But all are not brought to this happy state of experience in the same way. According to the wisdom of God, some have their hearts gently opened to the reception of

the Saviour, while others, and especially the most notably wicked, undergo, through the guidance and workings of the same Spirit, great distress and agony of soul, which is intended to break down the strongholds of sin, and to give a wholesome dread of its commission in after days. To the latter I should say, "BE LED BY THE SPIRIT." He shows you that your sins are more in number than the hairs of your head, or the sands upon the seashore, and that they are of blackest dye, and merit everlasting punishment. It is he, also, who gives you grace to weep and lament before God, and to cry for mercy. It is he, also, when you have drunk sufficiently of the wormwood and the gall (and he alone knows how much is best for you), who will show you the willingness of God to pardon you, will reveal to the eye of your soul that great sacrifice which was offered on Calvary for you, showing you also its all-sufficiency, and it then becomes your duty to embrace the offered pardon, and trust alone in that almighty sacrifice for the forgiveness of all your sins. And, then, oh how happy will you be!

"No tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

14. Being now by living faith united to Christ, enlisted under his banner, and clad in full armor for the great and terrible battle-field, it is your duty to go forth conquering and to conquer. *Do not for an instant suppose that your work is done,* — an awful mistake. It may more truly be said that it is but *now begun.* You are now panoplied for the fight, and the hardest of all battle-fields that was ever entered on lies before you. In the mortal strife that takes place between the powers of earth the contest is but for *mortal* life; but in this that you are called to, it is for *im-mortal* life; and as one is of incalculably greater moment than the other, so also is the severity of the contest; but your captain is the Almighty, and, while you are

true and faithful, you will, through him, be invincible.

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth," in all things truthful, whether in affairs of business or otherwise, and "having the breast-plate of righteousness," righteousness and justice being fully observed and acted on in all your dealings among men; "and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," ready at all times to invite others to the water of life, and to proclaim the everlasting gospel. "Above all, take the shield of faith" in the entire word of God; "and take the helmet of salvation," a well-grounded hope of everlasting life, "and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." Now, if you fail in any of these things, and Apollyon comes and falls on you, how can you escape being terribly wounded by his fiery darts? But if, on the other hand, your armor be sound and entire, and you resist him, "steadfast in the faith," he will quickly "flee from you."

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

AN IRISH FEMALE PREACHER.

Portadown, Ireland,

June 11, 1861.

DEAR BRO. DEGEN: The inhabitants of this town and neighborhood have been favored of late with a visit from that extraordinary and devoted young woman, Miss Hadassah M'Kinny. She is a native of the County Tyrone, is about 25 years of age, a member of the Primitive Wesleyan Society, or Church Methodists, has been preaching nearly five years to immense crowds of people and with amazing success.

The readers of the "Guide" will doubtless like to hear a little about her, — would that an abler pen was lifted to portray her! but as no account of her

has appeared, that we are aware of, we attempt it with a trembling hand.

HER PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Of middle size and stature. Hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes a silvery white. Good-featured countenance, but almost pale as death. Perceptive faculties rather largely developed, and eyes very expressive, penetrating the spirit, and almost reading one's thoughts. Looks like one divinely commissioned. Dress according to 1 Peter iii. 3, 4.

HER MANNER.

Solemn, — perhaps could not be more so if certain of going directly away to the judgment. Hymn commenced in a deep voice, perhaps through over-exertion, but rising and swelling as she proceeds, till it becomes quite clear and musical, being better after four and five hours' exertion, than at the commencement. Her love to sinners is amazing; while pleading for them, she will cry and *sob* aloud, till the whole congregation is moved. Her cry is not the mock cry so often put on to mimic deep feeling, while the heart within is unmoved. May we ever be saved from thus lying, thus deceiving. Earnestness characterizes her every movement. She sees sinners hastening on down to perdition, and spends all her strength in crying to them, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" We never saw such love to souls, — she must win them over to Jesus, — she does. Oh! were we impenitent, and going to the judgment-seat of Christ (after hearing her), we would rather meet all the fiends from the dark abode of woe, — she would be a "swift witness" against us. Her holy looks now are terrible to the impenitent.

HER SERMONS.

Good, well put together, studied upon her knees. Spiritual feasts, rather than intellectual ones, although the learned may pick up some gem-thoughts and

pearls, which, when polished, will be of the first order for brilliancy and value. Lengthy,—one hour and a half, two hours, and sometimes more. Abundance of ideas, sometimes run out to too great a length, till the idea is almost obscured by words. Great deal of originality. A rich unction attending, so that it seems almost impossible to tire. The subject of holiness has a prominent part in all her sermons and addresses. On this she is very pressing.

THE EFFECTS.

Large congregations night after night, sometimes hundreds unable to gain admittance. The last night she preached here, the congregation amounted to from three to five thousand, and although the weather was cold (being in the month of February), she preached in a field, and many were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Night after night the penitent form was crowded with mourners, and there captives were delivered, and believers baptized with the deeper baptism of holiness. One evening, a gentleman, well known to us, took his carriage, went round to his unconverted neighbors, gathered up six and conveyed them to the sanctuary, that they might be saved, and some of them returned home pardoned, singing "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away." One night, about thirty-five were set at liberty, and on another occasion, more than one hundred and fifty were down seeking mercy. We hear she never holds a meeting without seeing souls saved. She has covenanted thus with the Lord, and he honors her. We need not wonder at her success,—God honors those who honor him. A gentleman called to see her one Sabbath day, about four o'clock. The lady of the house said she would call her, if he particularly wished to see her, but she was upon her knees, and had been there all day, with the exception of ten min-

utes, when she came down to warm her feet. That night about thirty-five were saved. As soon as she gives the invitation to the people to come to the penitent form, they crowd it, some seeking pardon, and others purity of heart. She has witnessed the conversion and entire sanctification of thousands.

Would that more such women as Miss M Kinny and the celebrated Miss Buck, of England, and your own devoted Mrs. Palmer, were in the field "laboring with" the servants of JEHOVAH as they did in Paul's day, and so help to bring about the jubilee shout, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

"This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy." (Acts ii. 16, 17, 18.) I. S. NULLIS.

HOW TO HAVE LIGHT.

WE are responsible not only for what we do, but for what we see. More than we often think, the eyes of the soul are in our power. Say what we will of the obscurities of Revelation, and the mysteries of Providence, truly spiritual and believing men and women go on reading both, deeper and deeper, clearer and clearer, all their lives, till at last, no longer through a glass darkly,—the veil taken away,—they see as they are seen, know as they are known; stand face to face with the Saviour they have so long and so trustingly followed, and have "open vision for the Written Word." If we do not behold the constellation of splendid truths that radiate

their evangelic light from the gospel, it is because blindness is in the dim pupils of our eyes, unused or abused. Just as fast as we will let it, the day will dawn, and the daystar arise in our hearts. By living out all the goodness we know in the daily beauty of holiness, we shall behold life's grand proportions. By walking with Christ, we shall wear his likeness. Nay—for he is a living Christ—you shall have him formed within you not only the hope, but the present possession of glory. And because you know him spiritually, in the purity and love of his life and cross, men will also take knowledge of you that you have been with him now, and are with him now, and shall be his people for ever.—*Rev. Dr. Huntington.*

[Original.]

REJOICING IN GOD.

BY M. R. S.

THANKS I render thee, dear Father,
For the gifts thy hand bestows;
For thy mercies ever varied,
Life's bright days, and night's repose.
Thou art with me in the way,
Watching lest from thee I stray;
Sleeping, naught I know of fear;
Waking, still my Lord is near.

Home, and friends, and health's rich blessings,
Thou dost yet for me provide;
Leading on through greenest pastures,
By the river's sleeping tide.
Saviour, with a grateful heart,
Glad I take so blest a part;
Yet I hear thy gracious voice,
"Not in these, in Me rejoice."

Precious words! when darkness gathers,
When thy will doth sorrow bring,
When the spirit-minstrel sighing,
Can no longer joy-bells ring;
When the weary soul doth shrink
From the cup which she *must* drink;
Then a whisper comes from thee,
"These are gifts of love from me."

Father, may this mystic lesson
Deeply on my heart be traced:
Mid earth's sad or joyous hours,
Let it never be erased.
Only lead me nearer thee,
As sweet flowers, thorns shall be;
Christ is mine; with naught beside,
Teach me to be satisfied.

[Original.]

PANTING AFTER GOD.

BY MRS. D. G. M.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."—*Ps. xlii. 1.*

THOU hidden manna of my soul,
To me thy glorious love unfold,—
The love of heaven, being of love!
Make manifest thy love untold.
This heart is sighing for thyself,
'Tis striving, longing to be free;
I'm weary of the world and self,
Oh, let me find my all in thee.

I'm weary of this sinful heart,
So dark,—so much averse to thee;
So quick to murmur, loath to part
With sin!—oh, set my spirit free!
Fain would I lean upon thy breast,
Adore and love my God alone;
So would my soul in thee be blest,
My gloom, my doubt, and fear be gone.

Night's shadows scattered in the light
Of heaven! What rest! What bliss untold!
What joy! Immortal hope, how bright!
My heart all warm, once dead and cold!
O Saviour, shall this love be mine?
This heaven of peace, this rest divine?
Oh, stamp thine image on my heart!
Make me, though vile, of *thee* a part.

[Original.]

EXPERIENCE.

BY E. M. P.

ONE year ago the first of last month I was brought from nature's darkness into the glorious liberty of God's believing children. It was just at the close of a series of revival meetings the Wesleyan Methodists were holding in this village. The work in my heart was so still and gradual that I could never tell the precise time of my conversion; others could state the moment and place in which God spoke peace to their souls; therefore this became a source of great temptation to me, and sometimes I would almost lose the little faith that I possessed. It seemed to me that God had left me to do battle with the enemy of my soul alone; when I would strive to lift my heart in prayer for help from above, the heavens were as brass to me, but, glory

be to God, he did not forsake me; in the midst of this tumult of doubts and fears he put the Holy Spirit into my heart with this promise: "Whosoever cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." I clung to this promise for days and nights, praying for more faith.

At this time, the Rev. Mr. M—— preached a sermon on sanctification; I knew nothing of this doctrine, for the church in which I was brought up do not believe in it. At once I felt that this was what my poor, wavering, doubting soul required to set it at rest and satisfy all its longings. Brother M—— called on me next day, and explained the doctrine of sanctification, and the way to seek it. I made up my mind never to rest until I obtained this blessing from God, and did seek for a few days; but one evening, in conversing with my husband on this subject, we both came to the conclusion to let it rest for the present, as we thought it must be a gradual work.

But God's Holy Spirit was continually striving with me; I became convinced that I was grieving him every day, and was led to cry —

He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?

Every time Brother M—— called he urged upon me the necessity of seeking holiness of heart; I felt that I could not live in the state of mind I was in, for I was afraid to go to sleep at night, lest when I would awake, my confidence and faith would be taken away. A friend sent me two works of Mrs. Palmer's, "Entire Devotion," and "Faith and its Effects." I read them with intense interest, they show the way so clearly; I took my Bible and turned to the references in them—I believed that "it was the will of God, even my sanctification."

On Sunday, April 29, 1860, my husband went away sixteen miles to attend a quarterly meeting. I determined before he left to spend the day in prayer to God

that he would lead me by his Holy Spirit. Glory be to God, while I live, yea, while I have being, will I remember that day; the greater part of the morning was spent in reading the Bible; all at once I thought of a covenant I had seen in "Entire Devotion;" a voice seemed to say, Write that covenant, and sign your name to it before God; I felt sure that it was the Spirit of God leading me. I read the covenant to be sure that I could take it as my own, and felt that I could, and wrote it down, examining my heart at the close of every sentence. I trembled as I wrote. I felt that I was in the presence of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that all the holy angels were witnesses; I asked God for the sake of Jesus to give me faith to believe that he accepted of my sacrifice. And, oh, joy unspeakable! he did come down into my heart and fill me with the love of God; but I felt that I must live by the moment, and that I should follow the injunction of Paul to the Ephesians, "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." I did not experience the extatic joy some speak of, but my soul was filled with a calm, deep joy and peace, accompanied with the assurance that I was no longer my own, but body, soul, and spirit were all the Lord's; I was all his, and he all mine. I had promised before God if he would confer this blessing on me, I would confess it to all; but now the tempter presented this thought,—It will be presumptuous in you to make this profession when not one member of the class to which you belong profess sanctification, and you are one of the youngest members. The God in whom I trusted did not forsake me in the hour of trial. He enabled me to confess before his people what great things he had done for my soul.

Since that time my Lord has seen fit to try me in the furnace of affliction; but

when all earthly hope had fled, when I could see nothing in store for me in this world but sorrow, he was with me, and I was enabled to say, "Thy will be done." When he had humbled my proud heart to the dust, taken away all earthly hope, and brought me to see that he was all I had to trust in for happiness, I praise God that I did not murmur, but felt sure it was all for some good purpose; I knew that he loved me, for his presence was with me, and could sing with mournful pleasure,

"Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

Now while I write, my prospects, both for time and eternity, are brighter than ever they were, and oh! I pray that my affections may be kept from the things of this world; that God will help me to live as near to him in time of prosperity as in trouble. I bless his holy name that he has spared me to see the anniversary of the day in which I experienced that the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin; I have this day renewed my covenant engagements with God.

I shall ever praise God for the instruction I received from Brother M—— at this early point in my experience, and I think the servants of God would find it good to urge young converts to seek after holiness, and strive to lead them at once to exercise that faith in the all-atoning blood of Jesus which will bring them into "that land of rest from inbred sin."

I praise God for what he has done for me, and expect, if I am faithful, that I shall one day sing his praises among those "who have come up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"How blest are they who still abide,
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side;
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live."

HOW TO RAISE MONEY FOR MISSIONS.

A correspondent of the *New York Independent* thus writes from Manchester (England):—

"A large Methodist Conference is now in session here. I have spoken at some of its missionary meetings. This denomination leads the van, in England, in zeal and success in raising funds for foreign missions,—though the Church and the London Missionary societies also nobly bring up their respective wings. In this hard year the Wesleyan Missionary Society has received £140,000—about \$700,000. I inquired of Mr. Arthur, the Secretary, the secret of such success. He replied: 'The ministers make the missionary cause their own; and all children as well as adults,—and the poor as well as the wealthy,—are invited to contribute.'

Mr. Arthur's reply states the *rationale* of the wonderful success which has attended the missionary plans of our English brethren, and we believe it would be as successful in our country. Let us analyze it after a homiletic fashion.

I. "The ministers make the cause their own."

1. They study it.
2. They enter into it heartily.
3. They faithfully present it.

II. All are invited to contribute.

1. "All." (1) Children; (2) Adults; (3) Poor; (4) The wealthy. The classification is exhaustive. It is a real Arminian "all."

2. "Are invited to contribute."

(1) They are "invited" in due season,—not on the heels of Conference.

(2) They are "invited" to give according to the measure of ability.

(3) They are "invited" earnestly.

(4) They are "invited" successfully.

There, that is a pretty good skeleton framed at a single sitting, and we are

sure is equal to some which will cost much more. We freely give it to the cause, only adding by way of "improvement," that as the "secret is out," we ought to profit by it, and the sooner the better. — *Northwestern Advocate*.

DR. PAYSON TOWARD THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

BY REV. H. B. RIDGWAY.

It is said that Dr. Payson's preaching was more tender in the later years of his life. His soul evidently became more subdued under the constant chastening of sickness, his sympathies for the infirmities of human nature livelier, as he mingled more freely with men, and his religious experience was more and more mellowed by an increasingly luminous joy. Although he continued with unabated fidelity to warn sinners of the wrath to come, yet he did it with stronger marks of compassionate yearning, weeping, and pleading, as if he would pour out his very being for them. Paralyzed and wasted with disease, his spiritual face beaming with benignity, he would stand or sit, so long as he could be carried to the meeting-house, and entreat the rebellious to be reconciled to God. His prayers, always powerful and comprehensive, would reach, on these occasions, a pitch of sublime and pathetic utterance that would awe and melt even the most obdurate hearts. His sanctified soul, rising higher and higher in its devout raptures, in its intensely earnest supplications, would seem to lift up the whole congregation as by an irresistible spell, until they felt themselves suffused with the "light of the excellent glory," and standing face to face with Jehovah. Another fact of his later life is that his sermons were more frequently extemporaneous. This was due partly to increasing bodily weakness, and partly to the conviction in his own mind that

these efforts were most signally blessed. His brilliant conceptions under a glowing inspiration, aided by an earnest though not violent action, and a voice of rare compass, depth, and sweetness, would so far rivet the attention of his hearers as to form the themes of their conversation for weeks afterwards. To have written more for the pulpit would have shorn him of much of his power. While we might have had more of the written, we would have had less of the living man. Sometimes he went to his week-evening lectures not knowing what he would preach, more from necessity than choice. Upon one dark, drizzly evening, the worshipers had picked their way to the vestry with lanterns. The hint was enough. His text was: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." The discourse is said to have been among the most successful of his life. It is surprising that he should have regretted that he could not write more fully and constantly, and that he should have at all consented to read except on special occasions. But to this habit of reading we are indebted for most which remains of his thoughts. He wrote only to preach, and if he had not felt the obligation to write for immediate usefulness, he probably would have written much less than he did. Thanks to his devotion to the pen for some of the finest specimens of sacred eloquence on record! Would that the nimble-fingered stenographer had then lived to catch and chain to paper those inimitable passages of beauty and wisdom, which dropped on all occasions from his "golden mouth." Still they are not lost, but reproducing themselves indefinitely as so many precious seed-truths which can not die. Spoken words perish no more than written. One generation, as one man, transmits its great unwritten constitution to another.

In no sphere did the heavenly spirit of this saintly man shine with greater

clearness and a sweeter charm than in his own home. "Oh! he was so gentle and so pleasant all the time," said a sister to me, who was a domestic in his family. A great preacher, popular, almost adored by his congregation and his denomination, traduced by his enemies, nervous always, sick half the time, but a gentleman in that privacy where too many great men deem themselves at liberty to act the tyrant and the brute! His house was consecrated by prayer, and remained a bethel until his household left it. Thence he was wont, with his little family group, to make daily excursions at the silent hours of twilight to the sweet fields of Eden, whence they would return refreshed and enchanted with its beatific delights.

HOLINESS—YES, HOLINESS.

HOLINESS now; holiness for ever;—now is the time, the set time, the important, the momentous! All nature, all grace,—the heavens above, the earth beneath,—with united voice cry out thunderingly: "*Be ye holy, for I am holy.*" The present crisis is a crisis fraught immensely with things unheard of. The world is on fire! If ever holiness to the Lord, the presenting the body with all its powers, a *living sacrifice*, a whole burnt-offering, was needed, it is *now*!

"The moments fly,—a minute's gone!
The minutes fly,—an hour is run!
The day is fled,—the night is here!
Thus flies a week,—a month,—a year!"

Now, now is the time, the accepted time, the day of salvation. Now, if ever, holiness, entire consecratedness should be sounded out to the ends of the earth. Every sermon, every prayer, every testimony, every word of exhortation, should be fraught richly, more or less, of this entire giving-up to God-service. Sin, every sin,—little sins, great sins, sins of thought, sins of deed, of omission

and commission, national sins, city sins, family sins, individual sins; sins in high places and in low, sins of the flesh and of the spirit,—all sin should be repented of, put away, banished for ever, as far as the East is from the West.

The Church, first and foremost, should be cleansed, purified, sanctified, washed, made white in the blood of the Lamb, meet for God-service, shine forth as the sun, fair as the moon, terrible in righteousness as an army with banners. Ministers should preach holiness; editors should preach it, pray it, live it, raise the standard high as heaven. Let holiness be written on our foreheads, our doorposts, "the bells of horses," on our swords and bayonets, every instrument of war on the battle-field. Let "holiness to the Lord" beam forth radiantly in every thought, word, deed,—every moving muscle. Let holiness to the Lord be reiterated, sounded out from the pulpit, the press; pervade every church, every household, every encampment. Finally, brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, and over all the shield of faith, by which ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. Take also the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. — *Golden Rule.*

A PLACE FOR PRAYER.

"WHERE do you find a place to pray in?" was asked of a pious sailor on board a whaling ship.

"Oh," he said, "I can always find a quiet spot at the masthead."

"Sam, do you find a quiet spot for secret prayer?" asked a minister of a stable boy.

"Oh, yes, sir; that old coach is my closet, and it is the best spot on earth."

Where there is a heart to pray, it is easy enough to find a place.

The Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1861.

PERFECT LOVE—DELAYING ITS ATTAINMENT.

We have said, in a former article, that the attainment of perfect love should not be delayed, because God's Word and the concurring Spirit make it a present duty;—because the divine commands and promises and persuasions are directed solely to the present time. This ought to be decisive. The will of God should be our rule, and forbid any opposing thought. But we urge, as a corroborative consideration, that—

This delay is a great loss of spiritual power.

A holy life has certain ends to accomplish, and there are, appointed of God, specific means to those ends. A general statement of the purpose of a holy life is, *that the creature may glorify the Creator*. This is to be done in various ways, but perfect love affords the only adequate qualification for so high a calling. In failing to possess it, as we have remarked, we fail of the required power, and the work is partially and inefficiently done.

Passing through the Charlestown Navy Yard at one time, we observed some immense timbers of the framework of a steamship being hoisted into their proper position. To do this, science and the mechanic arts had provided certain appliances by which this was done with ease, expedition, and accuracy. The power provided was used, and the work was accomplished. Now suppose these appliances had been used in an imperfect manner, the several parts being crippled by friction and defects of adjustment and material; with what additional labor would the huge framework have been raised. Not only would the ship have been longer in building, at a greater expense of money and of physical and mental toil, but it would have been a poor ship when done. In its vital parts, where it needed most strength, it would be weakest. It would poorly glorify its architect and builder. Subsequently we saw this noble ship launched and fitted for sea. It was the boast of her builders that her engines were the most perfect possible,—that she lacked no motive power that could be obtained. What she has since done has justified their confidence. She has safely met the dangers of the winds and waves, and carried her country's flag with honor into foreign and distant ports. She has a beauty that delights and attracts all who see her, and a power mighty to defend her government, and terrible to destroy her enemies.

The remains of sin in the heart are to the Christian what disjointed timbers and badly adjusted machinery are to the steamship. Though no piece of timber may be lacking, no part of

the engines wanting, yet they may not be perfect of their kind. So a renewed man may have all the graces of a Christian, but without *perfect* love, they are illy fitted to each other. There is much friction and loss of power. Remaining corruption takes away a measure both of beauty and strength. The Church of God—our spiritual Zion—is symbolized in speech and song, as a *ship*. Her individual members constitute her as a whole. How poorly, in comparison with the strength she *might* have had, she has been able to outride the tempestuous seas on which she has been tossed, and how imperfectly she has honored the blood-bought banner of the cross, under which she has sailed, God and the world are witnesses. No one can doubt that she needs *to-day* all the power provided for her; yet practically her members say, "We prefer the friction and imperfect machinery. At least, they would try the experiment of a *gradual* improvement, rather than the immediate adjustment. Now, as it has pleased the Master-Builder to guarantee, on certain practicable conditions, to complete at once the working power of every part for each individual Christian, and through each, that of the whole spiritual ship, we submit that the attainment of such an advantage ought not to be delayed.

There is another important idea in this connection. Though it is true that the motive power of a steamship, even when made as perfect at first as science and art can make it, does not increase by long usage, but rather diminishes; yet with Zion it is not so. With her children it is not so. When their power is made perfect, it is the first and best condition of expansive and perpetually increasing strength. A delay of perfecting the power is then a delay of this advantageous increase. We may say, reverently, that God can best develop the power of any individual, so that he may live in the "*fullness of God*," by taking full possession of his heart at once.

THE MODEL REVIVAL—ITS GREAT CHARACTERISTIC.

The "Day of Pentecost" was "the beginning of days" in point of interest in the Christian Church. There had been great days in the history of the Mosaic dispensation. The time of the giving of the law from Sinai was such a day. And it is worthy of notice that it stood related to the pentecost of which we speak in several important particulars. The law was uttered amidst solemn displays of divine power, *just fifty days after the slaying of the pascal lamb in Egypt*. The gospel pentecost came fifty days from the slaying of the true Pascal Lamb, attended by a sound as of a rushing mighty wind, and cloven tongues of fire, and the inspiration of miraculous gifts. As the pious Jew would regard the time in which God spoke to his people his will as the most grand and solemn in its consequences to

the nation, so the truly devout Christian turns his thoughts with profound interest to the first gospel pentecost. He sees that the prophets did so. Joel spake of it with rapture (Joel ii. 28); and Isaiah with his accustomed eloquence (Isaiah xlv. 3); and Christ dwelt upon it, in his last discourse with his disciples, charging them not to enter upon their work until it came, but to wait for its crowning qualification. So great were the immediate changes that it wrought, and the permanent and far-reaching fruit which it bore, that it must ever be considered as the model revival of the Christian era. All periods claimed as religious revivals must have its essential features. It had its own local incidents, as may every revival; but its prevailing character is an essential of all relative periods.

What was that essential feature? The answer is apparent to the plainest reader. *It was the special presence of the Holy Spirit.* Of this as the occasion of interest in this day, Isaiah, Joel, and Christ spoke. It was his presence which so instantly changed the timid disciples into fearless pioneers of gospel truth. It was this that added to the church daily such as should be saved. It was this that caused the multitude to run together to hear the speech of the disciples, which was indeed new as well in its spirit as in its varied form of words, confounding and amazing them, and causing them to noise abroad, in "every nation under heaven" from which they came, the wonderful things of God.

Thus has the special presence of the Holy Ghost been the essential element of every revival of Christian history. We need only refer to a few of those of comparatively recent date. The great awakening in the days of Jonathan Edwards had this feature. The Spirit startled the sleeping, dying church, as "a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind." This stood forth in the Wesleyan revival of nearly the same period, more prominently by far than even its truly remarkable agents and organizations, because the vital spring of both. It has been more recently illustrated in the work of grace in this country during 1858-59, and later, in Ireland, England, and Wales. All these had their distinguishing incidental marks, and all, but for the Holy Spirit's special presence, would have been forgotten as the tale of an hour. As it was, they mark the victories of the church in its march to certain and final triumph.

If, then, the presence of the Holy Ghost, and that only, is *essential* to a revival, the fact is fruitful of important suggestions.

1. The church should guard against laying much stress upon outward circumstances as reasons why they should or should not have a revival. The presence of a great revivalist may be of God, but it must not be regarded as an essential cause. The absence of such revivalist, or of ministers of note, is no cause of discouragement. The season of the year may be unpropitious, the church edifice need repairing, men

of wealth and social position may never have smiled upon the society, and, finally, the true disciples be few and despised. Yet the descent of the Holy Ghost must be waited for, — waited for in faith, and in frequent assemblings with one accord in one place. When he comes, unfavorable circumstances will only be an occasion to show that "the excellency of the power is of God, and not of man."

2. The Spirit's influence in the church should be sought. It should be cherished when received. Instead of this, how careless are churches and individuals in their treatment of him. They grieve him in various ways, — by indolence, worldliness, by introducing worldly amusements into their societies, and by turning away from the places and ordinances through which he delights to reveal himself. As wisely might the farmer plow, and sow, and hope for a harvest, though between the planting and expected reaping he had adopted means to shut out from his soil every ray of the sun.

The way in which the Spirit is to be sought, and the incentives for this seeking, are topics of fruitful study, but they open readily to the heart and mind groaning after the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Oh for a *faith* in the church which rests only on the promise of the gift of the Holy Spirit to those who ask! The *motive power* having then been attained, the hosts of the Lord would move forward, conquering and to conquer.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

PURSE AND SCRIP.

"And he said unto them, When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing."—*Luke xxii. 35.*

PROF. HACKETT says, "As I was one day examining the tombs on the western side of the Mount of Olives, a peasant offered his services as a guide, whose costume arrested my attention. He wore a girdle around his waist which had an opening at one end, fitting it to hold money and other valuables, and at the same time carried a pouch or bag in which he could store away provisions and other things needed on a journey. Here, beyond a doubt, I saw the articles to which the Saviour refers, where he speaks of the 'purse and scrip' which wayfarers were accustomed to take with them as a part of their traveling equipment."

The simplicity of this outfit grew out of the habits of the people of the eastern countries. Custom entitled the traveler to support upon his journey. Our Lord enjoined upon the pioneer missionaries whom he sent forth, to make not even this preparation; not only because of the hospitality to which they were entitled, even from foreigners, but because they were not sent to Gentile strangers, but to Jewish brethren. There was, however, no doubt, in this order an

intimation of a great principle to be observed by all missionaries and all his disciples in general, through every age of his church. They were to entangle themselves as little as possible with worldly matters, and to trust cheerfully and fully God's providence. He who travels for God will have him for his provider. When such are interrogated at the end of their journey, as were the apostles, with the question, "Lacked ye any thing?" the answer will be, "Nothing."

THE PERPETUAL ADAPTATION AND FRESHNESS OF GOD'S WORD.

Among the strong internal evidences of the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures are their perpetual freshness and adaptation to those who read them aright. Like the ever-varying beauties of the kaleidoscope, its truths assume new attractiveness from every change in the position of the beholder. Though eternally the same themselves, yet from their exhaustless source of excellence, they have some new adaptation to man's changing necessities. Is he poor,—it becomes his true and satisfactory riches. Is he rich,—it teaches him how to become poor in spirit that he may inherit not corruptible things only, but "the kingdom of heaven." It teaches the exalted how to abase themselves, and the lowly how to be exalted. It teaches rulers how to rule, and subjects how to obey. There is no lawful relation of man to man for which it does not provide in form or in spirit.

But there is a more wonderful feature than this even. Though man is called to walk in one line of duty from youth to age, or to submit to continued suffering, made painful by its monotony as well as its continuance, and though he go for alleviation to the Bible every moment of a long life, yet will he not partake of its spiritual bread to satiety. On the contrary, partaking begets relish, and relish urges the soul to a greater eagerness and frequency of reception. Nature has not provided for the ear so great a variety of sound, nor so great a pleasure in its modulations, as the Bible has variety of *expression*, and pleasure therein, for the ear of the sanctified soul. Nature has a thousand gratifications for the eye, of form and color. The Bible has for the eye which is "single," pictures which may be studied perpetually without weariness.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST BY THE WAY.

"And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"—*Luke xxiv. 32.*

These disciples enjoyed, to some extent, a special privilege in the personal presence of Christ. Their eyes saw him and they heard his voice, while they walked by the way. But since through unbelief, "their eyes were holden that

they should not know him," they mainly lost the benefit of this privilege. Their hearts burned within them because of the spiritual power of the words which dropped from his gracious lips. It was *the written word*, recorded by the prophets and applied by the Holy Ghost, which produced this effect. The narrative does not say, but we may fairly infer that this effect was deepened in the breaking of bread, for it was just then that they "knew him." Social religious fellowship, such as is indicated by eating together, and conversation concerning the teachings of the Bible, especially those which relate to Christ, are important means of removing hardness from our heart and making it burn within, and of opening our eyes that we may know the Lord.

It will be noticed that these two disciples were conversing about Christ—his death and reported resurrection—when he became their companion in the way (verse 17-24). Those who love Christ aright, speak of him often one to another, and it is at such times that their heart burns with his presence. They honor him by their remembrance and words, and he honors them by communicating with them. If religious conversation among Christians, as they casually meet, were more frequent, a heart burning within them with love towards him would be more common.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

ECONOMY—WHERE SHALL IT BEGIN?

"We must economize, these times," says a correspondent, and the declaration is but the echo of a thousand similar exclamations. And surely this statement will not be denied. But where shall we begin? Let the economizers look at *that* question seriously, fairly. We tender gratuitously the use of our pen to help them to do so. We advise that they *do not begin at the altar of God*. His ancient people did so, and he complained of it by his prophets. "Ye have robbed me," was the startling accusation from God. There is guilt enough resting somewhere for the present war, but it can not be charged *to religion*, and its expenses should not be taken from God's treasury. The missionary contributions should not abate a penny. The necessities of the maintenance of the gospel at home should be fully met. And we will add, at the risk of being thought an interested adviser, that religious publications which experience has shown help the soul in the divine life, should not be discontinued. Begin, not with the soul's food, but the body's indulgences;—make no provisions for the flesh to fulfill its unsanctified desire, and there will be money enough for every needed use. Put your table, apparel, and amusements under a severe inspection, and watch the result.

THE CAMP-MEETING SEASON.

This number will reach our subscribers at the commencement of the camp-meeting season. They will indulge us in a word or two concerning the improvement of these extraordinary means of grace. The fact that they excite less opposition, and are more generally attended by all classes of people than formerly, are occasions of special responsibility to the earnest Christian. They afford wide fields of usefulness. Thousands will be present who seldom hear an evangelical sermon. Such will be under the influence of you, Christian brethren and sisters of the private membership, and "if you will, you may do them good." They expect some solicitude shown for their souls on such occasions. The place and the surrounding influences are favorable for personal effort; it has been greatly blessed in years past, and God's arm is not now shortened. But perhaps you feel the importance of first seeking a more entire personal consecration. This you may do in connection with your labors for others. Work by us for God, and work in us by his grace, go forward advantageously together. Expect great things, and according to your faith it shall be done unto you.

If you desire to spread the work of entire holiness, and you have found the Guide a blessing to your own soul, will not efforts by you for its circulation be a God-approved labor. The embarrassment occasioned by the war makes this necessary for us, and the evil influences to which war times are liable, render it of special value to the church. Let our friends then circulate the Guide on the camp-grounds. *God has ever been and will be with it, while we seek to promote holiness unto his name.*

REVIVAL IN THE ARMY.

We learn from a private letter from a soldier of the First Massachusetts Regiment, encamped, at the time we write, near Washington, that there is great attention to the subject of religion both by officers and privates. Prayer meetings, which were at first attended by a few persons only, are now attended by nearly the whole regiment. A Sunday-school established among them excites general attention. Our informant speaks of one young man, in particular, whose habits of inebriation had been of years' standing, who had become a sober, praying man.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

NAPET IN THE BURNING HUT.

LITTLE Napet, an African boy, heard of Jesus and loved him. One day, in early spring, he was sent to drive the pigeons from a corn-field. There was a little straw hut in the corner of the field, and there Napet sat down to watch for the coming of the birds. Feeling a little cold, he kindled

a fire just inside the hut. A spark set the hut in a blaze. The fire spread so quickly that Napet was surrounded by fire in a moment.

Some women in the next field, seeing the fire, ran to his help. They could not see him, only from the burning hut his voice was heard saying—

"O my Saviour, I must die! I pray thee let my body alone be burned, and save my soul from everlasting fire. Take me to thy heaven, for thy great mercies' sake."

Napet's voice was heard no longer. The fire burned on. The women stood trembling at the fate of the burning child. Very soon, however, the hut was burned to ashes. They were about searching for the boy's bones, when, to their surprise, Napet rose up and rushed into their midst unhurt.

"What saved you?" cried the astonished women.

"After my prayer," said Napet, "God put it into my mind to lie upon the ground and cover myself with the ox-hide which was in the hut. I did so. The fire was not hot enough to burn through the hide, and so I was saved."

"Had you any hope then of escaping death, Napet?" asked the missionary, a day or two afterward, when hearing his story.

"No; I believed that I must die!" said the boy.

"Did you hope then that your soul would go to heaven?"

Napet's face grew bright with joy as he replied, "Yes! I was sure our Saviour heard my prayer, and would take me to heaven, because he died for me."

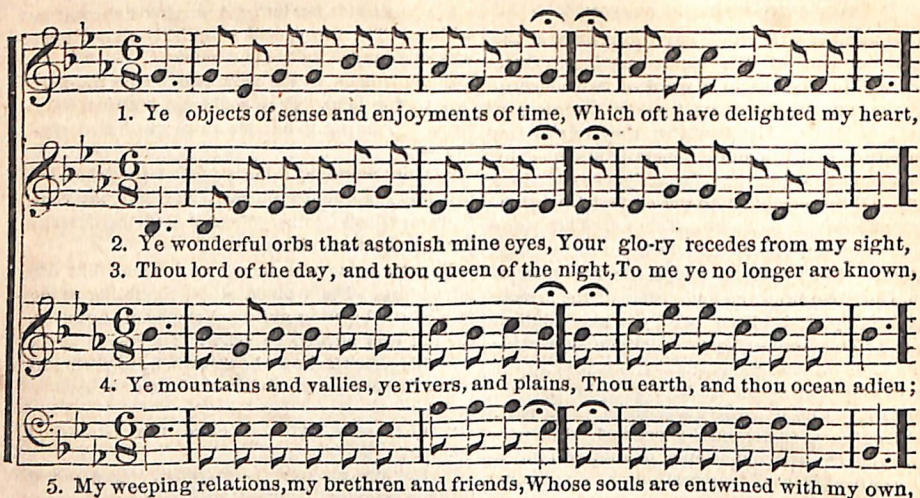
Happy Napet! He was happy even in the midst of the fire! I wonder if all my Advocate family would be as happy in a burning hut as Napet was. And look here, children,—if any body ever asks you what good missionaries do, tell them the story of Napet in the burning hut. — *Mission Advocate.*

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

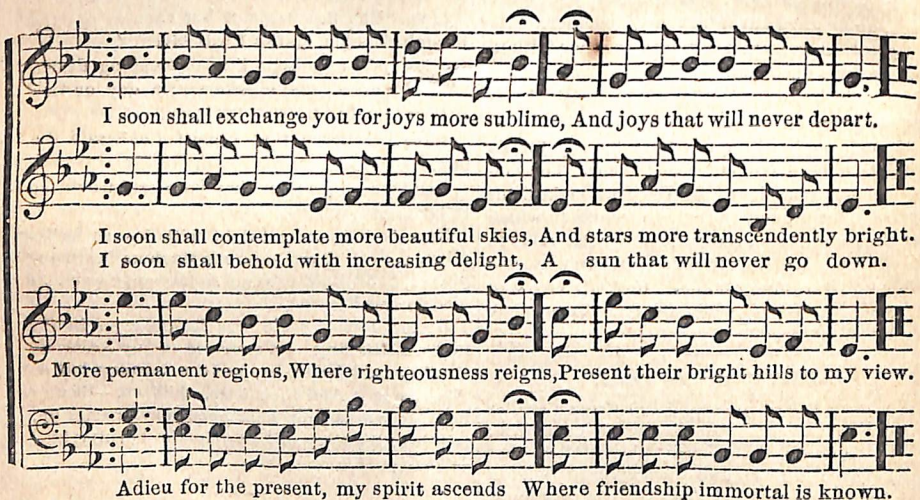
I a little pilgrim stand
Knocking at my Father's gate,
Trembling, waiting for his hand
To remove the heavy weight
Of my sins, that press me down
To the earth, and keep me there;
What I want is not a crown,
But to be made pure and fair.

Whilst I knock, wilt thou not hear?
Oh, my Father, hear me cry;
Open wide the gate most dear, —
Gate of mercy, — or I die.
Help a helpless child to find
The right path, the narrow way,
All with little pilgrims lined,
Walking homeward every day.

THE SAINT'S ADIEU TO EARTH.



1. Ye objects of sense and enjoyments of time, Which oft have delighted my heart,
 2. Ye wonderful orbs that astonish mine eyes, Your glo-ry recedes from my sight,
 3. Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night, To me ye no longer are known,
 4. Ye mountains and vallies, ye rivers, and plains, Thou earth, and thou ocean adieu;
 5. My weeping relations, my brethren and friends, Whose souls are entwined with my own,



I soon shall exchange you for joys more sublime, And joys that will never depart.
 I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies, And stars more transcendently bright.
 I soon shall behold with increasing delight, A sun that will never go down.
 More permanent regions, Where righteousness reigns, Present their bright hills to my view.
 Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends Where friendship immortal is known.

- 6 The sight of transgression shall grieve me no more,
 'Mid foes I no longer reside,
 My conflicts with sin and with sinners are o'er,
 With saints I shall ever abide.
- 7 Ye Sabbaths below, which have been my delight,
 And thou blessed volume divine,
 Ye've guided my footsteps, like stars during night;
 Adieu, my conductors benign.
- 8 Thou tottering seat of disease, and of pain
 Adieu, my dissolving abode;
 I soon shall behold and possess thee again—
 A beautiful building of God.
- 9 Come, come, my dear Jesus! come quickly! release
 The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
 And bid me ascend the bright regions of peace
 To feast on the smiles of my God.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE CHURCH IN HOLINESS.

A SERMON BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

"Christ in you, the hope of glory: whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus; whereunto I also labor, striving according to his working, which worketh in me mightily."—*Col. i. 27, 28, 29.*

THIS language may be very properly taken as a statement incidentally dropped of the policy of Paul's labors in the edification of the church and the promotion of the gospel in the earth. His avowed object in warning every man, and teaching every man, was that he might present to Christ, the Lord of all, at the last day, every man *perfect* in Christ Jesus: whereunto, says he, that is, to the end of presenting every man perfect, I labor, striving according to his working, *which worketh in me mightily*,—as much as to say, God himself exerts his omnipotence to help me in this work of perfecting believers. With this view agrees whatever Paul has elsewhere said of his own spirit, and of the particular design of his labors. A few characteristic passages may be quoted from his writings.

Hear him pray for the church at Ephesus: "That he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end, Amen." How full of vehement desire is this prayer for the progress of the Ephe-

sian believers in holiness, and their complete endowment with grace and power from on high.

To another church he said, "this is the will of God, even your sanctification," and to another still, "having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." To the Hebrews he said: "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." These are specimens of the drift and design of Paul's labors for the churches, and they indicate, what a careful consideration of all his writings will abundantly prove, that the great labor of his life was to build up the church in holiness.

As the propriety of this policy of cultivating the church has come to be questioned, I have thought it might be well to present to you at this time some considerations in its defense; and I would say that the policy of laboring earnestly and diligently for the promotion of the highest attainments of grace in the hearts of believers is to be defended.

I. ON THE GROUND OF EXPEDIENCY.

1. Every high-wrought character produced by the Christian church is an available and unequivocal indorsement of the power of the gospel, and constitutes in itself a standing and unanswerable fact in opposition to the cavils of infidelity.—Those who oppose religion do it mainly on the ground that Christians are not better than other men. True, the assumption is not just, nor is the argument built upon it at all legitimate, for there is really a great difference between the moral life of persons in the church and out of it; and then, too, the high standard of morals in the community is all due to the gospel. Non-professors owe whatever excellences of character they may possess to the gospel influences in which they have always lived. Still it will avail more, in reply to such cavils, to put forth the name of a

single faultless character, whose daily life declares that the grace of God has wrought the extinction of selfishness, and petulance, and pride, than to name a hundred equivocal Christians. A pastor who succeeds in bringing up to a high tone of spiritual life and power a considerable number of his flock, has a vantage-ground in that fact for proclaiming the gospel as the power of God unto salvation, which nothing besides can give him. The opinions of men touching the claims of Christianity, will generally be found to quadrate with wonderful accuracy with the tone of piety current in the church where they have lived. Nothing, therefore, upon the simple ground of expediency, can be more short-sighted and impolitic than to neglect to cultivate a deep and rich experience in the members of the church through a desire to see sinners converted.

2. But let us look at this question of expediency in another light. We who have been pastors for many years know—every one of us sadly knows—how few are the persons out of a church of several hundreds of members who have either spiritual light or power enough to labor with any considerable efficiency in bringing souls to Christ during seasons of revival. The burden of the work often falls with almost crushing weight on the pastor himself, and many a pastor has gone to a premature grave as the result of labors rendered unendurable by the want of an effective corps of laborers to divide the burden with him. It ought not so to be, but it will be so wherever a high standard of gospel attainment is not continually set before the people; wherever they are not habitually pressed to go on unto perfection.

3. But suppose a revival to have occurred, and a goodly number of persons to have been brought into the church; where are they to find the needful warmth, and protection, and food? Alas! they will not find it at all, unless at least a por-

tion of the church members have gone on beyond the alphabet of salvation. The result will likely be similar to the facts noted by a minister, now living, as having occurred under his own labors. He says: 'Let me here record that while hundreds of sinners were converted to God in connection with my ministry, I do not recollect a single case of a believer being entirely sanctified under my labors during my first nine years, up to Sept. 7, 1858. Let me further add, during this time I was grieved from year to year by seeing what might astonish hell, and fill heaven with lamentations,—company after company of young converts walking into backslidden, unsanctified churches, first to wonder, then for a while to be grieved, but finally to add another layer to the backslidden stratification.'

4. Again: To preach the deeper experiences, to feed the church with strong meat, and to keep her attention directed onward, is doubtless the best expedient for keeping even the older members alive in spirit. Men will drink a little oftener when the cup of cold water is frequently passed round; and the table often spread in the sight of the church with divine dainties, will provoke the most reluctant appetite enough to postpone starvation from one revival to another.

5. Once more, on this point of expediency. There are persons in the church who, with help or without it, with much or little food or none at all, so far as the pulpit and the church are concerned, have counted the cost and are determined to prove for themselves the power of the gospel to save, and cleanse, and fill the soul. *They need and deserve help.* Much more, they need direction and advice from those more enlightened in Bible teaching, and more deeply experienced in divine things than themselves. For want of these kindly helps and guidings they will be very liable to fall into some snare of the devil, who is ever ready to push people into some hurtful extra-

gance, if he can not hold them back from doing their utmost duty. Nothing but an earnest paternal supervision, exercised by some one *really desirous of helping them forward* in the right path, can possibly keep some of these earnest souls from running on the rocks of presumption, or sinking in the quicksands of despair, or plunging into the whirlpool of fanaticism. Oh, my brother minister, let us take heed unto ourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made us overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

This policy is to be defended —

II. ON THE GROUND THAT IT ACCORDS WITH THE UNIVERSAL INSTINCT TO PROVE THE UTMOST POWER OF A GIVEN TRUTH.

Mark how the world is agitated by the discovery of a new truth, or rather by the new discovery of an *old* truth, for all truth is old.

1. How the discovery of the art of printing shook the world, and how men hastened to see what could be made of it! They did see, and what is the result? Why, the little truth that the blackened surface of a block of wood left its image on the paper where it had been pressed has been studied and used till the literary and scientific operations of the world have been completely revolutionized by it.

2. How the discovery of this western continent shook the old world! What a rush there was from all Western Europe for the land of gold! How the people sprang up from the hovels of poverty, and the seats of luxury, to pioneer the settlements of the new-found land of the setting sun; and how, as the result of all this, has there sprung up like magic in this land, a nation the most wonderful, and, for its years, the greatest the world has seen! A nation shaking a little, 'tis true, just now, with something like St. Vitus' dance, as children of too rapid growth are apt to do, but soon, I trust, by

the blessing of God, to rally and return to a calmer, purer, and more vigorous life.

3. It was certainly an unpretending fact that the lid danced when the water in the tea-kettle boiled, yet it *was* a fact, and men saw a truth in it that they thought might be turned to good account. Presently the world was all astir on the subject, nor did men rest till a revolution, the completest and the mightiest the world has ever witnessed, was wrought in locomotion and handicraft.

4. By this spirit in man the very lightnings of heaven have been domesticated and taught to do his errands, and conduct his correspondence so that man talks, as if face to face, with his neighbor across the continent. So eager is man to make the most of truth. So much does he prove that he *can* make of a truth which he discovers, or on which he stumbles.

5. But here is a gospel truth; not truth discovered, but truth revealed. Not a single truth, but a body, a constellation of truths, — truths, for the want of which the world was perishing, — truths sent down by a special messenger from God, out of heaven to man, — truths baptized in blood, — a system of truth ordained of God as the channel through which omnipotent grace exerts itself on many for his salvation, and elevation, and glorification. God, its author, designates it "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Now what shall we do with this truth? Shall we see how much can be made of it? Shall we hasten to prove by prayer, and fasting, and faith, and instant, earnest obedience to Christ, what is its utmost power to save; or is the church doomed to see the men of the altar shaking their index fingers in the face of the earnest, pleading, tearful ones, who cry for purity, and wrestle for deeper baptisms, with the caution not to expect too much of the system? Oh, that the children of light, in this day, were equal in wisdom to the children of this world.

6. But we ought to take still another view of this matter. The Saviour said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me; and to finish his work." We know that nearly every labor in which men engage remains almost, if not entirely, valueless if arrested before completion, and forbidden to be completed. The proverb is, "Nothing is done till all is done." The field, partially inclosed, is not inclosed at all. The voyage, completed all but the last mile, is not completed at all. The railroad, done all but the bridges, is not done at all. The arch has no strength till the keystone is in.—The deed of warranty is no conveyance at all till the signature and seal are affixed. Let not men attempt to deceive themselves herein, and especially let them not attempt to deceive others. There is a consciousness with every man so long as he feels the stirrings of depraved affection within, that he is not ready to die. Away with all metaphysical hair splittings, and let the burning conviction lie naked on the quivering soul till it shall cry out with horror, "Who shall deliver me?" and send up to God the prevailing prayer, "Create in me a clean heart."

7. Every process becomes precious as it approaches maturity and perfection. In the mountain yonder delves the miner in darkness and in dirt. He brings forth the crude ore, which the teamster takes, in car or cart, away to the smelters. These latter transmute it into solid bars. Thence the puddlers take it, and by a process of art change it into wrought iron. The roll-men take it next, and pass it, while it is almost at a white heat, again and again between great rollers, which squeeze and press it on every side, throwing out the dross and solidifying and compacting the grain of the iron marvelously, till the comparatively worthless ore is converted into long, straight, bright, beautiful bars. But the metal is susceptible of still further processes of refining. So the bars are cut into sections of convenient length,

packed and bound together, and placed again in the heating ovens, and then rolled as before, acquiring with each successive process a new measure of refinement, and solidity, and strength, as they are again and again heated and rolled.

But now a chemical change is to be wrought, and the iron is to be so united with carbon as to become steel. In that state it is again and again wrought out in the use of fire and powerful machinery, till, as the result of the whole, the almost worthless ore, scarcely distinguishable by the unpracticed eye from common stone or common dirt, has been wrought into hair springs, each several times more valuable than its weight in gold.

Now, could the men who perform, conduct, and supervise these processes be ranged in a line at their work under your eye, how their different appearances of person, attire, intelligence, skill, and manner would strike you; and could you watch the material as it passes along from the ore to the watch-springs, how would you wonder at the power which God has given to man to refine, and exalt, and render precious the crudest substances. Especially you would be struck with this truth, that every process becomes precious as it approaches maturity and perfection.

See that trunk of a fallen tree before you, a mere log: yet the hand of industry and skill shall change it in a little time, till it shall stand before you a piece of cabinet furniture, useful and beautiful, and of great value. Note, too, how the men who have wrought upon it in the successive stages of its progress rise above each other in the dignity of their calling, from the woodman to the carver and gilder.

Mark that beautiful statue yonder. It was a part of the solid marble in yonder mountain. It is a thing of grace and beauty now. Perhaps you saw the process as it went on. Strong men drilled and wedged the rock till the great square

block was broken from its place. You saw it next in the studio of the artist, but not in the hands of the artist. Young hands wrought first, and, little by little, by chipping, and drilling, and chiseling, the square block began to exhibit the indistinct approaches to the present lines. Older students wrought next, and brought the work on toward its present idea; then came the master, with his assistant, and chiseled, and pared, and trimmed, for many days. At length it was removed into the inner sanctum, where, alone with his idea and his statue, the great master wrought slowly out the lines of beauty and perfection as you see them now. You were doubtless impressed, as the work went on, that the block of marble was becoming more and more precious, and that the labor bestowed on it was more and more a work of taste and skill.

Just so it is with Christian character. Whatever we do to develop the church, to lead men on in holiness, to bring them up to maturity and strength of Christian character, is so much done to enrich the church, to adorn and beautify the meek with salvation.

To mine the ore, to fell the tree, and to break the block from its marble bed, require little more than mere physical strength; so it is found that even new converts can lead souls to Christ. But as the processes by which crude and unshaped material is wrought into purity and beauty require the hand of skill, so he that would successfully labor for the cultivation of the higher life in the Christian church, must study to show himself approved unto God; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. He needs to be a physician acquainted with the laws of the spiritual life, and familiar with the symptoms of disease and health. The church is suffering to-day through all the land for lack of teachers and leaders who are both ready and willing to lead her members on to the richer experiences. As a result, the great body of believers know but little

about the real power of the gospel to save. The light which the church sheds upon the world is dubious and flickering, and in the time of revival, when the real tug of war comes, she commonly finds herself not equal to the contest. Of the persons brought into the church in the time of revival, a number painfully large, commonly relapse soon into comparative indifference, if they do not go back into the world. There are churches where revivals are reported almost annually, and yet they exhibit no material increase of strength in a decade of years. The explanation, doubtless, is in most cases entirely obvious. The converts do not remain. There is a lack of vitality in the church to keep them alive, and they soon faint under their crosses, and walk the ways of God no more. The whole country is fast filling up with backsliders and apostates, and the Christian church stands degraded and disgraced in the eyes of the world as the result.

It ought not so to be, but it will be so till we who are appointed to feed the flock shall come to pursue a wiser policy than we have been wont to pursue, even the policy of Paul, who, in conformity with Christ's words, "Feed my sheep," directs the elders to "feed the flock of God," and who himself warned every man, and taught every man, in all wisdom, that is, as I suppose, in all the science of salvation, in its length and breadth, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

Let us, my brethren, henceforth labor quite as hard for the building up of men in holiness as we did to bring them into the church, and let the members of the church receive kindly the most searching truth addressed to them by way of urging them forward in the religious life. We must, every one of us, get nearer to the Saviour, if we would see the work of God go on in power. Oh, when shall the mighty tide of salvation sweep over these lands? The Lord hasten the day.

[Original.]

PREACHING ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION — OUGHT IT TO BE DONE BY PREACHERS NOT PROFESSING ITS ATTAINMENT?

BY REV. CHARLES BLAKESLEE.

THE preaching of gospel ministers, as to subject matter, ought to be various, comprehensive, and exhaustive. Among the rich variety of topics given, entire sanctification should have a commanding place in every preacher's ministrations.

In support of this, we adduce the following considerations.

The minister should not make his experience the standard of his preaching. He is divinely commanded to "preach the word." If he may omit preaching entire sanctification, because he has not experienced it, for the same reason he may omit other important parts of the gospel. Then, if his experience be imperfect, he may intentionally preach the gospel in a garbled and imperfect form. Shall this specious reasoning and this systematic cutting down of the gospel of the omnipotent Son of God, obtain amongst us?

Entire sanctification is an important part of the word of God. It is therein taught; it is provided, commanded, promised, and prayed for; hence it is obvious that it is the duty of every preacher who believes that it is so taught to preach it. He must do it in order to "declare the whole counsel of God."

Such preaching is needed. All kinds of sinners need the burning power of a holy gospel. Ministers need its fervid inspirations, and many of our best members are groaning after it, and looking to the ministry for help. It must be their duty, as heralds of the cross, to point these precious souls to the all-cleansing blood of Jesus Christ, and to urge them

to wash and be clean. It should be more than their meat and drink to do this blessed work.

It is sanctioned by the teachings and practice of the fathers of Methodism. Mr. Wesley, by a standing rule of the Minutes, required all the preachers to "preach entire sanctification, and earnestly and perseveringly press it upon the people." Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Benson, Dr. A. Clarke, and their compeers, in this, agreed with Mr. Wesley. We would not attach undue importance to their example and belief. The Bible is the only authoritative rule of faith and practice. But as they were men of great minds, were profound scholars, and had a deep experimental knowledge of the things of God; and as the Lord made them the leaders in the revival of evangelical Christianity called Methodism, their established opinions and practices, as to spiritual religion, and the best manner of laboring to save souls, should have great weight with us. We may know more about some branches of art, science, and human learning, than they knew; but do we know more about God and salvation than those divinely called and anointed men did? They preached a free and a full salvation, attainable now by faith in Christ. Can we do better?

In our book of discipline, we, as Methodists, subscribe to Mr. Wesley's belief as to entire sanctification, and aver that "we believe God's design in raising up the preachers called Methodists, in America, was to reform the continent, and spread Scripture holiness over these lands." Dis. of 1860, pp. 3, 4. And when the preacher is received into the travelling connection, he is asked, — "Have you faith in Christ? Are you going on to perfection? Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you groaning after it?" Dis. p. 80. And the preacher is instructed not only to "bring as many sinners as he can to

repentance," but also, "with all his power, to build them up in that holiness without which they can not see the Lord." Dis. p. 61. And, in the section on the matter and manner of preaching, every preacher is required to "preach Christ in all his offices; to declare his law as well as his gospel both to believers and unbelievers; and then it is emphatically added: "Let us strongly and closely insist upon inward and outward holiness, in all its branches." Dis. p. 70. Does not all this bind every preacher to preach entire sanctification?

Preaching entire sanctification does good; it leads the preacher to a more prayerful and devout study of the character, government, and gospel, of the holy God; it humbles him in the dust; it stimulates him to cry unto God for a "clean heart," and a "holy anointing," and inspires him with new zeal and strength for his great work. It also gives the minister the lead of the people in this important matter; but if the ministry neglect it, the laity may be constrained to take the lead in it. Will it be well for the ministry to give this part of their work to them? Can a minister, justly or safely, give up any part of his work to others? Would not this open a wide door for the introduction of many and great evils among us? Let the minister bear his own burden. Let him be the angel of the church in leading her in the king's highway of holiness, and it will mightily subserve the purity, peace, and prosperity of the church. The great want of the church is more experimental and practical religion. We have numbers, wealth, talent, learning, and influence. Hence the tide, in some degree, naturally sets towards us, and we are now exposed to the insidious attacks of worldliness, pride, self-gratulation, and a barren formality. There is more and more danger that our spirituality and working purpose and power will wane; and that an empty,

dignified, genteel formalism, will steal in, and write "*Ichabod*" upon our pulpits and altars. There is great danger that self-denial and real godly living will lose caste in our Zion, and that true religious zeal, and earnest and persevering personal efforts to save souls, will be deemed unnecessary or fanatical. There is great danger that being moral and respectable, going to church and paying the preacher, will more and more be substituted for that holy, working evangelism, which was the strength and glory of our fathers and mothers; and which is absolutely essential to a living, spiritual, soul-saving church of God. Every one conversant with the proclivities of human nature, and with the rise, moral culmination, and spiritual decadence of the church, at different times, in past ages, will perceive that we are now in great and imminent danger of such spiritual deterioration. The church of God successfully contends with poverty, contempt, opposition, and persecution, but worldly prosperity and honor have not unfrequently blinded her eyes, weakened her spiritual forces, and sunk her into an unholy and ruinous Laodicean ease. Prosperity, with all its peculiar perils, is now ours! What will save us? Will any thing but more religion save us? And to have more religion will it not be necessary for the preachers to set up the true Bible standard of Christian experience and practice, and then, with all their power, labor to build up believers in that "holiness without which they can not see the Lord?" Let the preachers, in addition to all their other labors, "preach Christ in all his offices," and "strongly and closely insist upon inward and outward holiness in all its branches." Let them labor with all their power to persuade every one of our people to cease from every unholy disposition, temper, word, and way; to do every known duty, to strive to be useful, to walk with God, and live for eternity.

This is according to the order of the gospel. This saved the M. E. Church, and gave her overcoming power in the heroic days of the fathers; this has thus far always saved us, and it will save us, as a church, for ever. But it will be asked, "How can one who has not received this great grace truly and profitably preach it?"

Answer: If a preacher be in a self-seeking or unbelieving state of mind, probably it will then be nearly useless, if not quite improper, for him to preach on this high and holy subject; but then he ought to immediately and deeply repent of such a state of mind. Indeed, he is not fit to preach at all until he is imbued with a solemn and hallowed spirit. But if he really enjoys religion, and has the true spirit of his awful calling, and believes it is the duty of the Christian to "love God with all the heart," then he can preach it so as to do good. Doctrinally and practically, and as a duty and a privilege, he can press it upon his hearers with solemnity and power. Most certainly it should not be preached in an austere, fault-finding manner; but as near as may be in the words of the holy Bible, and in a sweet, drawing spirit of faith and humble love. Then it will profit the preacher and the people. Says Dr. A. Clarke, "Preach a free and a full salvation, and God will bless your labors wherever you go." Amen!

Dearville, N. Y., June 17, 1861.

[Original.]

GOD'S FAITHFULNESS—TESTIMONY.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

GOD is unchangeable; he does not desert his work in your heart; all the departure is on your side; he knows what he has commenced in you, and guards and protects it while you remain in a

state of obedience. You retain the remembrance of that joyous season of your full espousals of the Lord, in an everlasting consecration to his rule and service. You have had fruit which has often satisfied your soul in adoring gratitude for the grace bestowed. But, when about to speak of this state of liberty and peace, you feel lean and barren, and have no direct witness within, yet not conscious of guilt, the enemy tells you that you have lost the blessing, and how can you speak of it? The only way of escape is for you to claim your right, in the face of Satan, to witness to this grace, at the very moment, inwardly saying, "Lord, I believe the blood of Jesus cleanses me *now*,—*I am now wholly thine*,"—then act upon this present faith, and acknowledge what Jesus does for you. A few opportunities of this perseverance in maintaining the testimony, will give you a clean deliverance from this temptation. That is, if you readily embrace them; but if you put them off from time to time, and at length speak in a low, indefinite tone, as if you are ashamed of Jesus, both in word and act, you will not gain much. Your manner must be in holy confidence, as well as your words decided and clear in their meaning, and God will bless you in the deed.

Said one, "Oh, how often I have sat down and felt in my heart that I was acknowledged on high; I rose timidly, but knew my spiritual life depended upon faithfulness." When God sees you are diligent in the exercise of the grace he has already bestowed, he will impart more abundantly, and increase your evidences. Many lose much by not appreciating that which Christ *has already* wrought in them, because they do not have other people's joys and fruits. Abide in Christ for yourself, and not another, and you shall reap the blessed fruit in the sweetness of your own experience.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

A. R. H.

WHAT are some of its consequences? When the heavens are bowed, and God comes down to earth; when the divine Spirit enters the human heart, and there sets up his throne, and there holds the most free, tender, endearing intercourse, it can surely be no just cause for surprise if large, unwonted, overwhelming communications of love, and manifestations of God in the glory of his holiness, are enjoyed by the highly-favored subjects of his grace. It would be exceedingly strange if it were not so. If the believer is made to possess a joy to which he was before almost a stranger,—a joy to which he can find no parallel in his own previous experience,—it is by no means marvellous that to others not thus favored his “words should seem as idle tales.” First, then, Christians may expect large measures of love and joy. “He that believeth on me,” saith the Saviour, “out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.” But this he spake of the Spirit which they that believe on him should receive. Is this the privilege of every believer? May every believer’s soul become a fountain of joy, sending forth its rivers of living water? What, then, may he not expect who has sought and obtained an extraordinary baptism of the Holy Spirit? and to be filled with all the fullness of God? The very name by which the Redeemer introduces this divine guest is indicative of his work. “I will not leave you comfortless; I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter.” And not only so, but so much greater blessings were to be communicated to the disciples through this new and abiding companion, that the Redeemer regarded this fact alone as sufficient to warrant his own departure. “It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I

will send him.” And more than this, inasmuch as they had not yet asked for this Comforter, he tells them, “Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.” And they found it so when having sought and waited “for the promise of the Father,” they could say, “The Comforter is come.” What a joy then filled their hearts!—a “joy unspeakable and full of glory.” In the midst of enemies thirsting for their blood, their peace was like a river,—“the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.”

And in this manner many can testify now in regard to the “riches of full assurance”—this baptism of the Holy Ghost. Indeed, many have never lost the savor of the visit. And what is there in this that is unreasonable? what is it but that of which Paul spoke when he said, “But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed unto the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord.” This is indeed “a well of water springing up to everlasting life,” and sending forth “rivers of living water.” May God give such a baptism to every reader of these pages! Who, in view of this, does not exclaim—

“Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountains, spring,”

when this blessing descends upon a community of Christians? It may also be expected that hypocrites will be exposed. When the graces of a church are at a low ebb, when the world has greatly intruded upon the Lord, when the wall of separation is very much broken down, it is a comparatively easy thing for a hypocrite to maintain a reputable standing in the house of God. Like the magicians of Egypt, who found no difficulty with a few of the first miracles of Moses and Aaron, Satan can succeed very well in the attempt to counterfeit common gifts and graces. But when it comes to the baptism of the Holy Spirit,

he is constrained to say, "This is the finger of God." In many churches there are, it is to be feared, professors who, if they hold on their way, will most certainly arrive at the gates of hell. No sinners are more inaccessible. Speak to the unconverted, and these, of course, are happy in thinking that they are not of the number. Let the church be reformed for its formality and coldness, and these will often join with you in the rebuke; for none have so good an opinion of themselves as they.

Now, when the church has been baptized from above, and thus fellow-professors are making rapid progress in the way to heaven, hypocrites soon faint and grow weary. And now they find fault with others for running too fast, for laboring too hard, for praying so much, for over urgency in the effort to bring sinners to God. The fire will scorch and burn as well as melt. The same fire that melts the soul of the Christian, until he overflows with love, will scorch and wither the hypocrite. And he will writhe under the beams of truth. Thus it was with the Pharisees in the time of the apostles.

Oh for such a baptism on all the churches, that it may soon be said, "The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites!" Such a baptism that every hypocrite shall be constrained to say, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" May God save us from such a fearful doom!—*Pittsburgh Ch. Ad.*

INTERPRETATION.—"Holy Scripture is not a science of the intellect, but of the heart. It is intelligible only to those who have a right heart. The veil which is upon the Scriptures for the Jews, is there also for Christians. Charity is not only the object of Holy Scripture, but it is also the door to it."—*Pascal.*

HOLY ASPIRATIONS.

BY MADAM GUYON.

My Spouse! in whose presence I live,
Sole object of all my desires,
Who know'st what a flame I conceive,
And canst easily double its fires;
How pleasant is all that I meet!
From fear of adversity free;
I find even sorrow made sweet,
Because 'tis assigned me by thee.

Transported I see thee display
Thy riches and glory divine;
I have only my life to repay,
Take what I would gladly resign.
Thy will is the treasure I seek,
For thou art as faithful as strong;
There let me, obedient and meek,
Repose myself all the day long.

My spirit and faculties fail;
Oh, finish what love has begun;
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
And dwell in the soul thou hast won!
Dear theme of my wonder and praise!
I cry, Who is worthy as thou?
I can only be silent and gaze,
'Tis all that is left to me now.

O glory! in which I am lost,
Too deep for the plummet of thought!
On an ocean of Deity tossed, —
I am swallowed, — I sink into nought.
Yet lost and absorbed as I seem,
I chant to the praise of my king;
And though overwhelmed by the theme,
Am happy whenever I sing.

[Original.]

BLESSINGS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Good gifts he giveth unto all,
To those who praise, and who revile;
And o'er the land where'er they fall,
Shines clear his beaming smile.

So cold are we, our eyes so blind,
We do not know how bright they are;
But while he guides we look behind,
And live unmindful of his care.

Oh, through the darkness of the night,
Dear Lord, that this world's care will bring,
Oh, teach us yet to see the light,
And thy sweet praise to sing.

Oh, make us tender of thy smiles,
And thankful for that perfect love
Which from this world our heart beguiles
Up to the world above.

North Hero, Vt.

[Original.]

THE PURE FOUNTAIN.

BY REV. F. BROWN.

WE are apt to think of a fountain as the emblem of origin, and so it is, of things palpable to the senses. It is the visible origin of the thousand pearly streams that meander through the meadows, and ripple among the stones, and with boisterous laughter leap over the rocks; but the fountain itself is supplied from the subterranean reservoirs of the kingdom of nature, and is, in fact, the effect of frequent struggles on the part of the pent-up waters that long to break the granite bars of their prison, and look upon the glorious light of this upper world.

Whatever things are good, and pure, and useful among men, the numerous streams that gladden the moral desert and make the barren waste of depraved nature an Eden, flow from the pure fountain of a published gospel, but the fountain itself is sustained by the overflowing of the infinite heart of a God of love. Beneath the visible and tangible there is the hidden hand of the Omnipotent. Without the special and constant interference of that hand, Christianity would be a beautiful system of doctrine, but it would not be the "power of God, and the wisdom of God."

The great pléde of the conversion of our world to the pure religion of the gospel, is found in the fact of its supernatural origin. It is the vigorous production of the perfect wisdom of the Godhead; the gushing forth of infinite love. Appealing to this overwhelming truth, the human instruments believed and labored with an earnestness that astonished the world. As they fell with irresistible power upon the dark and trembling ranks of superstition and crime, this was their shout of victory, "The weapons of our warfare are not

carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds."

The purity of the gospel is indicative of the spotless character of its Author. Age after age one system of philosophy after another has sprung from the creative brain of man, but they are all more or less defective. The purest of them are not free from dark stains that painfully remind us of the depraved condition of the best and brightest men that have illumed the hemisphere of learning. Their moral rules, weak in themselves, were loaded with exceptions, and yet were far removed above the practice of the masses. If the curtain that hid the truth was lifted for a moment, giving a glance into its mysteries, it fell again and was followed by the thick darkness of error. "The world by wisdom knew not God."

How superior is that system of truth, whose prominent fact is the provision of a fountain, whose waters effectually wash out the stains of guilt from the soul. No question is so full of importance to fallen man, as "What must I do to be saved?" Yet we search the musty records of antiquity for a solution in vain. In the gospel, fresh from the pen of the Infinite, we have a full and intelligible reply. Even the darkened mind of the Jew had admitted this bright truth: "None can forgive sins but God only." A message offering moral purity to the debased, desponding, and polluted, bears on its very face the signature of a merciful God.

As it is impossible for a stream to rise above its source, so it is impossible that the high and holy and perfect system of Christianity should have originated in the groveling and unholy and ignorant mind of man. If it had been the work of man, however "cunningly devised," it would have been marked by the imperfections inseparable from humanity. With triumph we point to it as the sum of all excellency, — the gospel of salva-

tion to the world. When we bend over its hallowed truths, irradiated with the light of heaven, we are conscious of increased light and power in our own souls. Deep in its clear waters we see the lineaments of the Deity distinctly mirrored. We stoop, we gaze fixedly, intensely, and are transformed into the same image "by the Spirit of the Lord."

Nature spreads out her pages and bids us read, but there are features of the divine character that are not traceable there. She holds up her beauties to our gaze, she spreads out her verdant landscapes, she points to her venerable mountain forms. A thousand varying hues flit in beautiful succession around us, but alas, we see it all "as through a glass darkly," but in the ever-blessed gospel we see as distinctly, as perfectly, as if it were a "face to face" exhibition of the moral character of God. It brings the Great Unknown into familiar acquaintance with the unworthy soul. We feel the palpitation of his heart of love, we hear the sweet tones of his voice, we drink in the light of his smile. Again he walks and converses with his human nature, producing feelings of love, not of fear. We taste the sweets of a moral paradise, nor envy Adam the bowers of Eden.

Westbrook, Conn.

BUNYAN'S VIEW OF FAITH.

HOPEFUL.—So I continued praying until the Father showed me his Son.

CHRISTIAN.—And how was he revealed unto you?

HOPEFUL.—I did not see with my bodily eyes, but with the eyes of my understanding (Eph. i. 18, 19), and thus it was: One day I was very sad, I think sadder than at any one time of my life; and this sadness was through a fresh sight of the greatness and vileness of my sins. And as I was then looking for nothing but hell, and the everlasting damnation

of my soul, suddenly, as I thought, I saw the Lord Jesus looking down from heaven upon me, and saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

But I replied, "Lord, I am a great, a very great sinner;" and he answered, "My grace is sufficient for thee." (2 Cor. xii. 9.)

Then I said, "But Lord, what is believing?" And then I saw, from that saying, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst," (John vi. 35,) that believing and coming was all one; and that he that came, that is, that ran out in his heart and affections after salvation by Christ, he, indeed, believed in Christ.

Then the water stood in mine eyes, and I asked further, "But, Lord, may such a great sinner as I am be indeed accepted of thee, and be saved by thee?" And I heard him say, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. (John vi. 37.)

Then I said, "But how, Lord, must I consider of thee in my coming to thee, that my faith may be placed aright upon thee?" Then he said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.) "He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes." (Rom. x. 4, and chapter iv.) "He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification." (Rom. iv. 24.) "He loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood." (Rev. i. 5.) "He is the mediator between God and us." (1 Tim. ii. 5.) "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." (Heb. vii. 25.)

From all of which I gathered that I must look for righteousness in his person, and for satisfaction for my sins by his blood; that he died in obedience to his Father's law, and in submitting to the penalty thereof, was not for himself, but for him that will accept it for his salvation, and be thankful. And now was

my heart full of joy, mine eyes full of tears, and mine affections running over with love to the name, people, and ways of Jesus Christ.

CHRISTIAN.—This was a revelation of Christ to your soul indeed. But tell me particularly what effect this had upon your spirit.

HOPEFUL.—It made me see that all the world, notwithstanding all the righteousness thereof, is in a state of condemnation. It made me see that God the Father, though he be just, can justify the coming sinner. It made me greatly ashamed of the vileness of my former life, and confounded me with a sense of my own ignorance; for there never came a thought into my heart before now that showed me so the beauty of Jesus Christ. It made me love a holy life, and long to do something for the honor and glory of the name of the Lord Jesus. Yes, I thought that had I now a thousand gallons of blood in my body, I could spill it all for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

SPIRITUAL DEATH.

BY REV. A. C. THOMPSON.

"I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

HERE is directness and comparative abruptness. Other epistles have commenced with commendation; there is none for this church. "Art dead!" What a knell is sounded from Patmos! He who needeth not that any should testify of man, whose province it is to give life to as many as he will, who once said, "She is not dead, but sleepeth," now speaks to the Sardian church: "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." Yes; she that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth. The seductions of Satan, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, have eaten out spirituality at Sardis. Nothing is said about divisions or here-

sies; not a word about Nicolaitanes, or the doctrine of Balaam. For aught that appears, the ordinances are maintained; there is liberality, and courtesy, and refinement; but there is death. Exact they may be in forms, but they are dead. Their meetings are cheerless, their prayers lifeless. They dare not offend cultivated and wealthy neighbors, by making a stand on principle. They have kept conforming and conforming, running down and running down, till they are dead. They probably thought Paul very strict, and that, although disciples in Palestine could not well escape persecution, there was no need of it in a place of so much urbanity as Sardis; that as they were charged with preciseness and bigotry, it was well to show they knew how to enjoy life as well as others,—quieting conscience by the plea, that in this way they hoped to win over many to their ranks. The result is, they have themselves become dead. They have lost all spiritual comfort, all spiritual power. They are a withered branch, bearing no fruit, ready to be cut off and cast into the fire.

A dead professor, one spiritually a corpse, what an object! We have seen such a one. He lost his hearing first. His pastor seemed to him to be growing dull, and not to preach half so well as formerly. There was no music in the praises of the sanctuary, unless performed with highest artistic excellence; and his ears waxed heavier and heavier, till he ceased to catch one word of the still, small voice. So with his sight and taste of things spiritual; and so with all the senses, till nothing but faint respiration and a sluggish circulation seemed to remain. A deadly stupor was stealing over him; and finally an unseen hand appeared to press down the last valve of life, and he is dead. Go to him,—repeat the name that is above every name in his ear,—does it awaken any emotion? Present the sacramental bread,—does

he discern the Lord's body? Let an angel bring a coal from off the altar,—does he feel any glow? He is dead! But go to him and whisper of a pleasure-party, of a political meeting, of a witty lecturer, of a splendid bargain to be made, and he is on his feet; no one more active than he. "He has a name that he liveth." Are there not at the present time many such living dead men,—many whose epitaphs might be written to-day?

SPURGEON AT A LATE MISSION-ARY JUBILEE.

I HAVE sometimes said to my congregation, speaking individually to every one,—

Dost mind the place, the spot of ground,
Where Jesus did thee meet?

and when they could say, "Ay, Lord! I do remember that spot where my soul, stripped of all confidence in its own righteousness, and all hope in its own strength, took Christ to be its all in all simply out of sheer necessity, because it did not know where else to go; other refuge it had none, and the helpless soul did hang itself upon Christ." When I put this question, there has always been a gleam in the eye, and oftentimes a tear; and I am sure there has not been one who would dissent from the sentiment, that the spot where we were converted becomes sacred to us at once.

We love the minister through whom we were brought to Christ; we treasure up as a golden text, that text which was the key to open Giant Despair's dungeon. I am individually willing to thank God, that whilst I learned the doctrines of grace, which I now preach, from my father's lips, and through listening to ministers of another denomination, and whilst I received my first impressions from my mother's prayers, and whilst also I received much further conviction through earnest, honest men, to whom I listened,

yet never did a gleam of light pierce my dark spirit, never did I know the way of salvation clearly so as to run into it, till I heard of it from the lips of one, not of your regular itinerant preachers, but a poor local preacher, who preached simply Jesus Christ. It would be ungrateful to God, I am sure, if I did not thank God I ever entered the Primitive Methodist place of worship at Colchester; and I should consider myself unworthy of the name of a Christian minister, receiving as I do, the love of those who are converted under my instrumentality, if I did not set them also an example by showing, as far as I can, a little gratitude, first to that individual, whose name I don't know, and whose person I may never remember to the day of judgment, and next to you who were the means, as a body, of calling him forth to preach, and so through him, of bringing me to the light of God.

I also welcome you "to his tabernacle," not simply because you are part of the church of Christ, and because of your usefulness to myself; but there are some points on which I can express honest, hearty appreciation of the Primitive Methodist body.

What most denominations want is fire alive from on high. It is of no use to go on in a dull and sleepy way; we must have life and energy. A man with one talent, if he knows how to put it into the fire and make it red-hot, will do more to burn Satan's fingers with that one talent than if he had ten talents that were cold.

And another thing for which you are to be commended, is simplicity of speech. The ruin of many pulpits is fine language. Depend upon it, there is nothing like the common vulgar tongue.

"I use market language," said Whitefield, and we must "use market language," if we would get to the people's ears. Never, as a denomination, try to get fine; don't affect fine speech; don't

attempt to be eloquent; there is nothing so ridiculous as a man trying to say a thing magnificently; say what you feel, and you will say it well.

TRUE COURAGE.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

MANY have not the courage to throw their life-force into their religious convictions and to carry them out in full, into active life. For instance, among the things taught us the earliest, the latest, and the most constant, in the Bible, is trust in God, as the Father of all. "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have." That is, do not take another man's prosperity to be a rasp to destroy your own peace of mind with. One man goes along the street, and looks at the basket of his neighbor who is going home from market, and says, "If I were in that man's place I should have money enough to buy such things as he has in his basket. He can have luxuries, but I am poor, and can not have them." Another man, as he goes by the stalls, and sees an abundance of delicacies exposed for sale, turns his head away and says, "I am poor and can not afford delicacies." Another man passes a lady in rustling silk, and says, "I am poor, and can not give my wife and daughters such silks." Another man on seeing a better house than his own, does not say, "Thank God, there is a good house," but turns and says, "Thank the devil, there is a poor one." Some men, if they see a rich man, say, "I am poor;" if they see a man that is high up, they say, "I am low down;" if they see a man that is well dressed, they say, "I am shabbily dressed;" if they see a man that is prospered, they say, "I am not prospered." And so they are for ever letting their conversa-

tion be filled with covetousness, and picking at other men's prosperity, or at their own hearts on account of it. Now the apostle says, "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have." Boldly aspire, be honorably industrious and enterprising, and then take what God has given you, and be content with it. If the first time you try you fail, try again; and whatever the result is, be content with it. "Be content with such things as ye have." Why? Because a banker greater than Rothschild or Baring brothers has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Draw on God Almighty. He never will dishonor a draft made in faith. I do not mean a draft for boots and shoes, and coats and vests, and bread and meat; I mean a draft for something that the soul needs. With respect to every soul-want, God says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Yea, I believe this promise has reference to the outside, too. I believe that if a man has faith in God, when he is in trouble, that faith glorifies his tears, and makes every orb of them a star, a gem, in his immortal crown. I believe that when a man has trust in God, it strikes through, and helps the body as much as the soul. "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." So that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

I am afraid this is the last consolation that men are accustomed to avail themselves of in the overthrow of their affairs or when their affairs are threatened to be overthrown. I am afraid that there are few men that under such circumstances go into their closet and before God, and, putting their hand in the pierced hand of the Saviour, say, "I claim the fulfillment of thy promise: I

will not fear what men shall do unto me, in the midst of present vexations, and in the prospect of coming troubles." There are few men that have the courage to stand and look disaster in the face, and say, "God is with me, and I do not fear what shall come upon me; for if God be for me, who can be against me?"

There are very few, I have said, that are courageous enough to follow out their faith in God. I think there are ten men that would go to the stake and be burned for their faith in Protestantism as distinguished from Catholicism, where there is one who would stand by his faith in God. Our faith in doctrines and dogmas is strong, amounting to obstinacy, oftentimes, but our faith in spiritual elements is not so strong. For instance, it is declared, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." A Christian parent, in the light of this declaration, says to his child, "You must not grow up to think that you must have a great house, a retinue of servants, fine equipage, etc.; you must not expect these things; you must grow up with the understanding that truth, virtue, honor, manhood, and things like these, are the best things in the world;" and this is as good teaching as though it were in the catechism. But trying times come, and a change comes over the father, and the child does not know what is the matter with him. He is haggard; he can not eat his breakfast; he drinks down an over-strong cup of tea, and away he goes; he does not come back to his accustomed meal; and when he does come back he is in a troubled, uneasy state of mind. Things go on so for a day, for two days, for a week, for a fortnight, and the child at last goes to his mother and says, "Ma, what is the matter with pa?" After some hesitation as to whether it is proper to answer the question, the mother ventures to say,

"My child, your father is exceedingly afraid that he is going to fail." "What is failing?" "Why, it is to lose one's goods and money." "Well, 'ma, I thought 'pa told me, the other day, that I must not care for such things as houses and lands, and stores, and goods; and that truth, and virtue, and honor, and manhood, were the best things to bring me up on; is he going to lose his manhood, and honor, and virtue?" If the mother tells the truth, oftentimes, she says, "I am afraid he is, and that is the worst of it." For where a man loses the outside, the inside is apt to go too. He risks the inside to save the outside, and when the devil has secured the one, he takes the other. The devil says to him, "Lie, and I will see that your worldly interests do not suffer," and when he has the halter around the man's neck, and in his hand, he says, "Play dishonesty; it will not do to be too scrupulous: do and dare, and I will see you safely through;" and when he has cheated the man out of piety, and manhood, he strips him of his external surroundings; and then the man is ruined inside and out. A Christian man, to be true to his faith, must love truth, and be willing to adhere to it; must love integrity, and be willing to strive for it, however much he may be jostled and joggled by the infirmities of human life; must desire to maintain a conscience void of offence, and be willing to suffer for the sake of doing it. Otherwise the little child will sit in the judgment-seat and say, "'Pa, you told me that a man's life did not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses."

Oh, how few of us who preach so glibly on this subject have the moral courage to follow our own preaching. "Do you think you could do it yourself?" you say. It does not make any difference whether I could or could not. I know one thing: I shall make a bold push for it, if it comes to that. I am living in a

house bigger than some of you; but if you think that it would cause me a tear to be obliged to give it up, you do not understand me. I enjoy the things that I have about me, and that I have earned by the sweat of my brow; but if you think it would cause me the loss of one night's sleep to be deprived of them, I wish you would come and see me laugh while the bidding is going on. I will defy you! What though I should be stripped of every thing, and be sent back where I was in the beginning? When, about twenty-five years ago, I began public life, I had no experience, no repute, no honor, no habits formed; I had nothing, and I was quite willing to begin with nothing. But suppose now all my external surroundings should be peeled off and swept away, what would I have to start on again? Why, the experience of twenty-five years; a heart made a great deal deeper by God's digging wells of grief in it; sorrows upon sorrows for which I bless God, tears shed, without number, all of which have done me good; burdens carried that I have felt better for carrying; crosses laid upon me, to bear which has filled me with joy. I should be ashamed, after twenty-five years' apprenticeship, if, having lost my shop and tools, I could not begin where I once began without experience. You need not tell me that it is hard to begin again, where a man has failed at the age of forty-five, or fifty-five, or sixty. It is hard if he wants to carry the same breadth that he did before he failed, but it is not hard if he is willing to go back where he begun. If he is willing to rely upon his virtue and courage and experience, it is not a very troublesome thing.

But how many men have faith in these simple truths? How many men that hear them to-day will have the courage to follow them out to-morrow?

... The righteous are bold as a lion.

[Original.]

AN ASPIRATION.

BY HARRIETTE.

I LONG to be there, not in heaven above,
But to know the full heaven of Jesus's love;
For the rapture, the bliss of the heavenly state,
My appointed time I will patiently wait.

But I haste, blessed Jesus, to be wholly thine;
In the garments of holiness here would I shine;
My wanderings and idols for ever give o'er,
And lean on thy breast, evermore, evermore.

There's no sorrow above, nor death's rude alarms,
The loved and the cherished to tear from my arms,
The sweet buds of hope never turn to despair,
And the arm of oppression is never felt there.

Yes, I know there are thornless flowers above,
Rivers that flow from the ocean of love;
My loved ones are there, who have gone on before,
Bright spirits to meet me on that happy shore.

Yet I sigh not for these: the boon that I seek
Is lowly to sit at the Saviour's blest feet;
To drink in his spirit, to learn of his ways,
And reflect his pure image my remnant of days.

[Original.]

NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

[The following communication from Sister Palmer came a little too late for the August Guide; but it will be welcomed now by our readers, as her "Notes by the Way" are ever fresh, though read after their date.]

As we left Banbury for Oxford, several dear friends were at the railroad station, among whom were the two resident Wesleyan ministers, several local preachers, and other brethren and sisters in Christ, with whom, as fellow-helpers, we had labored in the blessed revival with which Banbury has just been visited. Here were some who had but newly commenced their career of discipleship, and others whose loving hearts and spirit-touched lips were all aglow with the freshness of the baptism of fire. We had met and had felt that "the fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above," and now after three weeks of blessed toil we exchanged the last long

wishful gaze, expecting to meet no more till the labors of life were ended.

It was amid these parting scenes that we said, "If we were to invite you to visit our home in America, few if any present could accept the invitation; but we ask you to visit us in our HOME IN HEAVEN. We have a mansion going up there, and to this we invite you all." I need not say that the invitation was accepted. It was in allusion to an anticipated visit of this sort to the mansion of our friends in heaven, that we repeated amid these parting scenes the accompanying original lines, a copy of which we have promised to give.

A VISIT TO MY FRIEND'S MANSION IN
THE EARLY AGES OF ETERNITY.

Earth's travelers have all gone o'er
The boundaries of time,
Not one, but what has reached the shore
Of that peculiar clime,
Where all is real: what had been
But dim when on life's page,
In living substance here is seen,
Grown mightier still with age.
The beauteous city of my God,
Jerusalem so bright!
Well, I its glittering paths have trod,
A happy child of light;
And as I walk each golden street,
Counting each towering spire,
How many a much-loved friend I meet,
And strike anew my lyre.
But whose this mansion? 'tis so fair,
I venture in, and lo!
I find the blessed inmate there,
One I well knew below.
And shall I wonder? Jesus said
Your mansions I prepare;
This is my friend's, 'twas for him made,
Why wonder that he's there.
We reached

OXFORD,

the renowned ancient seat of literature about twelve o'clock, and proceeded to the house of Rev. Mr. Rowley. Mrs. R., our friend, is the daughter of the late eminent commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke. In personal appearance and traits of character, she is said to resemble her illustrious sire, and in case the Doctor had lived to carry out his wishes in visiting America,

his daughter, Mrs. R., was expected to accompany him. Her youngest son, who is preparing for the ministry in the Church of England, and her devoted and talented daughter, "E. R.," the interesting correspondent of the Guide to Holiness, were our kind guides through the town of Oxford. Among the more prominent scenes calculated to recall the history of the past, was

LINCOLN COLLEGE.

We entered the grounds by a tower gateway with a groined roof, into a quadrangle eighty feet square, having the library rooms on the north, the hall on the east, and the rector's lodgings on the south side. The college was founded in 1427, and we were informed that there had been but little external alteration since 1436. On the south side is the chapel built by the Bishop of Lincoln in 1631. I will not attempt to describe how hallowed to sacred memories the time appeared as we walked over the ground, and surveyed the scenes which had been so oft trodden and so familiar to the great and good men, John and Charles Wesley.

We were not able to gain access to the rooms occupied by John Wesley when Fellow of this College. The professor occupying the suite of rooms having died within the past day or two, and his body now awaiting burial from the same spot. But as we gazed into the windows of that room, which is still designated as Wesley's room, we thought of the mighty blaze now spreading over the earth through the power of that form of Christianity here first developed, and in derision called Methodism, and exclaimed, What hath God wrought! A running vine, bearing the name of Wesley's vine, creeps up by the window of his room.

Oxford city has been renowned from time immemorial for its academic halls. From the time of King Alfred, who

founded a large hall of learning here, to the 13th century, talented and learned men were in the habit of associating themselves together at Oxford, in order by united efforts to learn from each other how to advance more rapidly in the arts and sciences. Books being a rare curiosity in those days, it was only at some seat of learning that such luxuries could be enjoyed.

We can not speak with certainty of the number of colleges, but having some curiosity on the subject, counted nineteen, the most of which are centuries old.

CHRIST CHURCH UNIVERSITY is among the oldest and most renowned. Here the sons of the nobility have generally accomplished their collegiate course. The son of England's reigning sovereign has recently left this University for Cambridge, where he expects to finish his collegiate course. Christ Church is entered by a great gate called Toms-Gate. It derives its name from the cupola containing the large bell so named. The weight of this bell is about 17,000 pounds, nearly double the weight of the great bell in St. Paul's, London.

The ambitious Cardinal Wolsey, obtained letters patent for the foundation of this college from Henry VIII. in 1525, but before his design was completed, lost the favor of his sovereign, and was not long after banished to comparative solitude, and on his death-bed exclaimed, "Oh! if I had but been as careful to please God, as I have been to serve my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

Christ Church hall is adorned with over a hundred original portraits taken from life by eminent artists. Here are the likenesses of kings and queens, bishops, dukes, and lords, most of whom have long since passed away. The most memorable object of curiosity to ourselves was the cathedral. The building is said to be of the 12th century. The church is cruciform. In its struc-

ture, images, and all the indices of every sort are such as to make it difficult for us to feel that we are not in a cathedral in the Pope's dominions, rather than within five minutes' walk of where martyrs were burned for their adherence to the Protestant faith.

I might mention particulars, but time will not admit. One of the more marked is this. After having passed up and down through various isles of this singularly constructed church, reading the inscriptions on the tombs of canonized saints, and looking at a new gorgeous stained-glass window whose panes presented various passages in the life of a saint, long since canonized in the annals of popery, we came to a place where stood a throne. We had passed pulpits in several places, as we had been threading our way from one part of the church to another. But here, a little removed from a magnificent altar, whose surroundings were hung in scarlet, and where were large wax candles, such as are usual in Romish churches, was a throne. A throne?

A THRONE!

I exclaimed with surprise. "Yes, a throne," was the answer from our guide. A throne with gorgeous canopy and scarlet hangings in a church was such a rare sight, that, in our ignorance, our first impulses were only to think of a throne in connection with the sovereignty of England or the church of Rome.

"The throne is for the Bishop of Oxford; that is his seat," said our guide.

"Does he preach there?" I asked.

"No; it is his throne where he performs his official acts, and where he sits, with the exception of when he occasionally preaches, then he occupies a pulpit."

After witnessing such sights, and listening to such recitals, one can imagine that but a short step is to be taken to get back again to such scenes as were witnessed in olden times. Oxford is the

birthplace of Puseyism, and the throne I had looked upon was that occupied by the pontiff of the Puseyite party, the Bishop of Oxford. It may surprise some to hear that this Church of England Bishop, who is thus joining hands with the Church of Rome, is the degenerate son of the lamented philanthropist Wilberforce.

Leaving Christ Church, we desired our friends to take us to the place where the martyr-spirits, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer ascended to heaven amid burning fagots. The spot is within a few moments' drive of the semi-popish cathedral we had just visited. The driver alighted, announcing that we were now on the ground, which, as he affirmed, was marked by a recumbent

IRON CROSS.

The cross was deeply hidden by the incrustations of ice from the drizzling rains and the cold snows of winter. But our driver, by the aid of another, with sturdy nailed boots, succeeded in clearing away the ice and snow, and after a few moments we beheld the fitting emblem of the cross marking the place where, by the authority of the Church of Rome, Bishops Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer laid down their lives for their adherence to truth. And what a scene was this to witness within but a few moments' walk of where we had beheld such palpable manifestations of a return to the practice and principles of Romanism.

After taking our leave of the place where the martyrs were burned, we proceeded a short distance in the midst of the town, to a pleasant, large square, where stands the

MARTYR'S MEMORIAL.

And here we looked upon a large, beautiful monument erected to the memory of the martyred Bishops,—the imposing structure at the northern extremity of the churchyard of St. Mary Magdalene. The north aisle of this

church has been entirely rebuilt, as a part sacred to the memory of the three chief martyrs of the Reformation, and is called the Martyr's Aisle. The monument was reared in 1841. It is built of a light stone called magnesian limestone. It is in the decorated style, and is, I should judge, about one hundred and fifty feet high; has three stories or divisions, in the centre of which are the figures of the martyr Bishops.

In the lower story, facing the north, is the inscription giving the particulars for which the monument was erected. Over this, facing the St. Giles's Church, is the figure of Cranmer, the other side, facing towards Baliol is Ridley, and that facing the Corn Market is Latimer. My feelings would lead me to pause here and analyze the emotions inspired by these spirit-

STIRRING SCENES.

Here I am travelling over ground trodden by the feet and watered by the tears of those champions of the truth who assisted in preparing the way for the glorious Reformation. Here are churches all around me still standing as centuries since, within whose walls these martyr-spirits, when on earth, worshiped, and at whose altars they ministered. What scenes the town of Oxford must have witnessed, and how many weepers between the porch and the altars, at the time when bloody Rome held undisguised sway, and by the command of her pontificates lighted the funeral pile, while lingering angels from the heavenly world, with chariots of fire, waited near to witness amid crackling flame the silver cord loosened, and convey these, of whom the world was not worthy, to their home in paradise.

And now, could spirits sigh and weep, we might imagine them again sighing and weeping over the rapid return of Romanism in disguise through the sophistries of Puseyism; and if the Lamb does

not give a great increase of power to the Beast, and help forward the healing of the deadly wound, it will not be the fault of the Bishop of Oxford or Dr. Pusey.

There are a few dissenting chapels in Oxford. Of the more commodious of these is the Wesleyan chapel. It was built several years after the death of the founder of Methodism, and dedicated to the service of Almighty God by the eminent commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, whose interesting grandson and daughter were now accompanying us. Other interesting items crowd upon my mind, but my large and closely filled sheet tells me I must pause.

[Original.]

THE SPIRIT'S RETURN.

BY ALVARO F. GIBBENS.

To thee, O Lord of earth and sky,
My humble song I bring,
And claim the promise of thy grace,
While I attempt to sing.

The universal world is thine,
And silent Nature's praise
For ever to thy throne ascends
From her ten thousand ways.

The sun itself thy glory shows,
The stars thy wisdom tell;
Shall we, vile creatures, dare refuse
The choral song to swell?

Ah, no. This mortal frame of dust,
All feeble though it be,
Contains a spark of heavenly fire
Which must return to thee.

A breath from thy great throne, O God,
Will kindle it to love;
Till, warmed with a celestial hope,
It flies to heaven above.

The dampening shower of worldly cares,
May cloud it for an hour,
But thy great love can keep the flame,
And quicken with its power.

And when this tenement of clay
Shall lose its power to chain;
Draw back to thee, O God, this spark,
This weary soul again.

Parkersburg, Va.

[Original.]

"BE YE HOLY."

BY M. M. J.

READER, have you named the name of Jesus? If you have, then heed this injunction, "Be ye holy," and wear your profession with honor to the doctrine you profess, letting your light so shine that others, through its happy influences, may be made partakers of "like precious faith." A city on a hill can not be hid; much less the light emanating from the happy spirit, born of God, and filled with the fullness of his love. You may deceive yourself and others, but beware, the eye of the Omnipresent One sees, without a glass, sin's dark death-spot on the soul. Think you it is no privilege to "adorn," to render "attractive," the religion of Christ? The pious soul, wrapt in the garments of holiness, delights, exults in the enjoyment of this heaven-bestowed privilege. How beautiful the cross, standing on Calvary appears, because adorned by the holy, resigned, and peaceful life of the amiable Sufferer. Be not deceived; Christ is your example. His divinity does not render this inoperative, for he also possessed a human nature, which was exposed to temptation and all the vicissitudes of humanity; and he, "when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously." (1 Peter ii. 23.) Such will be the utmost endeavor of every *true* follower of the lowly, lovely Jesus. The apostles, after being scourged for preaching the Word, rejoiced that they had been "accounted worthy to suffer shame for his name." (Acts v. 41.) These are very important and significant examples for the child of grace. Of all the javelins of persecution hurled against the soul, none is so deadly poisonous as *that* which is fixed by our own hands. Man is his own most formidable persecutor,

for this reason he should suffer and endure afflictions as a good soldier, holding fast his hope unto the end.

Have you vicious passions and desires unrestrained, a will unconquered? these are remnant roots of bitterness and sin. If you flee from the devil, he will flee from you; but in doing so be sure and run towards Jesus; and he will receive you into his open arms—

“Joined by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.”

Without *this*, the most faithful observances of the external ordinances and means of grace can never save you; no, nothing but an internal work, God in the heart, can subdue the rising impulse to sin. *This is safe*: God dwelling in the soul, working *to will* and *to do* of his own good pleasure. Wash in all the streams of earth, and you shall be filthy, yea, filthier still; but go wash in the flowing blood-stream of Calvary and you shall be clean every whit. “Be ye holy” in heart and in life, “inside and outside.” Bring the pruning-knife of a watchful spirit to operate on your thoughts, motives, desires, and actions; be in earnest, and if there be branches and twigs that disturb or obstruct your peace, do not cut through the bark and withdraw the knife, but cut them off and cast them away, otherwise they will dwarf the whole tree, and shrink the fruit to nothing. Pruning and affliction are full of health and life,—strange paradox! In the darkest cloud lives a glory; its shadow may be dark and terrific, so as to make one tremble and quake with fear; yet, there is a light beyond, which may (if we will permit it) vanquish the portentous cloud, and beam forth in fondest gleams of glory.

Live in charity (love) with all men. Bacon has borne to charity a tribute worthy his genius,—here it is: “The desire of power was the fall of angels; the desire of knowledge the fall of man;

but in charity there is no excess; neither men nor angels ever incurred danger by it. If your tongue has not learned the gospel rule, “Speak evil of no man,” nor your heart “to do unto others as you would have others do to you,” listen to St. Paul’s philosophy and conclusion on this point. “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity,”—why, what then?—“I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.”

“Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)
And form my soul anew.

“O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

“O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning come!”

If there are such things as *trifling* actions in life, God beholds them, and will bring them into judgment. Then let us watch over, striving to suppress, our little petulances, and be not provoked to anger, but rather to godliness. The immortal spirit can not afford to sport with that on which hangs its endless destiny. Let us bestir ourselves, that we may be found with our lamps trimmed and our lights burning, so as to enter in with the bridegroom at the coming.

Canada West, July 15, 1861.

SECRET INFLUENCES.

A FEW years ago it was announced that the workmen, engaged in making an examination of a vessel in one of our docks, ascertained that the ship’s bottom, at a certain place a few inches square, was not thicker than a piece of common paper. A careful search for the cause at length revealed the fact that, in the space between the plank which faced the water

and that which made the inner floor, there was lodged a small pebble. It had been there for *two years*, and, with every motion of the vessel on its billowy home, it had moved incessantly back and forth. In the course of a year it wore away an inch of solid timber. During the second year it wore away nearly two inches more, its greater room giving it a greater momentum, and, of course, increasing its power for doing harm.

As this incident recently met my eye, my mind at once started upon this train of thought: So it ever is with many of the most destructive agencies that affect our personal, social, and public interest. They are unnoticed till their deadly work is nearly done. The dew does not fall upon the earth more silently, nor the air insinuate itself into crevice and nook more noiselessly, than evil influences often work out their fatal results. And it would not be a greater folly to say that, because the captain of that vessel was ignorant of the imprisoned pebble and saw no indication of its destructive agency, the agency was less real, and, but for the fortunate discovery, less certain to produce disaster, than for us to think lightly of secret moral influences because they are hidden from our sight. It is the secret, unnoticed agency that, in numberless instances, like the unseen pebble, wears away the strongest barriers of the human heart, and works its ruin before the existence of any special danger is even suspected. Error, in the outset, generally wears a mask, and conceals its real character. The poison that corrupts the morals of men is infused, at first, stealthily. Thus unseen, unheard, unsuspected agencies undermine health, happiness, prosperity; ruin bodies, souls, churches, nations.

We have known an anxious sinner to be held back for months, and even years, from Christ and peace by an evil habit or a bad book, the existence of which none suspected till the discovery was made by

some circumstance apparently accidental. We have known professing Christians to be inefficient and unhappy, year after year, in consequence of some error imbibed, or some wrong-doing indulged, which were known to none save the sufferer, and not clearly understood, even by him, as the source of his acknowledged wretchedness. Doubtless, the mystery which often seems to hang over both the long lingering in darkness and distress of some inquirers, and the lack of enjoyment and efficiency in many professing Christians, would be at once explained if all the secret influences which affect them were known. Sometimes we start back with horror at the apostasy or fall of one who has been *thought* eminent in Christian graces. But, even in such cases, it is not some sudden tornado of temptation that has swept him away. Secret influences have been long at work preparing him for the open demonstration. The loud crash of thunder, that shakes the moral heavens and rolls along its artillery of destruction, is but the effect of causes which we have not noticed. The moral earthquake, that visibly buries character in ruins, is produced by agencies that have escaped our observation. The volcanic eruption, that spreads its devastation abroad, is the product of combined influences that have acted beneath the surface.

So, alas, has it been with our tempest-tossed nation. The great forces that are to-day so sadly affecting us, as a nation, began in little things, and for thirty years or more operated, comparatively, unseen, and, by most, unsuspected. But like the pent-up fires of earth, they have continually accumulated strength, till at last they have broken forth into a power for evil that attracts the gaze of the world. The unseen pebble had worn the thick plank of our ship of state almost through. It had but little more than the thickness of paper, when the nation's unsuspecting eye made the discovery. A

little more and the ship would have inevitably gone down. May God bless the effort to repair her, and steer her safely through the stormy sea.—*From the Tract Journal.*

N O W .

TO-MORROW, and that mind immortal might be filled with burning thoughts of time wasted, life lost, and an eternity of misery secured. “*Now* is the accepted time.” *Think now.* ’T would be awful to begin to think of the soul when beyond the reach of mercy. Think of a Saviour’s love; of the prayers, and tears, and groans that have ascended up to God on your behalf. Can you wade through these to hell? Think of it. What a remembrance! What a worm, to know the soul lost for ever! And then think forward. Oh, for ever! — to reap the reward of my neglect for ever. You can not bear the thought. Would you avoid it?

Act now. Just now. It is yours. Bless the Lord, the present moment is yours, to be saved in. You have often thought about getting religion *some time*, but have put it off to a more convenient season. But you mean to get it. And yet to-day you are unsaved. Don’t delay another moment; you see the danger. He who means to be saved to-morrow, drops into perdition, for to-morrow never comes. We must be saved *now*, or lost for ever.

Seeker of Entire Holiness, when do you expect to obtain it? You have sought long;—yes, so long that you are quite used to it. It has become a form to pray for a clean heart. Years roll around and find you praying to be cleansed from all unrighteousness. How long do you mean to have it so? Do you say, “I shall be cleansed in God’s time.” That time is *now*.

Come to the altar *now*. Lay the sacrifice on it. Bind it there *now*. And

the fire will fall and consume it. Glory to God.

A word to you who are saved *now*. Never let the devil persuade you from doing your duty in the present. You know sometimes the Spirit of the Lord has brought you up to a cross, and instead of taking it up, you *meant* to do it. *Now* is the only time.

Never be put back by the enemy, but live, work for God by the moment, and soon you shall hear the word —

Now come up higher.

[Original.]

A PETITION.

BY M. S. D.

FATHER, oh, grant me this, my heart’s desire!
’Tis not to pass within the gates of pearl,
And now have place with you celestial throng;
To tread with them Elysian fields, and pluck
Ambrosial flowers; in shining robe
And wear a seraph’s crown; the golden lyre
Wake to angel melody. Nay, Father,
Nay; but rather this be mine, — to suffer
All thy holy will, and tarry in earth’s
Vale long years, perchance, to watch and pray,
Toil and strive, fight life’s battle through, and win
A victor’s crown.

Yea, let me quaff to dregs
The bitter cup, and weep when Jesus weeps, —
Still know the fellowship of suffering,
And pray for those who’d fain crush the bleeding
Heart, and wring out the Christian life.

Then, when
My threescore years have passed away, and I
For thee alone have lived, and purged away
All earthly dross in tribulation’s fire, —
Oh, grant a place close by the throne, with those
Who walked below in thorny paths, and drank
At Marah’s fount, — who bore the cross, and *chos^e*
To suffer with the Master here, and for
His cause endure reproach, shame, and cruel
Persecution’s torture; — the tested band,
Who in trials severe, and conflicts sore,
Faithful proved, and won a conqueror’s palm.

Oh, nearest thy eternal self I’d stand,
And strike the notes that angel fingers ne’er
May touch, swell the song that spirits heaven-
born

Ne’er can sing, “Unto Him who hath us loved,
And in redeeming glory washed all our sins
Away, be praise and glory evermore”

Westport, N. Y.

[Original.]

"THE SAME, YET GROWING."

BY MARY.

THIS remark was made in reference to a departed saint whose exemplary life, uniform piety, and Christlike spirit, caused all who knew her to say, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile!" She was a witness of perfect love, and her testimony of that blessed experience was definite and peculiarly sweet.

"Always the same, yet growing."

What a lovely character! A uniform Christian, a growing Christian. Abounding in all the fruits of the Spirit, and those fruits increasing more and more! Exhibiting all the Christian graces, and those graces growing and maturing daily to the glory and praise of God.

But some say, How can perfection become more perfect? If we be made perfect, how can there be an increase or growth in grace?

I remember a very beautiful lemon-tree that once ornamented my paternal dwelling. It was always green, and bright, and flourishing. No blight withered its verdant foliage, or caused its tender blossoms or young fruit to fall, prematurely. It was carefully nurtured; water, air, and sun were given, as it needed; its soil often enriched, and a genial atmosphere continually surrounding it; occasionally the pruning-knife was needed, and it was trimmed with greatest care, and always to its obvious improvement. Blossoms and fruit continually adorned its lovely branches, and every one who looked upon it exclaimed, What a charming lemon-tree!

That tree was subsequently given to a relative. Years passed ere I looked again upon its charms. How it had grown! From three feet it had grown to nearly reach the ceiling! Its blossoms and fruit had increased tenfold.

I said, can this be the same tree that was once my mother's? The reply was "It is the very same tree." But how it has grown! I exclaimed. It was a very beautiful tree five years ago, but how much more beautiful now! It was a perfect tree then,—a blooming and fruit-bearing tree then,—but it has grown so much larger and more fruitful, and the tree is so much finer!

The great Being,—infinite in wisdom, love, and power,—carefully nurtures the plants in his garden; the streams of that river which makes glad the city of God, flow freely, the Sun of Righteousness shines brightly, the breezes from the heavenly land blow sweetly, and new supplies of rich nutriment are daily afforded. When pruning is needed it is always done, for Jesus said, "Every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit; herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

As in a natural tree or plant, after having attained a certain stage or condition to which favorable influences tend to advance it, the growth becomes more rapid, and more perceptible, so in the case of the Christian having been favored with abundant spiritual influences, brought into the brighter light of the glorious gospel, and living in the purer atmosphere of perfect love, exhibits an advancement greatly accelerated. The fruits of the Spirit become more and more abundant, and the beauty of holiness more and more apparent, in the spirit and life; and thus, until transplanted in the paradise above, there is constant growth and improvement. Nor does it then cease! When mortality is swallowed up of life, amid the glories of that world of ineffable bliss, there doubtless is progression, if not in purity, yet in knowledge, love, and enjoyment.

Life is sunshine or gloom, just as you choose to have it appear.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY MEETING.

54 Rivington St., N. Y.

THE meeting was opened by reading the 6th of Romans by a layman who had great nearness of access to the mercy-seat in prayer. His remarks were sweetly simple and spiritual. He said that in his closet, before coming to the meeting, he had asked for the presence of God with each of his dear children, who were about to gather from the different parts of the city. Then he felt the infinite condescension of God, who has the care of the many millions of earth, to listen to each of us; then of this little assembly, and he thought that perhaps the eye and presence of God was with no other such company of people on the earth, as those who were now met together with the one absorbing desire of holiness of heart.

One had been reading the life of Müller, and reminded of his own answers to prayer, *in little things*, as well as great things. He also said he could do nothing without faith, without which it was impossible to please God.

A minister said, that morning, as he was about to leave his house for his office, when at the door he thought he would return to his room again to refresh his spirit a little more in the Bible. He did so, and opened and read the 26th of Deuteronomy, and this passage had been very sweet in his ruminations through the day, as showing the *need* and *requirement* of profession of the blessing of sanctification. "I profess this day unto the Lord thy God, that I am come into the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give to us." He said it was not sufficient to bring the basket of the fruits of holiness, but the *profession of the lips* is required from every partaker of the blessings of the goodly land.

Our feeble, but living epistle of holi-

ness, Dr. Bangs, rose and said he had fully determined upon coming to the meeting, not to speak, but his spirit had been stirred with the testimonies, as evidences of the divinity of Christ; each one had acknowledged his presence with them; then, of course, Jesus is God, to be omnipresent. It had brought to his mind what he once said to a Roman Catholic, "Then you believe Mary is divine, for you pray to her; if she hears *you* in America, and others in Europe, she is every where present, and she must be God." He said it startled the man's mind.

At the close of the meeting, this venerable servant, before prayer was offered for those who desired to enter into rest, wished all to rise and sing—

"I cannot wash my heart
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to impart
The spotless purity."

A most effectual consecrating prayer was offered by a minister, and we believe that many laid themselves upon the altar, and were accepted.

The work of holiness progresses all around us, among God's dear people of various names. One who had taken her sister for the first time to one of these special meetings, was rather too anxious while listening, thinking if this or that would profit her sister.

But God, who loves all souls, and can take care of mistakes, so convinced and enlightened her mind, that while a brother, at the close of the meeting, was conversing with her, she cast herself unreservedly upon Christ, and believed he accepted her. She returned to her home in perfect peace.

Yesterday, the way of faith, the necessity of faith, and the fruit of faith, in entering and walking in the way of holiness, was related in the experiences of the afternoon. It seemed the way was shown to be so easy, that none could

have left the place, who hungered and thirsted after righteousness, without being fully satisfied by perfect rest in Christ. One said he had often thought of what Mrs. Palmer had said years ago, — "A few moments' believing was better than much useless striving."

A minister was peculiarly happy in being present, pointing to the spot where he first sat; it was just a year since he found the way of faith more perfectly, so as to take Christ as his wisdom, redemption, and sanctification; his all in all. And that which he particularly liked about the meeting, is, there is no denomination here, — Christian is the only distinction. The first time he came, a year ago, he listened with intense interest, and thought, "This is just the experience I need." The next week he returned, and then his earnest crying was so great, that when those who wished the prayers of the meeting were requested to rise, he thought he would lie to the Holy Ghost if he sat still; and under the deep convictions of his soul he rose. His light continued to increase, and although he has suffered the buffetings of the enemy, yet knew he was safe in the Rock. He felt deeply the need of this fullness in Christ, for the general church, and exhorted the brethren and sisters to let their light shine, that the work of holiness may become universal.

A minister who spoke a little to those who were seeking purity of heart, gave an incident in point. He was conversing on religious topics with one of his people, and turned to this state of grace, when the man's interest was awakened, and he listened with deep attention, and related what had been his own experience about this doctrine of sanctification. At a camp-meeting, years ago, holiness of heart was preached and taught, and a brother near him, while kneeling in prayer, seeking, received the blessing, and was filled with rapturous joy. His own mind was poised upon these words,

"If thou wilt thou canst make me clean;" he refused to believe that God would do it for him. It was several times presented to him to *believe*, but he as persistently set it aside, and at last said, "*I won't.*"

Thus he had lost years which might have been fruitful in the richest experience and power of God, through the cleansing blood of Jesus.

Incidents were related to aid and help those who were striving to stretch forth the withered hand.

Mrs. — touchingly repeated one about her own little dying Sabbath scholar. "Why," said he, "If I may come just as I am, with so little preparation, with so much insensibility, the whole world might come and be saved." And looking as if he had caught her, said, "Then Universalism is true, Mrs. —." His teacher assured him the whole world *might come* if they would; and it was because they *would not come* that the blessed Jesus could not save them. She also said, "My dear William, the Holy Spirit is now drawing you; giving you to feel the need of a Saviour; and while you are trying to come, Jesus says to *you*, 'I will in no wise cast you out.'" With these words William seemed comforted, and his teacher left him hoping he would soon believe and rejoice, which he did.

What is faith? A receiving into the mind the truth concerning Jesus; a going to Jesus as revealed in the truth; a committing of the soul to Jesus; a trusting in Jesus, and a living upon Jesus for all things, to the glory of the Father. Faith triumphs over reason by receiving the revelation of the God of reason.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find a flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

The Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

WANDERER, RETURN!

WE met, a few days ago, a valued Christian friend, whom we had not seen for nearly a score of years. He talked freely of the way God had led him, and especially of his dealings with his family. Some of his children were now in Christ on earth, and one, he believed, had gone to see Christ above. But his parental heart was most closely entwined about a wandering son. A few years ago he had joined the United States army, and was stationed, with his regiment, on our western frontier. At considerable expense, and persevering entreaty of the Government at Washington, the father obtained the son's release, and secured his return home. But again he has wandered, the anxious father knows not among what dangers. Yet, his heart throbs to welcome him home again! He may be bleeding upon the battle-field, or suffering in the camp, or fainting and weary in the long march;—he may be acting a faithful or unfaithful part, yet *his father's* affections change not. "My son, come home!" is his constant cry.

Wanderer from God, this earthly parent faintly resembles your divine Parent. His love for the wanderer is holier, stronger, and more enduring than can be that of your father or mother. It has withstood greater provocations. Will you not heed it? Will you not come back to a father's house? He did not drive you thence. Oh, no! he held you by the cords of his love, until you tore yourself violently away.

Wanderer from the possession of the perfect love of Christ, what have *you* to say? Were you bidden to leave the "riches of his grace,"—the fullness of his blessings,—for the lesser gifts of his love? Surely, he was not weary in giving; why did you tire in receiving? He had unseen and inconceivable treasures in store for you. Great as *were* your blessings, you had only attained a good stand-point, from which to look upon the unlimited extent of the promised land. Was not the sight you obtained sufficiently enrapturing? Or have you *forgotten* as well as lost the blessing? Come, let us entreat you as a brother, and as one not having yet attained the perfection which can not be lost. We would be to you as the father of whom we have spoken, mourning for his wandering son. Many hearts are ready to welcome you back to the *full-spread board*. The Master of the feast has kept it waiting for you. Believe this, and do not wait a moment. Do not reason of your base ingratitude in the past, but of his present forgiving spirit and wonderful compassions. Many have wandered and returned; and such is his aston-

ishing long-suffering that *repeated* wanderings have been forgiven. Honor that long-suffering, and throw yourself upon it, as you are, and now. Wanderer from the perfect love of the gospel, come back!

CARING FOR SOULS.

YES, Christians should care for souls;—they should constantly care and diligently watch for their salvation, as those who must give account. It is a most serious practical error, into which many have fallen, in supposing that ministers of the gospel only are required to cultivate this care. In this respect they have a special, but not an exclusive obligation.

You who are parents should care for the salvation of your children. How is it, Christian mother, with you and your daughters? Have you cared more to dress them fashionably, to teach them the manners of refined society, and to "set them up in the world," than secure their genuine conversion? Have you set them an example, in a holy walk and a Christlike spirit, in thus saying that you, their adviser, love not the world, neither the things that are in the world?

And, Christian father, what is your chief concern for those sons of yours? Do you look closely after the company they keep, the books they read, the amusements in which they indulge, and the habits which they form? Do you do all this, and much more, for their *souls'* sake? How sad it is to see professed disciples of Him who came to save souls from death, teaching their children by conduct and spirit that the great end of our being is to live for this world. There is a laudable ambition of many fathers to give their sons a good business or classical education; but if care for their souls is not placed before this in importance, and made ever to accompany it, there is surely a sinful neglect.

Parents, in caring for the souls of your children, be prayerful, untiring, and believing. Be wise in the occasion, and means of approach to them which you may use. In these, especially, you will need the wisdom which cometh from above. For your encouragement lay hold upon the promise that such wisdom is given liberally, and without *upbraiding*. Finally, cultivate a care "without carefulness," for the promise is "*to you and to your children.*"

Sunday-school teachers should care for the conversion of their scholars. This is so plain a duty that it might seem superfluous to emphasize it. But, alas, what sad neglect is apparent in our Sunday schools in this respect! To get through the recitations with the least possible labor or annoyance seems to be the extent of the care of some teachers. *The conversion*, beloved brethren and sisters of the Sunday school, of your scholars, let it be more than your meat and drink! Pray for it in secret. Seek a preparation of heart in yourselves to secure it.

If you are cold and faithless, don't leave the school, but get rid of your coldness. You have a responsibility for the souls of those children, and, if you run away from it, it will follow you, yes, follow you to the judgment. You are their keeper, and their blood will God require at your hands.

Christians should care for each other's spiritual welfare. This duty has a wider meaning than that which is usually put upon it. They should concern themselves not only for each other's safety in Christ, but for each other's highest possible attainments in the divine life. The obvious duty of one who has found a greener pasture, is to invite those who are behind to the feast. If any one has found a point of observation of the goodly land, where the spiritual views are more enrapturing, and the breezes more heavenly, he should lift up his voice cheerfully, and say, "Brother, come up higher."

Our great care on earth should be a care for souls.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

The English correspondent of the North-Western Advocate writes:—

"Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of New York city, are at present conducting special revival services in the large Wesleyan chapel, Boston, with their usual success. The previous fortnight they labored at Epworth, the birthplace of John Wesley. These devoted American Methodists are not altogether at ease, as their prolonged stay is beginning to be viewed with disfavor by some of the most influential ministers of the British Conference. This is to be lamented, for their course has been marked by signal tokens of Divine approval, and the tendency of their labors is to lead the people toward the ministers, and not from them. It is believed that every objection would be removed if your bishops would only write a letter commending them to the British Wesleyan Conference."

REV. B. W. GORHAM.

As our associate editor is traveling extensively this year in promoting the interests of our magazine, it is but due to him to give the public the resolutions adopted by his Conference on the occasion of his taking a location for that object. We take the following from the minutes of the Wyoming Conference, of which he was a member.

"B. Weed Gorham was located at his own request, whereupon the following preamble and resolution was adopted:—

"Whereas our esteemed and beloved brother, Rev. B. W. Gorham, with whom we have been associated for many years past, has this day, yielding to what he conceives to be a call of duty, located from this Conference, therefore,

"Resolved, That we hereby express our fullest confidence in the piety and devotion of brother Gorham, our warm and ardent attachment to him as a friend and fellow-laborer; that we assure him of our prayers and sympathies wherever he shall go, and commend him to the confidence and regards of all Christian brethren; and we will cordially welcome him again whenever he sees fit to return among us.

"W. H. PEARNE,
"R. NELSON."

EASTHAM CAMP-MEETING FOR 1861.

The annual gathering at this time-honored festival was much smaller this year than it had been in many former years, owing, doubtless, in part, to the stringency of the times, and in part to the fact that many persons prefer to attend at Hamilton.

There was a striking improvement in the order of the meeting, owing, perhaps, mainly, to the fact that there was absolute prohibition of huckstering in the neighborhood of the ground.

Of both preachers and people it may well be said, they "had a mind to work."

There was, perhaps, rather an undue proportion of *going to heaven on sheet music*, but, certainly, the chorals which resounded from time to time about the ground, in the intervals of public worship, were exceedingly sweet, and in very hopeful contrast with the doggerel of the camp-meetings of the olden time.

The harmony of spirit with which the laborers worked with each other was, perhaps, never surpassed at Millennial Grove. The relations of the presiding officer, Rev. Brother Crowell, with the whole people of his district, are evidently very happy. There were, probably, about sixty or seventy professed conversions, and a very considerable number of persons—several ministers among them, who sought and found the blessing of entire sanctification.

On Monday afternoon a violent thunder-storm swept over that part of the country, and a dwelling near the ground was struck with lightning, which set the building on fire, and prostrated all the inmates. They were all thought to be fatally affected at first, but were living at the close of the meeting.

The passage down and up the bay was the finest imaginable, and in returning, August 6, we enjoyed two religious services, both characterized by a precious tone of interest. Doubtless many will remember with joy through life and in a happy eternity, the camp-meeting at Millennial Grove of 1861.

G.

Possibly, owing to the extreme pressure of the times, we may find it necessary to issue the October and November numbers in one.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

ABRAHAM'S PLEA FOR SODOM.

GENESIS XVIII. 23-33.

We have in this narrative a striking picture of the persons concerned. Here is one of the "three men" mentioned in verse 2, and the same is "the Lord," (verse 22,) God manifest in the flesh, the Angel of the Covenant, and the promised Redeemer. Here is Abraham, "the friend of God;" and, as becomes friends, they are in familiar intercourse.

The occasion is a great one. The fate of four cities hangs upon the moment. (Deut. xxix. 23.) A thunderbolt, charged with divine wrath, is poised against them. Its descent is "the vengeance of eternal fire," (Jude 7.) A simple man of God, armed only with the prayer of faith, stays the uplifted thunder. Much has been said of the pause of nature, fearfully and grandly solemn, before the shock of an earthquake; and of the painful interval, dreadfully sublime, between the final preparation and the collision of mighty armies. Here was such an occasion. The effort about to be made to turn aside the merited punishment promises well, for faith is an essential condition of success, and here is, on the one side, "the Author and Finisher of faith," (Heb. xii. 2,) and on the other, "the father of all them that believe," (Rom. iv. 11.) The contingency lies — alas! it often lies — with those toward whom the faith and mercy are directed. The trial commences under these circumstances.

1. We notice, during its progress, *great directness in the application of the means*. The occasion is too great, and the heart of Abraham too deeply impressed with it, to trifle with ornamented speech or vain repetition. He launches at once into the declaration, under the emphatic form of interrogation, of a great truth grasped by his faith, "Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?" No. The Judge of all the earth shall do right. When great sinners are to be punished by special judgments, are to be "set forth as an example," (Jude 7,) the righteous will be excepted to make the example more apparent. Having coupled the plea of God's known equity with his prayer, Abraham comes, with equal directness, to the question, — "Wilt thou destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein?"

The heart full of faith speaks right out. The simple plea, "Have mercy upon me a sinner," sent the pleader down to his house justified.

2. *This directness, which evinced boldness, was marked by great humility*. "Behold, now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes." No man, it may be presumed, knew better than Abraham, his moral distance from God. Yet, his faith, which begot his directness, inspired at the same time his lowly views of himself. Humility, under gospel provisions, such as Abraham illustrated in his

character and history, is not shown by a hesitating speech and downcast face. If they rested on merit, it would be so; but, resting on *grace*, — free, abounding grace, — the humblest come straightest to God, and put the question, as did Abraham.

3. *We see how faith increases with successful exercise*. He first names the finding of fifty righteous persons as the requisite of success. Made bold by a favorable answer, he goes on, enlarging his demand by lowering the requisite, until it is brought within the bounds at which both faith and mercy in the case must stop. It has been suggested that if faith had said, Let one righteous person suffice, mercy would have responded, I will not destroy it for one's sake. It may be so. Jerusalem was, on one occasion, promised pardon, if but one man were found there who sought the truth (Jer. v. 1). Yet, mercy has its limits, and faith can not go where mercy is not promised. But let faith experiment on the promises. Let it try their surety by venturing to the utmost limit of their precious fullness. It will find that limit, when holiness is the subject, hard to find. Like the horizon, though we seem to approach it with more than angelic speed, it is ever unapproachable. Yet like the horizon at opening day, the promises of holiness, though their limits can not be reached, increase in clearness and glory, as the eye of faith scans their ever-extending limits.

4. *The plea of Abraham illustrates the favor which believers have with God*. He can not hide from them his purposes. His secret is with them. Not, indeed, all his plans, but all which concern them to know, or his glory to reveal. All which he hides from them is best hidden, and they have nothing to fear from what they do not see. But it is not so with the wicked. He often hides from them, in judicial punishment, the things which belong to their peace. Luke 19: 42. This regard of God for the righteous is shown also in the favor shown to the wicked for their sake. For only ten righteous persons' sake the history of the cities of the plain might have been changed. Surely, the righteous are "the salt of the earth." While we ponder upon these facts elicited by Abraham's example, may we be partakers of his faith.

THE CHILDREN OF GOD'S PEOPLE BLESSED.

"The promise is unto you and to your children." — Acts ii. 39.

We had the pleasure of meeting, a short time since, a man and his wife, both of whom we had known in their youth. In the course of social converse the wife remarked, — "We have had but little worldly prosperity. We have brought up a large family and toiled exceedingly hard; yet, thank God, we have never lacked bread to eat and a comfortable home, and, what is best of all, every one of our children have been renewed by grace. We feel that we are a happy

family, and husband and I have often, when all the children were in bed, talked over our mercies and thanked him for his unbounded goodness.

The church need a stimulated faith to apprehend the promise of our text. It is the promise of spiritual good,—the saving grace of God,—including all necessary worldly provisions. Let Christians seek this first and mainly for their seed. Believe, and it shall be done for you, praying fathers and mothers!

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

CAMP-MEETING IN IRELAND.

A YOUNG man who had labored in connection with the Troy Conference a few years, lost his health in his excessive labors, and last year went to Ireland to try that climate in his restoration; but that burning zeal still animated his sanctified soul, so that hundreds have blessed God for his visit there, while newly opened Sabbath schools are flourishing to commemorate his visit. With permission we copy a note from this dear brother Graves:—

"I send you inclosed some circulars, which you will distribute among friends who are interested in the work of God. We desire to have it remembered in the meeting in Dr. Palmer's house. I have just received a letter from Mrs. Palmer, stating they would make a special effort to reach the camp-meeting.

"They are at present in Boston, Eng.

"The camp-meeting is creating some excitement here, and we expect to have a large attendance and glorious time. Yours,

"H. GRAVES."

One of the circulars alluded to above accompanied the above extract. It is a notice of a camp-meeting, and a stirring call to the friends of Christ to attend. It is signed by William Arthur, James Coalter, and Thomas Whitley, a committee. They say, "It has been determined to hold a camp-meeting, after the American style;"—and add, "We confidently expect the Great Head of the church to be with us in mighty power, in answer to the very many earnest and believing prayers that have been offered up for the success of the meeting, both in this country and in America." It was to commence on the 4th of July. We hope to hear from some of our friends who were present, assuring our readers of the great success of this experiment of the Wesleyan Methodists in Ireland, in the use of this means of grace so much blessed in this country.

BOOK NOTICE.

WE have received the following recent publications from the *American Tract Society*, 28 Cornhill, Boston:—

"SONGS OF PRAISE AND PRAYER" is a collection of sacred songs from many of the old masters of song, of various countries, with some of more modern date. We are pleased to notice that they seem to have been selected in special reference to their eminent spirituality, as well as poetic merit. They will delight the holy in heart.

"THE SUNDAY ALPHABET OF ANIMALS" contains a brief natural history of twenty-six animals whose initial letter corresponds, in order, with the letters of the alphabet. A well-executed picture accompanies every article. Interesting anecdotes, illustrating the habits of the animals, and a fine, clear type, make this a very attractive volume for the little folks.

"SONGS FOR MY CHILDREN" are such songs as Christian parents may safely put into the hands of their children. They are simple yet instructive, having the interest, for the little ones, of the popular song-book, with none of their foolish literature. The volume is beautifully illustrated.

"PICTURE BOOK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN" is a book of 144 pages, with a handsome picture on every page, with explanatory reading in large type. Children will be sure to want it, if they see it.

The American Tract Society, of 28 Cornhill, have also sent us their Almanac for 1862, filled, from beginning to end, with scientific, literary, and religious truths, accompanied with beautiful illustrations. A splendid tract for general circulation.

N. Broughton, Jr., of the same publishing house, has issued a tract on "Sanctification," of deep spiritual interest. We shall with the consent of the publisher give it, in part or whole, to our readers in some subsequent issue. We have received also from the Society, "A Memoir of Daniel Safford," which we have not had time to examine. We shall notice it in our next number.

A CORRESPONDENT WRITES: "I find the *Guide* a great help in the work my heavenly Father has given me to do. It is not uncommon to see sinners weep like children while listening to some of its articles, and professors too are often cut to the quick by an invisible power they could not see. God grant that it may survive the storms and tempests of these troublous times, and be the means of doing much good in the future, as it has in the past."

BATTLE FIELD.

1. Live on the field of Bat - tle, Be earnest in the

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are also in 4/4 time, with the bottom staff having a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics '1. Live on the field of Bat - tle, Be earnest in the' are written below the first staff.

fight ; Stand forth with man - ly cour - age, And strug - gle for the right :

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The lyrics 'fight ; Stand forth with man - ly cour - age, And strug - gle for the right :' are written below the first staff.

Live ! live ! live ! live ! on the field of bat - tle.

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The lyrics 'Live ! live ! live ! live ! on the field of bat - tle.' are written below the first staff.

- 2 Watch on the field of battle,
The foe is every where,
His fiery darts fly thickly,
Like lightning through the air.
Watch ! watch ! &c.
- 3 Pray on the field of battle ;
God works with those who pray,
His mighty arm shall nerve thee,
Till thou shalt win the day.
Pray ! pray ! &c.
- 4 Die on the field of battle ;
'Tis noble thus to die :
God smiles on valiant soldiers,
Their record is on high.
Die ! die ! &c.

FANATICISM.

SERMON BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

A SERMON on fanaticism! What's that for? Mainly for the two following purposes. First, there is a disposition in many persons to accuse every one of fanaticism who seeks and at length professes entire sanctification, and it is important for their sakes and for the sake of those whom they accuse, that there should be a clear understanding of what fanaticism is, and what it is not: and second, the persons who are deeply in earnest to prove in their own experience the utmost power of the gospel to save and endow the soul with light and love and power, are the very ones who are more exposed to the danger of falling into fanaticism than other persons, or than they were themselves, when they were less alive to the claims of the gospel than they now are. If Satan can delude an earnest seeker or professor of full salvation into fanaticism, he wins a great victory; for he not only destroys the influence and perhaps ruins the soul of the victim of his delusions, but he uses the extravagance and folly and ruin of the man he has thus deceived and led astray, as a bugbear with which to frighten others away from all efforts after an elevated standard of piety. These are the objects of the sermon; and now for a text. Let it be this. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." 1 John iv. 1.

It is said that the term "spirit" in this text, signifies "teacher," and so, I judge, it does: but there was surely a reason for designating the teacher by that title in this instance. That reason may be thus expressed. The various persons who offered instruction to the church to whom John wrote, had each his spirit—his peculiar tone, temper, and drift of teaching, so that whenever he taught

the people, they felt the peculiar influence of his spirit acting on their own. A man's spirit is himself, and of course the character of his spirit is his own character; so that, to try the "spirit," is to try the teacher. St. John would have put us on our guard as to the kinds of influence to which we yield our minds, and the spirit of the caution is really the same, whether the mischievous teaching or suggestion come from a visible or an invisible agent. The text is therefore entirely to my purpose, which I will now hasten to develop.

I am to preach upon fanaticism. John Taylor, an English author, who has written elaborately on this subject, says, "Fanaticism is enthusiasm inflamed by hatred." This is a strong definition, and ascribes to fanaticism elements and a character which are, for the most part, beyond the limits of the present discussion. Taylor is not a very recent writer, and his definition and discussion of fanaticism contemplates it evidently in the light of historic details of a much darker and sterner period than this. The fanaticism of the crusades, and of the reign of Queen Mary, would not more than satisfy Taylor's idea. I do not mean by this to say that the term ought never to be taken as significant of murderous hatred in the name of religion: but simply to remind you that I do not intend to discuss the subject in that light to-day. Time has greatly modified the definition of the word. Dr. Webster's definition, which may be taken to represent the word as it is now used, makes a fanatic to be, "one who is affected by excessive enthusiasm, particularly on religious subjects; one who indulges wild and extravagant notions in religion." I shall use the term substantially in this sense to-day.

The most mischievous and terrible errors are often only perversions of the most valuable truths, or unnatural developments, and misapplication of them..

The fanaticism of the present day is an illustration of this idea, and, that I may meet the subject and treat it in its simplest form, I will begin by laying down as my first proposition a truth, the perversion of which is the very essence of modern fanaticism.

I. ALL TRUE CHRISTIANS ARE LED BY THE SPIRIT.

"If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth." "He will show you things to come." "He shall receive of mine, and show it unto you." "The time cometh," said Jesus, "when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs,"—dark sayings,— "but I shall shew you plainly of the Father." How is that to be done, except by the teachings and illuminations of the Holy Spirit? Indeed, this question of being led by the Spirit, is settled with sufficient authority, as one would suppose, by the apostle, in such sayings as the following, if there were no others on the point. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, *but after the Spirit.*" This is Rom. viii. 1, and many passages of the same import follow, till, in verse 14, Paul remarks, "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God,"—the strongest method of saying that all Christians are led by the Spirit, since it asserts that the very question of our sonship with God is settled by that fact.

It is true, this doctrine of being led by the Spirit has been much perverted from time to time, by persons of fanatical predispositions, but I regard it as exceedingly unfortunate that men of sober views should attempt to counteract the vagaries of fanatics by a substantial denial of the precious doctrine itself. As this is a question of much intrinsic interest, and one nowadays discussed with no little *heat*, I beg to pause a little

on it till I shall set forth what I deem to be the true view of the case, *What is it to be led by the Spirit?* I answer, it is to be controlled in my feelings, opinions, words, and actions, by the Holy Spirit; and I affirm that every man who is a Christian is so controlled; so that the question whether a man be so controlled, is the test-question of his Christianity.

All goodness of character in man, is by the Bible every where ascribed to the indwelling and agency of the Holy Spirit. "Barnabas was a good man, full of faith and the Holy Ghost." "Jesus breathed on them, and said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.'" "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." "While Peter yet spake these words the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." "Christ in you the hope of glory." "Know ye not your own selves that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" "I will dwell in them and walk in them." "That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep, by the Holy Ghost, which dwelleth in us." "And if the spirit of Christ be in you,—the spirit is life,—is alive because of righteousness." Here, then, we have the fact, variously but explicitly stated, that the Holy Spirit dwells in the hearts of all good men, and that they are constituted good by the fact of his advent. The elements of character which are ascribed to Christians, and which we are every where commanded to cultivate, are set down as the *fruit of the Spirit.*

So far, then, all is clear, and probably no one disputes what has been said. Now, then, the next question is, *Is man voluntary, in thus receiving, and being led by the Spirit?* I contend that he is, else I could see no pertinency in the many cautions and exhortations, relating to following the Spirit, walking in the Spirit, being led by the Spirit, or, on the other hand, grieving the Spirit

and quenching the Spirit. In fact, I need not multiply words here, for every Christian knows for himself, that in obeying or disobeying the dictates of the Spirit of God, he does act, and always has acted, voluntarily. Now we come to the question, *How does the Holy Spirit operate in leading men?* I answer by a direct *impression* made upon the mind, indicating to us some truth, or some duty. What do Christians mean, when, in relating their experience, they say, "I was powerfully convicted at such or such a time," if they do not mean that the Holy Spirit *impressed* their minds in a powerful manner with a sense of their sinfulness, or danger, or both? And what is the witness of the Spirit that I am a child of God, but a divine *impression*, made by the Spirit of God upon my heart, that I am accepted of him?

What is a call of God to preach the gospel, but an *impression* made on the mind of the subject by the Holy Spirit, that it is his duty to devote himself to the work of the ministry? And what did Paul mean by the following expressions, if he did not mean that the Holy Ghost by a *direct impression* communicates truth to the souls of believers. "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God." Here he asserts that every believer is indebted, even for the light to see his own spiritual state, to the Holy Spirit's illuminations.

Is there no provision by which any one of God's people, when in doubt as to which of several ways, all equally innocent, he should just now take, may go to God and ask wisdom and receive divine direction? There is such a pro-

vision, blessed be his name! I know there is, and of the thousands who hear me, many hundreds will joyfully write their testimony with my own. The promise is, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, *and it shall be given him.*"

I know some persons object to the foregoing view, by saying, "I thought the Word of God was the only rule and the sufficient rule of faith and practice." I answer, so it is, in the sense intended by the authors of that item of the creed; but stay, my brother, you don't finish the quotation, say on, — "so that whatsoever is not contained therein nor may be found thereby, is not to be insisted on as necessary to salvation." Now you must see, upon a moment's reflection, that the article is directed, not against the practice of seeking divine direction in humble prayer amid the perplexities of life, but against the popish dogma, that the authority of the fathers, and the dictum of the church are of equal authority with the Scriptures, in matters of conscience: and that the church has therefore a right to insist that men shall embrace doctrines and engage in practices not deducible from the Scriptures.

The above objection, while it seems to honor the Scriptures, does indeed discredit and degrade them, by ignoring and denying a feature of the plan they unfold by which God seeks to lead men into all truth and guide them by his Spirit, — *his very eye*, — in all the way he would have them go.

What can St. James mean, in the passage last quoted from him, if he does not mean that men may be guarded and assisted in their perplexities by the suggestions of the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer. Why did he not say, "If any man lack wisdom let him *read his Bible?*" Evidently because he did not mean so. He had doubtless in his eye some of the ten thousand trials and perplexities which

those meet who are living a life of faith, and from which they can find deliverance alone in prayer to God for direct personal counsel. God has not given us his Book to keep his children from their Father by any means, but rather to teach us and encourage us to come to him, and in every thing by prayer and supplication, make known our requests to God. The Bible is our chart, but God will give us the pilot too, and we must have him to explain the chart and tell us where we are.

But some say, this idea of being led by the Spirit is fraught with danger. There is danger of mistaking our own secret heart-inclinations for the voice of the Spirit. Satan, too, often transforms himself into an angel of light, and may palm off some of his own suggestions on the soul as the dictate of the Holy Spirit. I answer, both these dangers really exist, and the believer ought certainly to be on his guard against them. But what of that? Man never attains an advantage without incurring a danger. This truth finds exemplification in all things, whether physical or spiritual. Man seizes on the powers of nature and yokes them to his enterprises, but inevitably subjects his own life to a new hazard in doing so. Man acquires great wealth, but never without finding that it has brought along with it trials and cares and dangers in proportion to its own magnitude. Man can not have existence itself without the hazard of losing his soul. And he can not obtain religion without incurring the greater hazard of falling, in case of unfaithfulness, into deeper final condemnation.

Why, if the doctrine that God does lead his people by his Spirit through impressions of truth and duty which he makes on their mind from time to time, is to be rejected, then we must revise every book of Christian biography extant, and expurgate it of a considerable portion of its statements of matters of

fact, given on the veracity of the subject of the work. In doing that we shall have done two things. First, we shall have taken the *very heart* out of the book, and second, we shall have so invalidated the testimony of the departed one, whose life we thus tear in pieces, as to render him utterly without value as a witness, in regard to any spiritual exercise whatever.

True, men are liable to be mistaken, as you say. What then? The antidote is always at hand. Men do mistake the voice of the Spirit, I was about to say, at every point. I knew a man who, whenever he reached a certain state of intoxication, would always fall to praying right earnestly. After a little, he would declare himself converted, and so go on to exhorting his neighbors to turn to God, and all that; but the cessation of his debauch, and a quiet night's rest would restore him to the common sinner he was before, and nobody heard any thing further of his religion till he was in his cups again. *He* certainly mistook the voice of the Spirit. I have known many persons declare, with apparent sincerity, that they were converted, when no one but themselves believed as they did, and the event soon proved the church was right, and the subject of the fancied work was deceived. So men often think they are called to preach, when every body but themselves thinks otherwise. Indeed, I do not know a period in Christian experience where man has not made mistakes; but I never dreamed that we must deny all Christian experience on that account; yet it will certainly come to that, if we begin by denying the direct personal intercourse between the Holy Spirit and the hearts of believers, in the way of leading, enlightening, and guiding them.

I am now prepared to say —

II. THE FANATICISM OF MODERN TIMES CONSISTS IN AN ABUSE OR

PERVERSION OF THE PRECIOUS TRUTH, THAT CHRISTIANS ARE LED BY THE SPIRIT.

Don't be frightened at the intimation that a sacred truth of God's holy Word may be perverted to mischievous purposes. The truth is, Satan's deepest wiles are found in such perversions. That was his game when he attacked Christ in the wilderness. "Cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple, for it is written he shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." A glorious truth that, but misapplied, and intended to do the work of a lie. The cheat was laid bare by the tempted God-man, who immediately laid along side of the truth of God changed into a lie by satanic misapplication, another plain "*It is written.*" I shall avail myself of his plan, in an endeavor to expose the satanic devices by which souls are led astray, and their best good corrupted into a most appalling and threatening evil.

The following marks distinguish fanatical persons from those who are really led by the Spirit of God. Presuming that many persons who are now infected with fanaticism have been once eminently led by the Spirit, I would remark —

1. Persons who become fanatical, usually exhibit a striking change in the style and tone of their religious conversation. They deal much in positive assertions, upon matters in which those who are really led by the Spirit speak with quiet reserve and caution. Many of them are continually saying, "I know," "God has told me thus and thus," and that, too, in matters where they are soon seen to be in error,—they not only did not know, but blundered in guessing. This symptom declares itself in a wonderful disposition to utter small predictions of

what is going to happen, particularly to such persons as oppose them.

2. Closely allied to this, is that spiritual pride,—that pride of spiritual attainment and knowledge, for which most fanatics are remarkable, so that instead of being swift to hear and slow to speak, as the apostle suggests, they have it reversed, and are *slow* to hear, unwilling to hear, or be taught, and *swift* to speak.

3. Fanatics exhibit their true character in not obeying the injunction of the text, namely, to *try the spirits whether they are of God*. The motto with many of them is, "Obey Christ *quick*;" by which is meant, "Start off on an impression *instantly*;" giving, as a matter of necessity, no time to weigh the impression by the Word of God and prayer. Thus saith the Lord, *Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits*.

4. Fanatics are wont to make extreme and even exceptional cases of conduct, which they find recorded in the Bible, the steady rule of their lives. They seem to have no taste for sober, common sense views of truth, or privilege, or duty; and nothing seems to them according to God's order, that is not contrary to the order of every body else. In all religious matters, they exalt the exception into the rule, and degrade the rule into the exception.

5. Fanatics are almost invariably wanting in the grace of meekness; they can not be advised, they can not be taught. While they expect others to listen to their words, and heed them with meek submission, they are wont to weigh and measure the persons who are set to teach in the church of God, by meters and balances of their own, and it is shocking to note with what coolness they consign to the devil the hapless man who falls outside of the limits of their approval.

When Moses, the great lawgiver of Israel, and now the great lawgiver of

the world, passed through the territory of his father-in-law, on his way, with the tribes of the Hebrews, to the land of Canaan, the latter came one day into the camp. Upon observing the method of Moses in the judicial administration, he immediately submitted a valuable suggestion for his consideration. Moses did not say, "You can't teach me," "I am taught of God," "You are an outside barbarian," "I have been for several years conversing face to face with the Supreme Judge of the world," "Your suggestion looks possible, but *it don't do to follow man*. Away with it." On the other hand, he adopted the plan proposed by the Prince of Midian, and put the whole interview on record, that all might see where he got the idea.

6. Fanaticism is barren of all good fruits. They that are led by the Spirit, are fruitful branches of the true vine. They are instant in season and out of season, — especially *in* season, whereas fanatics have no heart for any thing that is not *out* of season. Fanatics generally like best to be mingled up with people of a genuine religious zeal, whose measures they can criticise, and whose motives they can assail, while they meantime contrive to keep themselves in countenance and in credit, upon the success of the general movement around them; but put them alone, and let them have every thing their own way, and it immediately appears that they are *trees without fruit*, if not twice dead and plucked up by the roots, mere raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame, wandering stars, — stars broken loose from the orbits where they once regularly moved, — to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

7. Finally, fanatics are distinguished from those who are really led by the Spirit, by the fact that they fail to receive the indorsement of candid men to their theories or their conduct. I never

saw a fanatic but was fond of repeating all such passages of Scripture as, "He was a root out of dry ground." — "He is despised and rejected of men." — "And they crucified Jesus." — "Blessed are ye when men shall despise you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil of you, falsely, for my sake." — "They," the relations of Jesus, "said, He is beside himself." — "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution." The design is evident. These misguided and foolish persons would keep themselves in countenance, though they see that candid men universally discard and despise their whims and vagaries, by linking themselves with the noble army of confessors and martyrs. The attempt is as weak as it is foolish, and full of vanity. There never lived a remarkably holy man, unless, indeed, his character was deformed by some strange idiosyncrasy, but found himself indorsed by the approval of the masses of disinterested and candid men. Take Jesus himself for an example, and what do you find? It is written of Jesus when he was a little boy, "And Jesus increased in wisdom, and stature, and in favor with God and *man*." Mark that last word, and *man*! That's it. Jesus was a good little boy, and all the neighbors knew it, and so all the neighbors loved him. Mark his public life, and see how, from first to last, the people flocked to see and hear the wonderful man. The first spring, — only a few weeks after the opening of his ministry, — "There followed him great multitudes of people, from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan," a territory of sixty by one hundred miles in extent. Soon after, "there were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, *insomuch that they trode one upon another*." Retiring into localities remote from the centres of population, he was pursued into his retreats by the eager multitudes, who hung

on his lips day after day, and lodged under the open sky at night, till the threatened famine was averted by feeding so many as had not left to procure food for themselves, when the number was found by actual count, to be, at one time, four thousand, and at another five. He was followed from one preaching place to another, by immense throngs of people, who left their business and their homes to wait on his ministry. His enemies themselves exclaimed, "Behold, the world is gone after him."

But I must abruptly close. There is not time to fully discuss and set forth the precious truth that, just in proportion as a man is filled with the Spirit, he will find himself more and more fully indorsed by the common consent and approval of the masses of mankind. "He that in these things serveth Christ," says Paul, "is acceptable to God, and *approved of men.*" "When a man's ways please God, he maketh his enemies to be at peace with him." Of the church in Jerusalem after the mighty baptism of Pentecost, it is said, "*They had favor with all the people.*" Paul says to Timothy, in view of his selecting men for elders in the church, that, among other qualifications, the candidate should be a man "*having a good report from them that are without.*"

The truth is, whatever fanatics may think or pretend on the subject, it is generally safe to take any man at the valuation affixed to him by his neighbors. It is indeed true that sinful men feel often greatly annoyed by the reproofs administered to them by godly persons, and that they sometimes say many bitter things of them; but then let us remember, 1. That for every enemy which a good man makes by this kind of fidelity, he gets several friends. 2. That in general, he has the confidence of the very sinner who rails at him, as is often shown by his seeking his counsels and prayers in a dying hour.

Let no man be deceived, then, by this empty talk about a man losing the confidence of his fellow-men by his fidelity to God. It is all a delusion of Satan. The church finds always that she has influence and power over the world, just in proportion to the uprightness and holiness of her members. If any man, therefore, find that his peculiar notions and conduct meet the disapproval of the great mass of candid men, he may set it down at once that he has mistaken his path. I trust every one who hears me will candidly weigh the suggestions I have here offered. Should any one of you feel convinced that in any degree he has fallen into fanatical notions or practices, I trust he will resolve to return to the plain Bible path. Meantime I would remind my brother that spiritual indolence and formalism in the church may be quite as odious in the sight of God as certain manifestations of fanaticism are. Let us as brethren watch over each other in love, not in anger, and let every erring brother be kindly and earnestly remonstrated with, touching his error, if peradventure God will give him repentance unto the acknowledging of the truth.

SECRET SINS.

Of all sinners, the man who makes a profession of religion, and yet lives in iniquity, is the most miserable. A downright wicked man, who takes a glass in his hand, and says, "I am a drunkard, I am not ashamed of it," he shall be unutterably miserable in worlds to come, but, brief though it be, he has his hour of pleasure. A man who curses and swears, and says, "That is my habit, I am a profane man," and makes a profession of it, he has at least some peace in his soul; but the man who walks with God's minister, who is united with God's church, who comes out before God's people, and unites with them, and then lives

in sin, what a miserable existence he must have of it! Why, he has a worse existence than the mouse that is in the parlor, running out now and then to pick up the crumbs, and then back again to his hole. Such men must run out now and then to sin; and oh! how fearful they are to be discovered! One day, perhaps their character turns up; with wonderful cunning they manage to conceal and gloss it over; but the next day something else comes, and they live in constant fear, telling lie after lie, to make the last lie appear truthful, adding deception to deception, in order that they may not be discovered.

"Oh! 'tis a tangled web we weave,
When once we venture to deceive."

If I must be a wicked man, give me the life of a roystering sinner, who sins before the face of day; if I must sin, let me not act as a hypocrite and a coward; let me not profess to be God's, and spend my life for the devil. This way of cheating the devil is a thing which every honest sinner will be ashamed of. He will say, "Now, if I do serve my Master, I will serve him out and out, I will have no sham about it; but if I do not, if I live in sin, I am not going to gloss it over by cant and hypocrisy." One thing which has hamstrung the church, and cut her very sinews in twain, has been this most damnable hypocrisy. Oh! in how many places have we men whom you might praise to the very skies, if you could believe their words, but whom you might cast into the nethermost pit if you could see their secret actions. God forgive any of you who are so acting! I had almost said I can scarce forgive you. I can forgive the man who riots openly, and makes no profession of being better; but the man who fawns and cants, and pretends and prays, and then lives in sin, that man I hate; I can not bear him, I abhor him from my very soul. If he will turn from his ways, I will love

him; but in his hypocrisy he is to me the most loathsome of all creatures. 'Tis said the toad doth wear a jewel in her head, but this man hath none, but beareth filthiness about him, while he pretends to be in love with righteousness. A mere profession, my hearers, is but painted pageantry to go to hell in: it is like the plumes upon the hearse, and the trappings upon the black horses which drag men to their graves, the funeral array of dead souls. Take heed above every thing of a waxen profession that will not stand the sun; take care of the life that needs to have two faces to carry it out; be one thing or else the other. If you make up your mind to serve Satan, do not pretend to serve God; and if you serve God, serve him with all your heart. "No man can serve two masters;" do not try it, do not endeavor to do it, for no life will be more miserable than that. Above all, beware of committing acts which it will be necessary to conceal. — *Spurgeon*.

[Original.]

FAITH CRIES IT SHALL BE DONE.

NEW YORK TUESDAY EVEN'G MEETING.

A friend who stayed after the meeting talking with us about our beloved country, agreed with us that prayer is our *stronghold* in this day of trouble.

He related this answer to prayer. A merchant went into his friend's store towards evening, and said such a person was in a dreadful state of mind, through deep convictions of sin, almost frantic, careless and heedless about her appearance, etc.

"Well," replied that brother, "you are hungry now, so am I. You go home and to your closet, and I will do the same, and taste nothing till we make her a special subject of prayer." They went to their homes and "direct as a bee line to their closets."

The one who proposed this praying time, remained until eleven o'clock, then the answer was given him that the poor subject was relieved, and he looked at his watch. He left the closet, assured that God had answered. Next morning the brethren met. "Did you get an answer?" was the inquiry from the first. "Yes." "At what time?" "Eleven o'clock." "Just the time I received it also, for I looked at my watch."

They walked together arm in arm to the lady's house, and found her truly in her right mind. Her husband said that at eleven o'clock the night before she began to be peaceful. The brethren exchanged glances. She said, "Yes, then I gave myself to the Lord, body and soul; my memory, mind, and will, and all I have, and his peace flowed in upon my soul."

She is indeed a changed woman, and steadfast in the faith.

NOT SEEN AND YET BELIEVED.

In the early history of our country we find a remarkable instance of faith, in the heathen aborigines.

It was three hundred and twenty years ago. The Spanish explorer, Hernando de Soto, had penetrated the wild, inland regions, where a white foot had never trodden, and the white man's religion was unknown. He had reached as far as what is now the western part of the State of Arkansas, when he came upon a tract of land almost parched with drought. It was the month of May, very warm, and, no rain having fallen for many weeks, the Indians were anxious about their suffering corn. The strangers were made welcome; but very soon the cacique, with his attendants, waited on De Soto, and besought him to pray to *his God* to send rain upon their thirsty soil, — they having entreated the "Great Spirit" in vain.

Now, how did the ignorant savage know that the white man *had* a God?

Or whence the supposition that the white man's God had authority over the elements, or could interfere with the government of the red man's "Great Spirit?" The best answer we find to these queries is derived from the inspired proclamation: "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." This great fact addresses itself in "a still, small voice" to every human heart; and even the unlettered tongue, the un-gifted intellect, the uninstructed spirit is not untouched by that subtle influence which connects the soul of man with the Eternal Source of his being.

The polished Athenians felt this when they erected an altar "To the Unknown God;" and an indistinct perception of it struggles dimly within the darkest human breast. Ignorance, superstition, and barbarism have not been able to put it down. Idolatry has raised her brazen front against it in vain. That portion of the divine essence which was breathed into man at the beginning, — though beneath thick folds of sin and depravity it has dwindled to a mere spark, — exists in its vital nature yet, and, with the Holy Spirit's fan, can be made to glow and blaze. What encouragement for the missionary who goes to preach the gospel in benighted heathendom! What encouragement for you and me to preach the truth, by our life and example, to the erring and straying around us.

De Soto, in compliance with the cacique's request, erected a large cross, fifty feet in height; then forming his followers into a procession, headed by priests, chanting solemnly, advanced to the front of the cross, where they knelt, while the priests offered up fervent prayers for the needed blessing. The whole company then approached the cross, which they reverently kissed, bowing the knee; and returned in procession, chanting the *Te Deum*.

The following night the parched earth was saturated with an abundant fall of rain; and in the morning thousands of

grateful savages approached the cross in procession, and bowed reverently before it.

Now, we do not say that this rain was sent because of the erecting of the cross, or of the ceremonies performed before it; but we do think that the faith of the poor Indians may have "moved the hand that moves the world."

When Christ was on earth he invariably honored faith, even when unaccompanied by outward petition. The woman who touched the hem of his garment made no prayer, neither did the men who let down the cripple from the roof of the house; yet in both instances, as well as many others, the Lord immediately granted the heart's desire. So is it not reasonable, then, to suppose that the red men's faith in the power of a greater than their own "Great Spirit" ascended, as sweet incense, before the throne of the highest, and, unaided by the Spaniard's pompous forms, was graciously accepted and plentifully answered? "For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." — *From The Tract Jour.*

[Original.]

PRAISE THE LORD.

BY M. R. S.

PRAISE the Lord with heart and voice,
Join the angel choir;
Mortals in his love rejoice,
Raise the song yet higher.

Jesus makes us "white as snow,"
Still, the cleansing blood doth flow,
Christian to his footstool go:

Praise him, Christian, praise him.

Praise the Lord, exalt his name,
He alone is holy;
He ("from age to age the same,")
Careth for the lowly;

In his promise safely rest,
They who trust his word are blest;
Christian, naught can thee molest;

Praise him, Christian, praise him.

Praise the Lord! His name is love;
Tell the wondrous story,
How the Spirit (Holy Dove)
Leadeth thee to glory.

Jesus bore thy weight of grief,
Sinners find in him relief,
(Sure 'tis almost past belief,)

Praise him, Christian, praise him.

Praise the Lord till life is past,
He will ne'er forsake thee;

Guiding, keeping, to the last,
Then to heaven take thee.

He imparteth needful grace,
He thy daily path doth trace;
Saved by Christ, thou'lt see his face;

Praise him, Christian, praise him.

Praise the Lord! for he alone

All thy love doth merit.

They whom God doth call his own,
Endless life inherit.

Jesus well deserves thy praise,
In his strength a tribute raise.

Vying with seraphic lays,

Praise him, Christian, praise him.

[Original.]

WHAT OF THE NIGHT.*

BY C. W.

WHAT of the night, we've asked,
And ever from the watchman comes the cry
"Dark is the night
And Zion's deadly foe is lurking nigh."

The night is dark my brother,
And fearful spectres creep round Zion's walls,
Yet trust we still,
Unseen by God not e'en a sparrow falls.

We know his powerful arm
Though now concealed by war-clouds dark and
drear,
Will shield from harm,
And guide our storm-racked bark, nor do we fear.

He who on Galilee
The raging tempest hushed his own to save, —
We know that he,
Unseen by us still rules the stormy wave.

Ah yes, his voice we hear
Above the din of battle's fearful cry;
Blest words of cheer!
"Fear not, beloved of God, 'tis I, 'tis I."

We know thy voice, dear Saviour,
And haste to seek a refuge 'neath thy wing;
Dear sheltering Rock
We'll smile at fears and e'en in darkness sing.

The morning soon will dawn,
And sunshine break again o'er Zion's walls,
Till then we'll trust,
Unseen by God not e'en a sparrow falls.

*See "What of the Night," in July number, by the Editor.

Till then we'll watch and pray,
 And toil with thee, our brother, till the light
 Of heaven-born day
 Shall chase away the spectres of the night,
 And God's elect come forth,
 Spotless and pure, and crowned with victory
 bright.

COMMITTING OUR FEARS TO CHRIST.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

THE development, growth, and ripening of Christian character is a matter of burden and anxiety with many. But this, as well as these other elemental and departmental things, may be deposited in the hands of Christ, with the feeling that you shall go free from fear. Some ask for religion only as a passport to heaven; but there are many of a higher thought than this, who hunger and thirst after righteousness; and to those who do hunger and thirst after righteousness there is apt to be not merely repentance of known evil, but anxiety. They carry the thought of their own development unto God with great fear. They know not what is before them.

My Christian friends, it is not only your privilege but your duty, in respect to all the evil you fear on the side of temptation, and in respect to all the good you hope for on the side of possible Christian development, so to trust in your Saviour that you shall both fear the one and hope for the other without anxiety, or painfulness, or grief, and with courage and calmness, and that perfect peace which passes all understanding.

Perhaps more frequently than any thing else, when men brood and call it meditating, they overhang their dying hour, wondering when it shall be, and how, and where, and with what experiences. I will not undertake to say that the solemnities of death are never to be brought up in anticipation. It is good and salutary sometimes to reflect upon that change which

awaits every one sooner or later. I will not undertake to say that we should treat with levity an issue so tremendous, since we can die but once, and that once is a venture for ever. I do not say that the spirit should not be indulged in looking forward to the end of the earthly state. But I do say that a well-taught Christian will vanquish death by looking at life. He will hear his Master say, "Be not afraid; because I live, ye shall live also." What if, as described by romancers religious, it be a narrow way? What if it be dark and stormy? That is nothing to you. When a passenger goes across the ocean, and the ship is safe, and the officers are such as he can confide in, he does not occupy himself with thinking, "What would become of me if the ship's bottom should fall out? What hideous monsters would come with suggestions of hunger, and devour me?" Men that are in a ship that they believe is strong, and under the care of officers that they can trust, do not think it necessary to exercise themselves with meditations as to what their condition would be if they were decaying down among the dark weeds on the sea's bottom. They ride upon the waves in the midst of the storm, saying, "The ship is safe, and no harm will come to me." They look upon the tempest-tossed air, tormented with winds, and say, "The ship is safe, and I know who has the helm, and guides it. It has forty times gone victorious through the rough sea, and it is going victorious through it again." And if they but have the health to enable them to stand upon the deck and watch the storm, the wilder and fiercer it is the more intense is their sense of their undoubted security, and they say to the heavens and the sea, "I fear neither of you."

Now, whatever death may be; whatever may be its depths; whatever may be the concourse of damning spirits that hover about it; however full it may be of whispering, tormenting fears; whatever doubts may come up respecting it, Christ is the

door through which men go out of this life, and through which they enter into the other life; and he that has declared, by his word, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," will not break his promise in the hour of death, and let us go bankrupt.

Do not let us, then, look forward to the event of dying with fear or distress. Death is annihilated when men look upon it in the light of faith in Christ; and it makes no difference how we die, nor when, nor where. If you believe in Christ, it is as well to die at ten, or twenty, or thirty, or forty, as at fifty or sixty. If God wants us here, it is well for us to live; but if he does not, there is no reason why we should desire to live. We are in this world like seeds placed in a bed, that grow touching each other, and becoming tangled together, and hindering one another's growth all the time. The best part of our earthly life is that which is not, and which the imagination supplies. Love dwells mostly in the imagination. All things that come to realization come to imperfection. Things that we do not touch are relatively perfect, and when we touch them they become dissatisfying. We feel all the while that men are little in proportion as they are visible, and much in proportion as they rise toward the invisible. Dying is going out of the imperfect toward the perfect, if not to the possession of it; and it makes but little difference how, or when, or where it takes place.

I might also say that the whole cause of God upon earth becomes inexpressibly dear to many Christians, so that they rise and fall with its rise and fall. The kingdom of holiness, the prevalence of righteousness and justice, — men learn to make these their own. They mourn at apparent recessions. They despond when great and good men fall. They fear and tremble when evil grows strong and gains victories. They forget the power of God; they forget his infinite leisure; they forget the great riches of his instruments and means; and, above all, they forget the

fact that God works for the whole world, and in all time, and not alone for that part which we can see, and in our time. No matter how dear the cause of God in this world may be to us, there is not one element of its progress which it is not safe and right for us to take and deposit with Christ, and say, "I will not carry anxiety on account of this."

I remember that when Dr. Cornelius, and, just after him, Evarts and Wisner, died, my sainted father, while attempting to write a sermon in commemoration of one of them, was in great despondency, and said, "It seems to me mysterious that when men that are fit to do God's work are so scarce, God should take away all that we have, and leave nobody to fill their places." It seemed to him strange that when great and good men were so much needed, God should take away those who were eminently fitted for advancing his cause, inasmuch as there were none that could fill their places. This feeling of wonder arose from not considering that God works by an infinite variety of instruments, and that he does not do his business all in one place.

Our government is ordering a great many men-of-war to be built. The hull will be built in this yard; the engine will be constructed in that shop; the armament will be made in another shop; the sails in another; and the cordage in still another; and by and by, when the time comes, all these separate elements that have been prepared in different places, will be brought together by the invisible hint of the one constructor. And when the ship goes forth, bearing her country's flag, without a star lost, or a stripe effaced, and with the thunder of authority, ready to speak terror to the enemy, she will have been built by all these scattered elements, which seemed to have no connection, but which were adapted by the designer for the various purposes that they were intended to subserve.

Now, God is building his cause. Some

parts are here, some are there, and some are yonder. It seems to us that the part on which we are at work is the whole. Because we are at work on the armament, it seems to us that that is the whole. But it is only one of many parts. We are all part-workers. God is the great machinist and constructor; and he it is that at last shall bring the separate parts together. Because the part on which you are working is done, the whole is not completed. Because the work on the hull stops, the whole is not finished. Because there is nothing more to be done in this yard, operations have not come to a stand-still in other yards.

And the world never went backward. It never went stern foremost. It has always gone bow ahead. And although it has gone at some times faster than at others, and at sometimes slower than at others, yet always it has made forward progress. And God has been the helmsman. And as we have seen this, and known it, for thousands of years, I think we might have faith to believe that the cause of God is safe in God's own hand. And as Christians we have a right to take religion, liberty, justice, purity, whatever is dear to us, and carry it day by day, and deposit it with Christ, and say, "I commit it to thy care and keeping, and I will not be anxious about it."

AN ORIGINAL DIALOGUE BETWEEN MRS. LOVETRUTH AND MRS. PICKFLAW.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY A. A. PHELPS.

"Good evening, sister Lovetruth, I am so glad to see you! I have been trying all day to get over here that I might talk over the news, and get your opinion on some matters that have been on my mind. In the first place, what do you think of our new preacher? For my

part, I don't think he is just the man for the place."

"Well, sister Pickflaw, I am not in the habit of discussing absent characters. I think the practice is very bad, and ought not to be encouraged. But however proper it might be to talk over the case of our minister under other circumstances, it does not seem exactly fair to pronounce upon it without further time, and a more intimate acquaintance. Brother A. has been with us only about three months, and hasty conclusions upon his course do not become us. For myself, I have no fault to find, but see many excellences to commend. As to his adaptation to the place, what is there that strikes you so unfavorably?"

"You know our circumstances are peculiar," rejoined Mrs. P., "and unless things are managed just about so, we shall sink in the estimation of community, and be worse off at the end of the year than we were at the beginning. Our society is small, and everything is to be built up. We therefore need a man who is strong enough to make up for our weakness. Again, the other churches of the place are large and long established. They have ministers of age and standing, and we need one with similar qualifications to hold his own by their side. But instead of this, they have sent us a *young* man, who has preached but a few years, and is not generally known, and, for my part, I have no faith that anything will be done during the whole year. It makes me out of patience to think of it!"

"But you must remember, sister P., that brother A. is not to blame for being our preacher. He did not seek the appointment, but came obedient to the authorities that sent him. And as for his age, he is surely not to blame for being a *young* man. It may be a misfortune, but it is certainly no *crime*. Timothy, it would seem, met with a similar objection, but Paul spoke an encouraging word to him, 'Let no man despise thy youth.' Nor is

a young man less likely to succeed in the real work of God than one more advanced in life. Indeed, I have known some young ministers who were eminently successful in the work of soul-saving. While the old soldiers were weary and inefficient, the young ones were flaming with zeal, and panting to carry the war of the Lord into the very camp of the alien host. Do not, then, my dear sister, object to the servant of God on account of his youth. Let us look at the messages delivered, rather than the age of the messenger."

"Very well; but that is by no means the only objectionable feature in brother A. I don't like the style of his preaching. It is certainly different from anything we ever had in this place, and if the same kind is to be continued the rest of the year, I fear for the results."

"And what kind of results do you apprehend?" rejoined Mrs. L.

"Sad enough," was the ready reply. "The fact is, there are many in our congregation who will not indorse such preaching, but, on the contrary, I hear of several that are already offended, and will probably stay away. There is Doctor B—. You know his make: if the preaching isn't just about so, he is all out of patience with it. I watched his countenance last Sabbath, when the minister was going on so furiously about future punishment, and I saw he wasn't at all pleased with it. I don't know whether he will come again or not, but I think it will be too bad to lose his influence. Yes, and there is lawyer W—, who thinks so much of an intellectual feast, but has no relish for such sermons as brother A. frequently preaches. I keep fearing every time he comes that he will go away disgusted, and if we drive away such folks, where shall we be in a little while? And Mrs. M—, who lives next door to me, has been in a perfect agitation for the last two weeks. She says she feels worse and worse the more she attends our meetings, and she has a notion to quit going

altogether. The preaching makes her appear hateful to herself, and she is tempted to think she appears so to everybody else. At all events, she says she never had such feelings under Rev. Mr. F.'s preaching, and she sat under his ministry for six years in succession. I bring up these cases for illustrations, and I might refer to several more, to show that the effect upon outsiders is such as to cut off their sympathy and support; and if we lose the good-will of these influential persons, we are down, as sure as the world. I don't say these things to find fault, (of course not!) but to show you how deeply I feel for '*the cause*.' And to convince you of my sincerity, I have taken special pains to counteract the wrong influence referred to, by going myself to several disaffected persons, and trying to explain and apologize the best I could. But I declare, the prospect looks rather dark. I believe we have already sunk in the estimation of community ten per cent., and if a different policy is not pursued I don't know what will become of us."

"I cannot agree with you," said Mrs. L., "in several of your positions. It seems to me your premises are quite unsound, and of course the conclusion is not reliable. You assume that the good opinion of the rich and influential in community is essential to success, and hence infer that it is our duty to court it. You assume, again, that the proper kind of preaching will always please and never offend, and hence conclude that our preacher has been in the wrong, because certain worldly persons have been displeased. Both of these assumptions are certainly false, or I have mistaken the whole tenor of gospel truth. Where in the Bible do we find any warrant to run after the good-will of a godless world? Jesus himself assured his disciples that the world would *hate* them; and if *we* have any just claim to discipleship, we shall prove for ourselves that '*this world is not*

a friend to grace, to help us on to God.' For myself, I have settled it long ago to take the reproach of the cross as a part of my inheritance, till I exchange the cross for the crown. 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you,' says Christ. And how can you think that the gospel ought to be so preached as to give no offence to the 'enemies of the cross?' Many were offended at the preaching of Christ himself. And the Apostles and early Christians stirred up opposition wherever they went. They expected nothing else, for they knew that the carnal heart was enmity to God. And is not human nature the same now as ever? If so, why need we wonder that sinners are offended at the plain truth? For my part, I have often thought there would be far more commotion and opposition, if we had more apostolic preaching. It don't scare me any to see the wicked writhe under the searching truth. I take fresh courage at such times, and pray God to roll it on till they get so burdened that they will be glad to cry out for mercy at the hands of a rejected Redeemer. The truth is, my dear sister, the very cases you have brought up to show the disastrous results of our preaching, to my mind, afford special encouragement. Let the doctors and lawyers come in, and let them turn pale under the awful utterances of God's truth; I will never go and apologise to them for the preacher's plainness; but let conviction work on, till they feel their wretchedness as they never felt it before. As for Mrs. M——, I am very glad she is in trouble at last. She has, indeed, attended meeting nearly all her life, but what has it availed? She never heard the truth that cuts and burns till within the last three months. I feared she would slumber on till she awoke in the flames of hell; but it is encouraging to learn that the truth has burnt its way through the iron casement, and touched her living conscience. Bless the Lord for that! And I could refer you to several other

cases of a similar character. There is an under-current of conviction running through the community, and I am looking for the salvation of many souls. Let us consult only the will of God, and let our reputation take care of itself. It is infinitely more important to have *Jesus* think well of us, than to have the smiles of all besides."

"I do not wish to find fault," said Mrs. P., "but I must speak my mind. It may be I have been too anxious to build up a popular church,—I suppose it isn't right to think too much about that,—but this is not the only thing that troubles me. I could get along with it somehow if outsiders did not indorse us fully, but several of our own members are as much opposed to brother A.'s course as I am. I have talked with them on these very points, and I know their feelings."

"And what can it be that they so much dislike?"

"I'll tell you, sister L. One great thing is the anxiety they feel for the converts and weak members of our society, who are not able to bear strong meat. They think such preaching as we have is just calculated to discourage and kill these weak ones. And I confess I am very much of the same opinion."

"But, sister P., have you heard any of the converts themselves object to the preacher because he is too plain?"

"I don't know that I have, but you know the lambs are easily killed, and we need to deal with them very tenderly. As I have often heard brother D—— say, it is much easier to tear down than to build up."

"I have no doubt," said Mrs. L., "if the truth were known, you would find that those very brethren who appear so troubled about the *lambs*, are much more troubled about *themselves*. I believe as much as you do in treating the weak disciples with tenderness and patience. But that is no reason why we should not deal with them *faithfully*. It is certainly proper that they

should be urged to go on unto perfection ; and, so far as my observation goes, this can be done more successfully at an early day in their experience than in later years, if neglected at first."

"But I did not get through with what some of our folks think. You know brother G. and brother H. are experienced men, and they are always looked up to when a difficult matter occurs. They were both in my house the other day, and in the course of their talk they said that such preaching would never do. They said they had been in the church a long time, and claimed to know as much about their duty as the preacher does. And that wasn't all. They said,—and I wish you could have seen their earnestness,—they said that they didn't thank *anybody* to tell them their duty, for they could find it out for themselves ; but to have such a stripping as brother A. undertake to instruct them, was more than they should stand. I tell you they meant it, too, and I didn't blame them any. What do you think of that, sister L.?"

"I think," replied the other, "that all such talk only proves the folly and inconsistency of those who indulge in it. Why, my dear sister, what is the use of having a preacher at all, if everybody is going to set up his will, and listen to the preached word only to criticise and find fault? If God commissioned his servants to *preach*, he designed that the people should *hear* : and hear, too, in the spirit of docility and meekness. It is of course their duty to compare everything with the written Word, and reject what is really erroneous, but a man may not innocently slight the suggestions of God's own ambassador. He who does it, whatever his age or position, evinces a want of the mind that was in Christ."

"I suppose, after all, sister L., it is not so much the class of truths preached, as the *manner* in which they are preached, that meets with so much opposition from some of our members. I can say this is

the case with me, and I am confident I speak the minds of several others, for we have often discussed the merits of our minister before this day, I'll assure you."

"But, pray, what is there so objectionable in the preacher's *manner*?"

"In the first place," said Mrs. P., "he sometimes uses words and phrases that are not sufficiently *dignified* for the pulpit. However, I could endure this with some patience if the matter ended there. But the worst of all is the preacher's *harshness*. It does seem as though he took special delight in cutting and searing, and making people think they are worse off than they really are."

"How strangely you talk!" said Mrs. L., "I have certainly heard brother A. every time for the last three months, and I never thought of calling him harsh. True, he is plain, and pointed, and earnest, but he evidently preaches the truth in love and compassion for the souls of men. Indeed, it is the love he bears to sinners that makes him so earnest to pull them out of the fire. And it is the love he bears to *us*, that prompts such faithful efforts to bring us up to the high standard of gospel purity. There is such a thing as *ensoriousness*, but that is a very different thing from Christian plainness. Whatever *you* may think of brother A.'s spirit, I know that many of his hearers are very far from considering it sour and bitter. They think just as I do, that nothing but just such faithful dealing will ever wake up this community out of their guilty sleep. It is just what we need, and I hope it will come hotter and hotter, till we shall get all melted down and moulded over into the right shape."

"Well, sister L., I don't know as we shall *ever* see alike. You know we have talked over church matters before, and we never agreed, but always ended farther apart than when we began. But one thing I think you must admit, and that is the *uncharitableness* of our preacher."

"I am utterly unable to see it," said

Mrs. L. "I am aware that some have laid this to his charge, but I never could gather any clear evidence of its truthfulness. My opinion is, that most of our folks have been so accustomed to a sort of general, accommodating gospel, that they are ready to start back in terror from anything that is close and pointed, and attribute all such home thrusts to an uncharitable spirit. I have heard some go so far as to call it 'throwing clubs,' and treating the church with contempt. What is it, sister P., that appears so uncharitable to you?"

"I can tell you. Brother A. don't have confidence in our piety. He don't seem to believe us when we tell him anything. I will give you one instance. I took special pains to define my position in class-meeting one day, as much as two months ago. Brother A. was present and heard for himself. And yet, just as though he was in doubt about my state, he came to me only a few days ago, and asked me directly if I was saved. What do you think of that?"

"I think, sister P., it is a mark of pastoral fidelity that is highly commendable. It shows that he has some concern for your soul,—that he cares more for the *flock* than the *fleece*. What if he did know your state two months ago? You have had plenty of time to backslide half a dozen times since that; and he is to be commended, rather than blamed, for making the very appeal he did. Where, then, is the want of charity? He did not pronounce upon your case, but simply asked you a question, and left you to give your own answer. A strange idea some people seem to have of charity! I can see no sense in answering every searching argument with the charge of uncharitableness. Brother A. is not apt to make rash assertions, but rather to apply the Bible tests, and let every one decide his own case accordingly. Unless you hear him plainly express his want of confidence in you, or any one else, be careful how you judge,

lest the charge you bring against him be found to lie against your own door. And again, if you are just what God wants you to be,—dead to self and the opinions of others—you will not be so anxious what the preacher thinks of you. You will seek to be right with God, and leave him to take care of the rest. I think, sister P., it would be a thousand times better to spend the time in earnest *prayer* which is usually wasted in picking flaws with the minister."

Rochester, N. Y., August 1, 1861.

THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

2 COR. XII. 7.

BY THE REV. JOSHUA MARSDEN.

A THORN in the flesh, and yet it bore a rose
Which every hour its sweetness did disclose;
And still put forth new buds, and blushed and
bloomed,

On the bush, burning bright, but unconsumed.
But many a sigh escaped me, for the wound
Was painful, and it festered all around;
While patience, like a Hebrew on the night
Of Egypt's doom, and Israel's Paschal rite,
Seemed all in haste to make a quick retreat,
With staff in hand and sandals on her feet;
But Mercy called her back to my support,
Just as she gained the spirit's outward court;
And then I felt a little comforted,
Yea, thrice I bowed my knee and raised my head,
And still I prayed, and prayed, nor ceased my
suit

Till each impatient rebel thought was mute.
For he who by the bloody pillar stood,
Dropped in the fester two rich drops of blood;
And quick as that life-cordial touched the part,
A thrill of ecstasy went through my heart;
My faith, which till that moment could not stand,
Revived, and took the promise by the hand.
Yea, they were married in that very hour,
And faith brought full salvation as her dower.
Now, come what will to me of pain or woe,
To Christ for instant grace and strength I go;
I rest on him the weight of all my care,
To him I pour my heart's full tide in prayer;
His merit is my bulwark, there I rest,
His smile the sunshine of my drooping breast;
My springs are all in him alone, and I
Am often cheered though all around is dry;
From that dear fountain all my comfort flows;
On that sweet balm-tree my salvation grows;
There drops my myrrh, there blooms my cassia
rare,

My Gilead balm, my life elixir there,
For ever flows to heal my wounded flesh,
When in some new disease it bleeds afresh.

We insert below, a little tract on sanctification, to which we alluded in connection with our book notices in our August number. It is published by N. Broughton, Jr., and sold at the American Tract Society office, 28 Cornhill, Boston. It is instructive, not only for the high standard of Christian attainment which it teaches as a duty and privilege, but as one of the signs of the times concerning the reception of this doctrine in evangelical churches. We do not quite understand the author where he says of one whose "life is hid with Christ in God," and who "is one with God,"—one "the very breath of whose life is, 'I delight to do thy will, O God,'" that he "is not sinless," but "still a sinner." Perhaps he regards such involuntary transgressions of the divine law as arise from unavoidable ignorance and errors of judgment, as sin. Accepting this definition, the statements are undeniably true.

SANCTIFICATION.

"ARE you aware of the extent to which Christians are seeking Sanctification, as something to be presently attained?"

I know that many are earnestly praying and striving for a measure of holiness much beyond what is now common. I fervently thank God, who prompts this prayer, for such a token of better days coming.

"But are you not afraid of their running into wild enthusiasm, with these notions of a short cut to holiness?"

I am very much more afraid of the great majority of Christians sinking down into careless indifference as to whether speedy or considerable progress in holiness is attainable or not.

"But do not the Scriptures teach that the growth of grace in the heart is both slow and imperceptible; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear?"

The Scriptures teach that "the kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." They do not teach that the growth must needs be slow or uncertain. They declare that the word of God in

the heart like seed in good soil, grows continually, though unseen; and vigorously, like a grain of mustard seed, yielding a prodigious increase. Do you question that?

"No; but many people distrust this talk of sanctification, as savoring of self-ignorance and self-complacency."

An enterprising agriculturist encourages high expectations from well-cultivated soils; and stimulates such expectations by true reports of his own methods. Do you think the unfavorable opinions of his indolent and unthrifty neighbors entitled to weight as against great and good results from his skill and industry?

"But, surely, the idea of sanctification is sometimes made revolting by an injudicious and disagreeable obtruding of it."

Very possibly. Did you ever know a good cause that lacked an unwise advocate? The Bible speaks freely of sanctification, and commands all believers to grow in grace. It must be owned that the compass of this command is seldom clearly seen. The majority of Christians seem pledged to labor for an invisible growth. The farmer may speak freely of his crops, without reproach; but of spiritual husbandry, common sentiment says, There is no objection to the display of a plentiful crop of thorns and thistles, provided you at the same time make loud confession of indolence, and every other unchristian trait; on the contrary, a great reputation for humility may thus be earned.

"But there has always been a strong prejudice against saying much about one's own growth in grace."

And not without reason; for growth in grace, by most persons has been fearfully neglected, or brought forward by those whose manner of life was not such as to recommend their statement. Not that one need wait till he is perfect; there is not necessarily any assumption of sinless purity in an earnest plea for sanc-

tification. We can listen with both pleasure and profit to such a plea from any one who is sincere and earnest in seeking perfect conformity to the will of God.

"But is it possible to state any Bible account of sanctification to the approval of wise and good men?"

I can not say. There are truths which depend for their reception almost wholly upon the mental and heart condition of those to whom they are offered. We all know that we are in a much more favorable condition to receive the same truths at one time than at another. Our Saviour, on one occasion, said to his disciples, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them *now*." The truth about sanctification appears to demand a peculiarly prepared spirit. God hides these things from the wise and prudent and reveals them to babes. Our peculiarities, physical and mental, appear to have much to do with this. Peter was impetuous; Thomas incredulous; John trustful and loving; and their reception of Christ's words was in accordance with these characteristics. So it is with our fellow-Christians all around us.

"Would you then say, that the scriptural doctrine of sanctification is not for every one; but only for such as are prepared to receive it?"

No; I would say to every one, The scriptural teaching on this momentous subject deserves your most serious, most prayerful attention. Do not attempt to adjust your experience of this truth to mine, or to that of any other man. Inquire of the Lord. Ask humbly, earnestly, patiently, persistently. He will surely say in answer, "According to your faith be it unto you." "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

"Can you give me a simple statement of what the Bible teaches on this subject?"

Yes. The Bible presents sanctification in two distinct aspects; first, as active and giving; second, as passive and receiving.

Thus God commanded the Israelites to sanctify unto him all their first-born; to sanctify themselves; to separate themselves from every forbidden thing; and to give themselves to every thing commanded; to sanctify the Sabbath; to sanctify a fast; to sanctify the Lord God in their hearts. They were explicitly required to give their time, property, bodies, minds, and hearts to the Lord, and to give them in their very best condition. Our Saviour taught that every talent was to be invested for the Lord. The same lesson was in effect imbedded in the decalogue: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength. To love God with all the heart, is both to give him all the heart, and all the heart values; it is to de-throne and banish all idols. The second aspect of sanctification is thus presented:

"I, the Lord, do sanctify them." "Father, sanctify them through thy truth." "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." Under this aspect, the believer is spoken of as being acted upon. Jesus said that he would send the Holy Ghost to dwell in his disciples; to comfort, guide, instruct, and purify them. "The love of God shall be shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost;" they shall be "sanctified by the Holy Ghost." These passages are sufficient to establish this twofold statement of sanctification; first, that the believer must sanctify himself; that he must, with firm purpose, intelligently, comprehensively, continuously, and heartily, consecrate himself unto the Lord, continually purifying himself, and continually renewing his consecration as he discovers the possibility of enlarging his sphere; giving each new acquisition to God; and, secondly, that God must thus sanctify and purify him.

"I see no objection to this; but what is there new in it? Who denies it?"

All Christians wish to receive the Scriptures quoted, as of supreme authority; but many render them of no effect, through a morbid conception of self-loathing, as being by far the larger part and most essential element of all religion. "Behold I was shapen in iniquity," is the constant cry of such. With perverse tenacity they cling to the memory of this as their chief if not only evidence of regeneration. Who can wonder that they sink into a condition of despondency, and sometimes of recklessness, with intervals of self-commiseration, "O wretched man that I am!" "I am sold under sin." They know not how to look with favor upon any pretension to religion in which this experience does not nearly or quite absorb all others. They record few victories. The language of hope, gratitude, thanksgiving, praise, adoration, and glorious expectation, they seldom utter; and yet the Bible is filled with it; and the Holy Ghost declares, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth God." Confession of sin is indispensable; but it is no less indispensable to remember, that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." A thousand proclamations of our own vileness, to one of the blood of Christ as cleansing from all sin, is surely not according to the pattern shewed to us in the Word of God. There is a manner of life which justifies continual thanksgiving, and the language of full assurance of hope; the language of one who walks with God, and talks with God as a man talketh with his friend. There is a life of peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, of perfect peace; for "thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." This life is freely offered to as many as will count the cost with the assurance, that he that will

give himself wholly to it, will certainly find, in due time, that though still a sinner, "sin has ceased to have dominion over him;" that "he is dead unto sin and alive unto God;" that the movement of his affections is no longer toward the world and worldly things, but toward God. He is all alive for God and his cause. His "life is hid with Christ in God." He is no longer the sport of circumstances; nor is he cast down by any failure of his plans, or disappointment of his wishes; for his will is merged in that of his Lord. Trials he has learned to endure joyfully, knowing that they bring him nothing but advantage. He is no longer selfish or self-willed, but is conscious of being so joined to God in close and endearing fellowship as to be no longer concerned about himself; he is one with God. Though not sinless, he views sin as God views it; he esteems holiness as God esteems it. The very breath of his life is, "I delight to do thy will, O God; yea, thy law is within my heart." He is conscious of both sonship and apostleship, as he declares, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." He feels, through all his soul, that Christ has made him a king and a priest unto God. Death and hell are vanquished, and he already lives and reigns with God and the Lamb. It was of this kind of life Christ spoke when he said, "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." This is fellowship with the Father and the Son. This is walking in the light. In this way of life our heart condemns us not; it testifies, "Christ is mine and I am his."

My friend, this a true picture of a real and continuous experience. It is freely offered you. Dare you live without it, when by it your usefulness and happiness will be increased a thousand fold?

J. W. K.

AUNT NABBY.

"God gives us but one care to bear," said Aunt Nabby, earnestly, "that is, to glorify him, by growing daily more holy ourselves, and by trying to lead others to serve him. All other care he bids us cast upon him, knowing that he careth for us. That we may do so, he gives us three lessons to learn. The first is, 'that it is enough for the servant to be as his master.' Now our Master leads no luxurious life. In the beautiful form of prayer he gave us, he bade us pray for our '*daily bread*.' The whole spirit of the divine teachings forbids our praying for riches, to be expended upon ourselves, and dare we seek that for which we should not dare to pray,—for that *against* which you prayed? What would we think of Paul living in luxury. And was the example of Christ more binding upon him than it is upon us? If we remembered this, should we not lose much of our feverish anxiety?"

"Undoubtedly; but what is the second lesson?" I asked.

"To live one day at a time. Is it not taught, when we are bidden to pray, 'Give us *this* day our daily bread,' not enough for to-day and to-morrow also, but only for *this* day? If we thus lived we should lose another enormous load of care. What a happy life! Each morning, like a little child, putting our hand lovingly into the Great Father's, then, if in danger of falling, that mighty hand would save us. But we do not believe all God tells us, for though we trust to him the salvation of our souls, we scarcely trust him at all in worldly things, unless we can almost see the coming good."

"But should we not provide for sickness and old age?"

"Certainly, but when we have planned as wisely as we can, we have no right to be anxious about success, for we have the absolute promise of God, that 'all things work together for good to them

that love God,' and it is the third lesson we have to learn, to *believe* it. Every word of that precious promise should be stamped upon our hearts with a divine emphasis. With what pathos did the Master point to the birds and field-lilies, as proofs of the loving care of our Father! How touchingly does he add, 'Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.' The promise is sure; let us trust, nothing doubting, even if we can not see how good is to come from seeming misfortune. Oh, if we were more self-denying, if we would live one day at a time, as God gives it to us, instead of condensing into it years of anxiety for troubles, which, if they come, are but disguised blessings; if we would believe God's word, instead of our own wicked fears, should we not lose all care, save the holy one lest we offend our Saviour? Would not the words of the Psalmist be fulfilled to us, 'Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose heart is stayed on thee'?" — *Tract Journal*.

A CHILD'S APPLICATION OF SCRIPTURE. — In a Chinese Christian family at Amoy, a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young,—that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply: "Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. As I am only a little boy it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member, are all members of the Mission Church at Amoy. — *Pres.*

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

[New York Correspondence.]

EXTRACT FROM MRS. PALMER'S LAST LETTER.

DARLINGTON, July 20, 1861.

WE were at Boston just two weeks. There, as at other places we have visited, He who doeth wondrous works, made our commission known by owning our humble labors and pouring out the Spirit upon the people. During our thirteen days there the church members were gloriously quickened.

Many received the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. The exact number of those who received pardon, I do not now remember, but believe it was over two hundred. Here as elsewhere, the Lord gave us the hearts of his people, and we parted from them amid tears and blessings.

Previous to the parting evening service we had, as usual, a farewell tea-meeting, where I should judge about three hundred sat down to tea with us.

Amid those pleasant yet painful parting scenes, I often think of that world where farewells and adieus are no more uttered,—where all the redeemed saved from righteous Abel, down to the last one washed in the atoning blood, shall meet in our Father's kingdom, and together sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

We are again in the north of England, and are witnessing glorious triumphs of the cross. Since we commenced special services, from ten to forty have been saved daily, besides scores who have sought and obtained the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Seldom have I seen the fact, that holiness is power, more fully demonstrated. We found here, as in many other places, that definite interest in the theme of holiness has been the exception. It is a fact that I presume no one would be disposed to question that explicit testimony has not been greatly encouraged in England. We can not doubt the peculiar-

ity of the work the Head of the church has given us to do. In our endeavors to speak of heart holiness as the standard of Bible religion, and our peculiar responsibilities as a people to maintain this standard, we have indeed been most graciously owned.

I am confident that the day of eternity will reveal that thousands in England have experimentally apprehended that holiness is power at the various places we have visited. Yesterday was a precious day. Four meetings were held,—two early morning prayer meetings, one at five o'clock, another at six,—and another for prayer from twelve to one. Then again at three o'clock, and at seven, P.M., both of which were largely attended. Special trains were engaged for the accommodation of those who wished to be at the afternoon and evening services; tea was furnished in the large vestry, where over one hundred persons sat down to tea.

I have seldom felt so much of the power of God resting upon my own soul as when addressing the people during the afternoon and evening services. In soul and body I felt divinely energized. Several ministers were present.

Darlington is on the London road leading to the seat of the Conference, which is now on the eve of being held at New Castle, and some of the ministers on their way stopped and attended the meeting. We talked of the Bible standard of piety and of the old landmarks of Methodism, and of our peculiar responsibilities as a people and as individuals to maintain this standard definitely and specially if we would be answerable to the design for which God raised us up. The Lord owned the effort in the sanctification of some. The number of those who received purity during the afternoon and evening meetings I did not ascertain. About forty were newly brought out of Egyptian bondage into the liberty of God's dear children.

I have returned from our Saturday evening meeting, which has been conducted like our New York Saturday evening meetings. This was at our wish, not feeling quite able, after the exertions of the week, to have one of our ordinary services, and also believing it would serve the cause better that we should hear the testimonies of those who had been recently blessed. It was a blessed season. The Lord hearkened and heard. One testimony, which has been special cause of thanksgiving, I must relate. Three ministers were present. One of those who all the week had been on the threshold of the blessing, was much on my mind. When I rose to speak, I asked that the Lord would not only give me a word in season for *all*, but especially for this beloved minister. How wonderful are the condescensions of our God. Among the words I said were these: "The enemy sometimes tells some who have been long in the way that should they speak they would only have the old story to repeat; but this is all a mistake. The story of our salvation is always new, inasmuch as we are always being saved. If we are not sinning *now*, is it not because Jesus is now saving us? Could we save *ourselves* one moment from sin? And if we are this moment saved from sinning, is it not the duty of the present moment to give God the glory due unto his name, and say —

"Thou from sin dost save me *now*,
My Redeemer from all sin
I will praise thee."

I then mentioned an item of experience our good Dr. Bangs told me several years ago, which stood in connection with his being brought out as an unflinching witness of this *present* salvation.

He received the blessing when a young man not long after his conversion, and joyfully testified to the witness of it. But after awhile, though he did not cease to preach and talk of the subject occasionally in common with most other

Methodist ministers, he ceased to be definite in his own experience and testimony. Without being scarcely aware of it, he had become general in his habit of feeling and speaking on the subject, disposed, like hundreds of others in like position, to deal in generalism rather than in the *particulars* of experience. And this might have continued to be the case had it not been that one day when in the social circle, holiness became the theme of earnest converse. The clear-minded theologian had not been at a loss in defining the nature of the blessing; but when the lady to whom his conversation was addressed said, "Doctor, do you enjoy this blessing?" The good doctor was startled with her unexpected question. He observed to me about this dilemma, thus: "I scarcely dared to say no, neither did I at the moment feel free to say *yes*; when suddenly recollecting myself, I threw myself on the sin-atonement sacrifice, and with the eye of faith steadfastly fixed on the blood that cleanseth, said in reply, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ I can say I do." This was believing with the heart and confessing with the mouth, and the moment he made the confession he felt the consuming influences of the Spirit in an extraordinary manner, and the flame that then burst forth has not since been quenched, as those who have since heard the confessions of his lips testify. I then repeated, one act of faith will do more for us than fifty years groaning and pleading without it! Who will make the venture, or rather be ventureless in not doing it; who will make the plunge and just now

"Sink into the purple flood,
Rise in all the life of God?"

As I sat down I felt sure that the Lord had given me the word specially for the minister who sat nearest me. I turned to him and said, "Dear brother, you must do as Dr. B. did, and you must do it *now*; all the week it has been on my mind to

tell you so." Another minister, the town missionary, had already begun to speak, but this dear minister had the eye of his faith too intensely fixed on the blessing he had endeavored to grasp, to think for a moment of any thing else, he rose quickly and went into the preachers' vestry, and after a few moments, returning to the chapel, stood up before the people and gave in a glorious and most unequivocal testimony of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. Just the act of faith, so sudden and simple, as referred to in the case of Dr. Bangs, he declared was what the Spirit had sealed upon his heart. And now he had alike been enabled to

"Plunge in the Godhead's deepest sea,
Lost in love's immensity."

Since we have been in this place about three hundred have sought and obtained an interest in Jesus, and many members from this and surrounding towns have obtained the full baptism of the Holy Spirit.

In a few days we expect to leave for Barnerd castle. We are pressed to go to Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The Lord willing we shall in a few weeks visit Scotland; from thence to the south of Ireland.

SING-SING CAMP-MEETING.

WE have not been so many times at camp-meeting as to cease to have new and pleasing associations.

The first morning in our little canvas abode, while the light was peering through its thin veil, sweet sounds of heavenly music fell upon the ear from a Swedish tent behind us, the tune was beautiful, and the language quite pleasant,—that song of praise was not finished, when our German brethren at another angle broke forth in their ardent strength. While we busied ourselves in our little closed palace of a day, in preparing things that we might have a prayer meeting when we would return from

breakfast, and these hymns of devotion in foreign tongues wafted our spirits upwards in thanksgiving for what God had done for these dear brethren, we thought surely God will take care of our beloved country, which has been such a delightful assylum to the oppressed of other lands.

Dr. True preached the first sermon from the words, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." The preaching of every day was good and profitable, but we think the most personal benefit was received in the tents. Between thirty and forty ministers were present. It is said that twenty-four persons were converted in the Allen Street tent. Although the Germans were only a handful in comparison, seven were converted in their tent.

There was not any general movement among sinners, but the ministry and the church were much awake to the doctrine of holiness.

Several ministers were enabled to believe in the present cleansing power of the blood of Jesus. One was specially baptized into this blessing by the Holy Spirit, while in the prayer meeting among his own people. They sang his favorite hymn—

"Come, thou fount of every blessing,"

and when, at the last verse, "Prone to wander," yes, he thought, I have been prone to wander, and in quick review the unfaithful past flew before his mind's eye, while his whole soul was surrendering itself into the hands of God, and he entered fully into the next two lines—

"Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above."

This act of faith brought the power, and like an electric shock the Holy Spirit thrilled his whole frame, and one near supported him, while wave after wave

of glory filled his enraptured soul, and tears of thanksgiving and praise rolled down his cheeks, — several of his people fell under the same shock, and received the same blessing of purity of heart. The morning testimonies of the love-feast had deeply convinced this minister of the need of holiness. It was said that five out of seven of all that vast congregation from the surrounding country, witnessed to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. After the preaching at noon he retired to the preachers' tent to spend the afternoon over his own case. The result was a deep conviction of his need and a willingness to sell all and buy the pearl.

Ours was called the Rivington Street tent, and we have daily meetings after preaching.

The King of saints was pleased to be so sensibly present that many who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness were filled; and others who had lost their evidences, and the clear witness of holiness, because of their ceasing to speak of it, were enabled to see where they had failed in time past, and renew their consecration, and again believe that they were accepted in the Beloved. Some regretted that it had been thus with them, although they were pardoned and restored, and purposed to be zealous and faithful in accepting precious opportunities for the future. It is said that the doctrine of holiness was a universal theme on the camp-ground, more so than at any former time.

We believe the succeeding Sabbath witnessed sermons on this subject, which would almost astonish our faith.

FAMILY RELIGION.

IN the "Memoir of Daniel Safford," of which we have spoken under the "Book Notice," we find the following excellent illustration of the power of family religion: —

"He had consecrated himself, and all that he had, to Christ; and in his domestic arrangements he had supreme reference to divine favor and blessing. With David he said, 'I will walk within my house with a perfect heart;' and with Joshua, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' His family prayers were the earnest outpouring of his heart before the Lord, and as regular and constant as the return of morning and evening. Nothing was allowed to interrupt them; and no domestic work nor any thing else to hinder the servants from attending them. They were always informed of this rule of the family before engaging in his service; and so came into the house with this understanding. To several of them this was the means of their conversion.

"The following instance of this kind is worthy of mention. An Irish Catholic woman, about forty years old, who had been for many years a cook in one of the most respectable families in the city, applied for a situation at Mr. Safford's. Her recommendations were satisfactory, but she was told that the servants, being considered as members of the household, were expected to be always present at family prayers; and that if she could not conscientiously unite with them it would be better for her not to come. She replied that that would not prevent her coming, and that she wished to come to this house because no dinners were cooked on the Sabbath. She was a widow with grown-up daughters; a very strict Catholic, and had refused to speak to one of her children who had become a Protestant. After coming into the family she continued to attend her own church, no one interfering with her religious views. She came regularly to prayers, and read in her turn in the Scriptures; being allowed to use the Douay version. One morning, after a few months, during the singing of a hymn, the tears were seen trickling down her cheeks. She held the hymn book up and

followed every word with her eye. As she passed out of the room she said to the other servant, 'What beautiful hymns those are!' A short time after, she asked Mrs. Safford if the church would be willing to have her little nephew, eight years old, come to their Sabbath school. Being told that he would be very welcome there, she herself aided in clothing him for that purpose. At length, she asked one day, if she could obtain a seat in their church? Mrs. Safford said, with surprise, 'Elizabeth, do you intend to leave your own church?' 'Yes, ma'am,' she replied, 'I have been thinking of it for some time; I prefer your religion.' 'And why? How is it that you have changed your opinion, when, only one year ago, you were so strong in your attachments to the Catholic church?' 'Oh, I have been observing the religion of this family ever since I came into it, and it seems to me more like what I find in the Bible than that of the Catholic.' 'In what respect? What is one thing that has led you to think so?' 'Why, ma'am, Mr. Safford prays every day for his enemies, and our church curses them; and the Bible tells us we must forgive our enemies, and pray for them that hate us.' 'Have you told your priest that you are going to leave?' 'No, ma'am.' 'Are you not afraid he will excommunicate you?' 'I expect he will, but I am not afraid of it. I told him I came to your prayers, and that there was not a bishop in Boston that could pray better than Mr. Safford.'

"It was found that she had been studying her Bible, and had received Christ. She continued firm until her death."

THE GREAT QUESTION.

Two farmer's boys, one aged sixteen and the other eleven, were together in the forest, cutting wood. The older one had, for several years, been a Christian, and he longed that his younger brother, whom he tenderly loved, should also be early converted. The younger one was

an amiable boy, of bright intellect, and was at this time so much interested in the study of arithmetic, that he delighted in solving arithmetical questions while about his work. He would solicit from his older brother, hard problems, and would think out and announce the answers, with that intellectual satisfaction which always attends triumph over difficulties.

Several hours had passed thus pleasantly, amid a mental excitement, which greatly relieved the drudgery of the manual labor, when it suddenly occurred to the older brother, that here might be a good opportunity to turn the thoughts of that expanding mind toward the great problem of his soul's eternal destiny. Therefore, remembering a device of Nettleton, in somewhat similar circumstances, he met the next challenge for "a hard question," by seriously asking, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It was an overwhelming question. The young mind sunk under it for a moment. This was a theme for which he was unprepared, and, all awake though he was for an intellectual effort, he instantly saw that here was a problem which he could not solve. As its magnitude and solemnity opened before him, there was a manifestation of emotion, which proved that the well-aimed arrow had been guided by the Holy Spirit, and had indeed reached the mark. At first, he was disposed to blame his brother for an ill-timed introduction of irrelevant matter. But when he saw the tearful solicitude of that brother, he melted into tears, and asked, "What must I do to be saved?"

"Believe in Jesus! Give him your heart! Consecrate your life to him! Oh, do it now, my dear brother," were the earnest directions.

"Will you pray for me that I may do it?" was the sobbing answer. How joyfully was that request complied with!

They kneeled together among the chopped wood, under the green arches of that forest temple; its great Builder graciously heard their prayer; there the dear boy was born of God, and thenceforth the two were brothers in Christ, as well as brothers in the flesh.

The sincerity of that early consecration was proved by a life of singular purity and integrity, through his youth and early manhood, and by a peaceful death when he numbered a little more than thirty years, and when his family, the church, and an appreciating public, felt that he could not be spared.

Christian reader, have not you some dear friend who does not yet know Christ, and to whom you can speak a word in season, for his salvation? Does your heart yearn over him? Oh, then, tell him, in some way, your affectionate anxieties. You need not do it in just this manner. Some entirely different method of approach may suggest itself. And yet, do not wait to invent a novel mode. The Spirit may, as in this case, bless the adoption of another's plan. Take any method, new or old, which Christian affection may suggest, and Christian judgment may approve.

[Original.]

BONDAGE TO ONE'S SELF.

THIS may appear a curious caption to some, nevertheless it is a truth, that in our ignorant simplicity, we enter into secret covenants, in which God takes no part, but stands as it were and looks on, to see how these self-made restrictions will work. The reason why he does not enter into agreement with us in them, is, that he sees and knows it will not be possible for us to keep them, neither will it be expedient for the good of Zion that we should. We are sincere and ardent, but we may run before we are sent. One in this bondage says, "I will pray in every place,—I will in every prayer make mention of

that particular evil," the one they at that time think the crowning sin of the people or nation. Another says, "I will always kneel at prayer, no matter who does otherwise, in all public places." Another inwardly covenants to speak or pray, in every religious service,—*"there my voice shall be heard."*

There are circumstances connected with those we call upon, which make it an impossibility for us to draw their minds to prayer, while perhaps we may drop a word in season, or there may be something in our heavenly bearing, which may sow, or quicken seed; a grace may exhibit itself which will show our hidden life more effectually than prayer at that time.

The enduring patience, the silent self-denial, have their errands, as well as more active duties. We know that we value prayer, and the true testimony for Jesus, yet we know there is a possibility of bringing the soul into much embarrassment, and conflicting condemnation, when those self-imposed covenants are made,—in such cases it is only imaginary condemnation that is endured.

We can not take every emotion of the mind for special leadings of the Holy Spirit.

The true sheep know the voice of the Shepherd, and there are secret teachings in agreement with the Word of God, which give us sure leadings, and we learn to test them, and find safe paths in our little perplexities.

Beside, if we engross so much time in public, it curtails the privileges of others, while speaking and praying will strengthen them as well as ourselves. We are right in *being ready*, always to give a reason for the hope that is in us.

The willing mind is sometimes as acceptable as the public offering. It is only here and there necessary for any check-rein to be used, for backwardness and silence is the too prevailing fault of the sincere and truly pious. Y.

The Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1861.

INSURING THE VICTORY.

A WISE and skillful commander leaves no means unused to insure the victory. The most formidable weapons, the most effective organization, and the most carefully studied strategic combinations, united with bravery, and a cheerful risk of life, are a part of the preparations to this end. But one thing absolutely necessary to make success sure, the men of the world forget; even Christian nations in their wars forget it; and doubtless our own people, in their present solemn and momentous conflict, have too much forgotten it,—that the victory is with those for whom God fights. It is insured by aiming at results acceptable to him, by the use of means which he approves. In vain are efforts against him. How clearly illustrated on the pages of the Old Testament are these truths. The neglect of means on the one hand, and a presumptuous dependence upon them on the other, are to be avoided.

We have taken our pen to write of spiritual victories, and the means to insure them, which are so well illustrated by carnal warfares. The pen of inspiration has gone before us and written specific and glowing words on this subject. The humblest may read them and understand; and yet, practically, there is a constant failure in the efforts which we make to carry them into effect. The reason of these failures can not be either the greatness of the obstacles to be overcome, nor the skill of the foe to be encountered. It is because the Christian soldier does not fight in strict regard to his instructions. He too often goes to the war at his own charges, and it is not strange he should fail.

The Christian soldier should take for the conflict only the best and most approved weapons. The sword of the Spirit, and the shield of faith are well-tried weapons, devised by the Captain under whom he fights. Let him use these unceasingly, and trust them always. Let him not exchange for a moment his "sword,"—the Word of God,—for words of man's wisdom; nor let him suppose that a "shield of works" will answer as well as one "of faith." In carnal warfares new weapons are being constantly invented; but the spiritual warrior must trust in no new inventions. To secure a good organization in connection with his fellow-soldiers, let him unite himself with "the household of faith," which is at once "the church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of the truth," and his militant host,—being bound to them by "charity, which is the bond of perfectness." He will not assume a vain independence by attempting to

fight out of the ranks only, as if he did not need the fellowship of the saints.

He does not need to use strategy in the sense of a worldly wisdom, in conducting the war to a successful issue, but he does need wisdom, in managing the contest, which cometh from above; he will need this always, but especially in using the means given him to win men to the army of Christ. *Skillful combinations* of all the means of grace are a part of the wise Christian warrior's method of insuring a final and perfect victory.

And he will unite with all an unwavering bravery; not like Nicodemus when a learner of the first principles of religion, but like him when he confronted Christ's enemies in the Sanhedrim, and when he, with Joseph of Arimathea, went in "boldly" and craved the body of Christ; not like Peter at the trial of Christ trusting in his own spirit, but like Peter under the Pentecostal baptism, who, with John, declared to the Jewish council that he would hearken to God rather than to them. Timidity is as much out of place in fighting for God, as presumption. God will not give success to a coward, though he is ever ready by his grace to remove cowardice, as well as all other traits of the natural man. All his disciples must be

"Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross."

Again, the Christian must cheerfully risk his life, if necessary, that he may insure the victory; not counting it dear unto him, that he may secure a crown of glory. In losing his life he will save it,—so he has nothing to fear. Life is valuable only as it enables him to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold of eternal life.

Lastly, the victory is insured when Christ is all in all to the warrior.

The strength of Christ thereby becomes his strength, the wisdom of Christ his wisdom. Being one with him, the enemies of the disciple are the enemies of the Master, and the one can not be overthrown until the other is conquered. Well may every Christian say in the triumphant language of Paul, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." And here, too, is the occasion of the palm-branches in the hands of the redeemed, waved in the presence of the Lamb, who is at once their atoning Sacrifice, King, and Victorious Leader. To him, then, ascribe the praise for ever and ever.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD CAMP-MEETING.

LITTLE by little, through many years, has the camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard grown in public favor, till in the place where some thirty years ago a dozen tents stood, and a few score of worshippers sought the Lord, six hundred tents lift their white forms in order and in beauty now, and many thousands flock to the annual

feast. I have attended many camp-meetings, and in many different States; but I must say that in my judgment the Martha's Vineyard ground surpasses whatever I have elsewhere seen in the quality of its surface, in its topography, and in the completeness of its fixtures and furniture. The stand is a model of neatness and convenience, and the Preachers' House, a large building of three floors containing dormitories, a large committee-room, various offices, etc., — is nearly perfect in its adaptation to its purposes. Naturally, the location is one of great attractions, and thus altogether the place has been found so desirable, as a mere resort for pleasure, that for some time past, there has been annually a great gathering there, at the date of the camp-meeting, of persons whose object was simple recreation, or rather, perhaps, rustication. Many families go annually to Martha's Vineyard, and live in their tents a week or two, before the camp-meeting begins. I see no objection to this practice at all, but certainly those members of the church who do so, ought to be fully ready when the meeting does begin to enter very heartily into the work of God.

The reputation of the Vineyard camp-meeting, as a place of purely religious interest, has, however, I believe, declined somewhat for a few years past, and I often hear it referred to as a religious picnic. But however the facts may have been in regard to those matters in time past, God was with his people this year in power. The work of salvation began Sabbath afternoon, just the time which many persons regard as peculiarly unpropitious for any considerable movement, in consequence of the immense throng of people on the ground. Seekers of religion were invited forward at the close of a sermon preached by Bro. Twombly, when a considerable number presented themselves, of whom the greater part found peace. From that time the work both of pardon and purity went on with power. On Monday afternoon there were, I should judge, nearly forty persons forward, some seeking pardon, others seeking entire sanctification, and nearly all apparently received the desire of their hearts.

From that time forth to the close of the meeting on Thursday morning, the work in both departments went steadily on, and many were saved. I regret that I have no means of knowing how many, but if it went forward in connection with the other society tents as it did in the Pleasant Street New Bedford tent, under the care of Bro. McDonald, the number saved must be large indeed.

The eminent success of this meeting proved very encouraging to the hearts of those who feel more deeply for the success of the cause of God, and I doubt not many such will go to the ground next year, with renewed courage to labor in the cause.

G.

Righteousness exalteth a nation.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

THE FOOLISH RICH MAN.

"God said unto him, Thou fool." — *Luke xii. 20.*

GOD said this, but doubtless worldly men spoke very differently. With them this man was a shrewd manager, to whose opinions they deferred, and whose conduct they complimented. He grew in their estimation as his barns increased in size, and his goods in abundance. But the wisdom of men is foolishness with God. He was a fool —

First, Because, having an abundance, he attempted to grasp more (verse 18). He was "rich," but when his ground brought forth, in the providence of God, abundantly, he did not ask what that providence meant; what good deed was thereby suggested in the faithful performance of the duties of his stewardship; what widows and orphans needed this surplus treasure; to what new enterprise of benevolence it pointed; or, what halting religious interest waited for the contribution of his new crop. Nothing of the kind found a place in his mind or heart. His thoughts were wholly upon *himself*. Alas, how many such foolish rich men are yet to be found.

Secondly, He was a fool because he allowed himself to connect a security of "many years" with "much goods," (verse 19.) He declared to his soul that it had much goods, but upon what ground, did he add the long life? None, of course, and the awful summons of that very night undeceived him, as presumptuous rich men have often been undeceived; but an undue love of riches naturally begets a false security of life. The idolater of riches must practically ignore life's brevity and uncertainty, or else his enjoyment of them would be marred. He moors himself to the frail drift-wood in the rapid current of time, and says, I shall not be moved!

Thirdly, He was a fool in his attempt to satisfy an immortal soul with "much goods." With him worldly ease and eating and drinking were to make a "merry" soul. Fool, not to know that these make a heavy heart. Fool, not to know there is no fitness in these to satisfy a nature made to live with angels and God, and to study and admire the wonderful works of creation, and to ponder the sublime truths of redemption forever and ever!

1. We learn from the case of this foolish rich man that the *thoughts of our hearts*, concerning our worldly substance are judged by God. He only "thought within himself," yet he secured thereby the condemnation of God. Thoughts ripen into deeds, and thus they are the germs of a good or bad life.

2. We are taught to beware of the solemn requisitions of God upon our souls. He requires that they should not be found loving the world, or things that are in the world; that, though riches increase, our hearts should not be set upon them. He requires that our hearts be made, by atoning blood, right with him, and that they be

ready at a moment's call, for his unveiled presence. In a word he requires that we lay not up treasures for *ourselves*, but that we be *rich toward God* (verse 21).

SAVED.

"By grace are ye saved, through faith."—*Eph. ii. 8.*

Near the close of the battle of Waterloo two officers met amidst the dying and the dead, covered with the blood and dust of the conflict. "The battle is over, and I am saved," said one of them to his friend. At that moment a random shot struck him and killed him instantly. "The conflict is over, and I am saved," exclaimed Elijah Steele, an eloquent and holy young minister, who died at New Orleans, cut down by the yellow fever while laboring to bear to others who were the subjects of its dreadful ravages the consolations of religion. "I am saved," and he threw up his arms in holy triumph, and expired. Death snatches away our temporal salvation just as we think we have secured it. But the holy man's salvation is sealed at death. The last and greatest enemy of our worldly good, is the conducting angel to our eternal salvation. Only those are truly and finally saved, who are saved "by grace," "through faith," and have continued steadfast unto the end.

READY TO DIE.

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith"—*Paul. 2 Timothy, iv. 6, 7.*

"I am willing to die," "I am not afraid to go," are very common expressions of people upon a sick-bed. Sometimes a protracted illness, accompanied by severe sufferings, cause an impatience of life; numberless disappointments and losses beget a weariness and disgust, so that the sorrowing one cries out, as did the unbelieving Jonah, "It is better for me to die than to live." But these feelings are far from proving a fitness to die. Neither does a calm indifference to the approach of the solemn hour of departure into the unseen world prove it. He who can say with Paul at the moment of life's close, "I am ready," will have definite, evangelical reasons for this confidence, among which will be the following:—

First.—A clear evidence of having been born again. Paul, doubtless, connected his *readiness* with that eventful period to which he effectively refers when pleading before Agrippa, namely, his experience on the way to Damascus, especially the moment when the scales fell from his eyes, and he received his sight, and was filled with the Holy Ghost (Acts ix. 17, 18). He could say, "I have passed from death unto life;" I am assured of this by my love for the brethren, by the fruits of the Spirit, which have been manifest in my life, and by the spirit of the Son shed

abroad in my heart crying, "Abba, Father." Paul could point to the manner, the time, and the place of his conversion. All true Christians can not do this, yet all may and must know the *fact* to have an assurance that they are ready to die. Christians should review the evidence of this fact often, and cultivate an *habitual assurance of its truth*.

Second.—A faithful warfare subsequent to conversion, is a good evidence of readiness to die. Some professed Christians seem to content themselves with a conviction that they were once converted, and with the church relations, and the outward conformity to the requirements of religion growing out of this, while they do not fight a good fight. They live at their ease, with but a slight acquaintance with the weapons of the spiritual warfare, and less with their effective use. Let not such indulge the fatal delusion that they are ready to die. The victory and the crown follow not indulgence, but the "good fight."

Evidently Paul, in the maintenance of his assurance, laid much stress upon the *manner* of his warfare; it was "good" in spirit, in the weapons he used, in the end at which it aimed, and in the divine aid by which it was supported.

Lastly.—The Christian prepared to leave earth for heaven, has "kept the faith." Some affect a disregard of doctrinal belief, vainly assuming that it is only necessary to live right. Such forget that men's faith influences their life. Paul put the keeping of the faith among the evidence of a preparation for heaven. He had exhorted Timothy to hold fast "a form of sound words," and had commanded Titus to show, in doctrine, "uncorruptness." Not that the Christian life depends upon a belief in all the points of speculative theology, but only upon "the faith once delivered to the saints"—upon "the faith"—namely, the doctrine of Christ crucified. The cross, salvation through Jesus, the lamb of God, was the burden of Paul's preaching; and now he connects his soul's fitness to enter upon his eternal state with his adherence to it in dying as well as living. Let no one think that he is "ready" at such a moment who does not keep *this* faith. It is worthy of remark that Paul's readiness to die was connected with an assurance of a sublime and glorious future. A kingdom, a throne, and a crown, were his by inheritance through Christ.

THE LAW OF THE HOUSE.

"This is the law of the house; Upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house."—*Ezek. xlvi. 12.*

The temple described by Ezekiel in holy vision, refers, doubtless, not only, nor perhaps mainly to the temple built by the Jews after their return from the Babylonian captivity, but to the church of Christ, of which he is the foundation and corner-stone. Hence he says this whole temple and its surroundings shall be "*most holy*"; for—

merly, the sanctuary only had this designation; but the Christian church, which is Christ's body, his bride,—“the Lamb's wife,”—shall be supremely holy,—wholly sanctified, “without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.” That is, this shall be her privilege, and to this shall her Supreme Head and Lawgiver require her to come. “This is the law of the house.”

Let it be remembered that this law is not one of burdensome ceremonies, nor is it a law of works of any kind for justification and holiness before God, but a law of love; for “love is the fulfilling of the law.”—“Perfect love, that casteth out fear.” How beautiful must the house be, thus ruled!

HOLD FAST.

“Hold that fast which thou hast.”—*Rev. iii. 11.*

What *hast* thou? a grasp by living faith upon the horns of the altar? Hold fast. The altar alone is the place of safety. The avenger of blood is on thy track, but he can not drag thee thence, nor can he slay thee there. Thine own confidence in the altar must fail, and thou turn away for some other refuge, before harm can come to thee. Hold fast.

What *hast* thou? feet resting upon Christ, the Rock of Ages? Remove them not thence. The waters may rise and the billows roar, but they shall not drown thee. *The Rock* they can not move. Stand still, and see the salvation of God.

What *hast* thou? an eye of faith fixed upon the crown extended to thee, and, therefore, “*thy crown*,” if thy faith fail not? Turn not that eye away to things more attractive to sense, because nearer, and “let no man take thy crown.”

“Hold fast” for a little time. Many of our parents in the flesh, and of our fathers and mothers in the church, have gone up higher. How rapidly have we sped thus far upon our journey *eternity-ward*. “How soon shall we have reached, yes, *passed*, the stream, the narrow stream of death.”

“Then, Saviour, then *our* soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.”

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

CAMP-MEETING IN IRELAND.

We referred last month to a camp-meeting held by the Wesleyan Methodists in Ireland, during the early part of last July. We spoke of it as an experiment in the use of this means of grace, by our Wesleyan brethren, in which we felt much interested. We learn from the Methodist, of the 31st ult., some particulars

of the meeting, which we lay before our readers.

The interest in the meeting was such that it continued two weeks. Ministers, lay preachers, and leaders, were secured in abundance to preach and to conduct the penitent prayer-meetings. The ministers came from England, Scotland, as well as various parts of Ireland. On the first Sunday five thousand persons were computed to be present; on the following Sunday, eight or ten thousand. Most of the worshipers returned to their homes at the close of the evening. Penitents were invited, after the public preaching, to offer themselves for prayers at the forms, in front of the preachers' stand. From forty to fifty came forward at one time. We infer, from the whole account copied into the Methodist, that the success of the meeting was such as to encourage further experiments of the same kind hereafter.

OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Frequent reference is made to the fact that we are *out of employment*, by our friends in their business letters. This, it is well known, is a very general state of things among the people in the present unhappy condition of our country. We have taken up our pen to stir up the pure minds of the disciples of Christ concerning the well-known fact that there is work enough for all in Christ's vineyard,—a good Master, and ample and sure pay. The providence that has deprived you of secular business points emphatically to this field. You can work to advantage in the wrestling labor of the closet, in co-operating with your brethren in the social meetings, in searching out the neglecters of the public worship, and of the Sunday school; and in going from house to house doing good both to the souls and bodies of men. Absolute idleness, or an unprofitable squandering of time in trifling conversation or reading is as great a sin now as ever. We beg all who love God, not to fall into this snare of the devil. Christ's cause never needed earnest and believing laborers more than now, and never was there a promise of a greater harvest,—a harvest of souls saved from sin and eternal death.

ARTICLES ON CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

We welcome these at all times. Why not then, some of our readers may inquire, publish more of them? Our reply is this: We receive many mss. on the subject, but there is a common and fatal error in the manner in which they are written. They are too lengthy, and mixed up with irrelevant matter. We make for our contributors the following suggestions. 1. Write briefly as consistent with a clear statement of your experience of perfect love. 2. In order to do this, omit all reference to your general experience, except to state the fact and evidence of your antecedent conversion. 3. If you are unused to the pen, write the best you can, and

get a competent friend to revise it, and then let it be rewritten before sending it to the press.

We have several excellent articles on hand, embodying rich experiences, but they need to be wholly rewritten to be suitable for our magazine. This it is impracticable for the editors to do.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE ONE.

Matt. xix. 13-15.

AND is it true what I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son,—
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in his arms most gently bear
The helpless "little one?"

O yes! I've heard my mother say,
He never sent a child away
That scarce could walk or run;
For when the parent's love besought
That he would teach the child she brought,
He blessed the "little one."

And I, a little, straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded to his breast,
As birds within the parents' nest,
And be his "little one."

And he can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having washed their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the "little one."

Others there are who love me too;
But who, with all their love, can do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then, if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him and say,
"Lord, bless thy 'little one.'"

Thus, by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living waters run,—
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his
Who loves the "little one."

LITTLE GEORGIE'S PRAYER.

Little Georgie, an interesting boy of four summers, had been taught by his mother to pray, and she had often told him that to pray to God was to talk to him, and tell him just what we wanted. At night, after he had repeated the Lord's prayer, he was accustomed to make a short prayer of his own, in which his childish wants were expressed in his own words. Though

Georgie was generally a very good boy, and loved his parents most tenderly, yet it sometimes happened that he needed correction: for, like all children, he liked to have his own way.

One day, being unwilling to yield to his mother's wishes, she was obliged to punish him, for she did not wish her little boy to grow up a wicked and unruly son. At night, when it was time for him to repeat his prayer, he could not forget his naughty actions; and, as he had been taught, he *talked* to God about it in the following manner, feeling all the while very serious, though his language was so childish: "O Lord! bless Georgie, and make him a good boy; and don't let him be naughty again, never, no never; because you know when he is naughty *he sticks to it so!*"

Would it not be well for some of my little readers to make use of "Georgie's prayer?"

BOOK NOTICE.

"A MEMOIR OF DANIEL SAFFORD." By his Wife. *American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston.*

A well-written biography of a most excellent man. Deacon Safford was one of a class of New England men whose character is more profitable for the study and imitation of young men than any other. From the humbler walks of life, a blacksmith by trade, he rose, by diligent application to his business, and by the force of his moral and religious character, to a position of wealth and influence which a prince might envy. Unlike most men of worldly thrift who have risen from humble beginnings, Mr. Safford retained to the last his godly simplicity and humbleness of mind. He sought to be like his Master in his abundant acts of beneficence to his fellow-men. In the early part of his business life, being surprised by the possession of forty-five thousand dollars, he resolved that he would never be worth more than that sum. This promise he faithfully kept. All his income, after defraying the expenses of an unostentatious style of living, he devoted to charitable purposes. He gave, at times, large sums, but he by no means confined himself to this mode of dispensing his bounties. In the list of his gifts appended to the memoir, are frequent entries such as the following: "Poor old man, \$5 00;" "Poor man, \$25.00;" "Poor widow, \$10 00;" "Colored woman, \$10." The amount given away in thirty years was about \$71,000. But Mr. Safford did not confine himself to this method of glorifying God. He was ready for every good work. The consequence was that much good fruit of his labors was apparent during his life, and, doubtless, much more will appear after many days.

The volume is one of that class of books which every warm Christian desires to see scattered through the land as plentifully as the autumn leaves.

ON HUNGERING AND THIRSTING AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS.

A SERMON BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.
Matt. v. 6.

THESE are the words of Christ. They occur, as you are aware, in the Sermon on the Mount. They are what has been called the fourth beatitude, or benediction, pronounced by the Saviour in that sermon. "Blessed are the poor in spirit. Blessed are they that mourn. Blessed are the meek," said he; and then he said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." In these words the Saviour intimates that the *very desire* for eminent attainments in piety is a state of mind upon which rests the special benediction of God. I wish to employ the present hour in calling your attention to the terms which compose this precious verse of God's word. *What is the "righteousness" of this text? What is it to "hunger and thirst after righteousness?" and why are they blessed who "do hunger and thirst after righteousness?"*

I. *What are we to understand by the term righteousness in this TEXT?*

1. The word comes of the word *right*, and when applied to character, means right in a moral or religious sense. Your watch may be right, but cannot be righteous. If your heart is right it is righteous. The word *righteous* is synonymous with the word upright, when the latter term is applied to character; and the meaning of *upright* is *right-up*,—not prostrate, not inclined, not bowed, but exactly perpendicular, with the earth under foot, and the head to the heavens. God made man *upright*; his body a type for ever of his righteous soul.

2. Righteousness is original or derived. With God righteousness is original. In a far different sense, and yet in the sense I here intend, righteousness is original and

innate with angels, and it was so with Adam, before the fall. Hence, had Adam retained his innocency, he would, as we must suppose, have transmitted his character to his posterity, it being an element of his nature. With man, since the fall, it is far otherwise. However holy he may become, and however long and constantly he may practice the duties of a holy life, still, holiness is a derived and foreign element in his character; it never becomes innate, never transmissible. *Righteousness is real*, in the soul of a holy man, as the *light is real* in this earth, naturally dark. The earth would relapse into a dungeon instantly, were it shut away from the sun. So the soul of a holy man retains its spiritual light and life by continual receipts of grace from another, even from our Lord Jesus Christ, the Sun of righteousness.

3. Righteousness is *inward and outward*. *Inward righteousness* we call *holiness*, and this is what the text particularly refers to, since that for which a man hungers and thirsts is something which he will take inwardly if he gets it, and that with which a man is filled, is something he has received into his nature. It is that interior purification, correction, and adjustment of the man that brings him into a divine harmony and agreement with the mind of God, and makes the soul a miniature likeness or image of its heavenly Father. The agreement between the mind of God and the mind of a holy man is substantially the agreement between the type and the page which it prints,—between the seal and the image it leaves in the wax, between your face and what you lately saw in the glass; the one being the *impression or taking* of the other.

Outward or external righteousness, the outward expression or exhibition of righteousness in the life of a holy man. The relation between inward and outward righteousness is substantially the relation between the tree and the fruit which it bears; between the fountain and the stream which runs out of it; or between the

wheel-work in the clock, and the hands on its face, these latter telling the time truthfully, because of the completeness of the adjustment within.

This, I take it, is the true idea of Christian character; a right life as the natural and unconstrained result of a right heart. Just here many in the churches err habitually, and, I fear, many of them fatally. They confine their attention to the outer life, and lose sight of the inner. They do not mark and guard and nourish their own piety at the fountain-head. Hence, the history of thousands in the church is the history of a lifelong effort to make the stream rise above the fountain; to put the outward and apparent out of all proportion with the inward and the real in their own character. God never begins at a man's finger-ends to reform him; never undertakes to make a good man out of a bad man, by a process of mere retrenchment and the lopping away of excrescences of the outer life. He never trims up thistles to make them bear figs, but goes directly to the fountain-head of intuition and impulse within the man, and lays the foundation for a right life in the adjustment and purification of the heart. This is righteousness and true holiness. This is man in the image of God, and in complete sympathy with his government, "man on earth, devoted to the skies," and bearing the family mark of heaven.

II. WHAT IS IT TO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS?

It is to be strongly desirous for holiness of heart and life; to be inspired with an ambition for eminent attainments in piety.

1. This desire of the soul for holiness is to be distinguished from a desire to be *thought* eminently pious. It is not uncommon to see persons quite desirous of being *regarded* as deeply pious, who, nevertheless, do not appear to be putting forth their utmost exertions to reach the high standard they often speak of. A man thoroughly in earnest to make an acquisition,

is usually little concerned about the mere reputation of having made it. Here, for instance, is a man who has an ambition to be worth a large fortune. He is already, I will suppose, possessed of a very considerable property. Now tell him that you think him rich enough already; that he has much more money than most men ever obtain, and that great wealth brings with it great cares, and all that, and though your speech is essentially based in the truth, yet you are in conflict with one of the principles on which mind acts, and you may be assured that your friend is annoyed rather than pleased with your talk.

As with the man of money, just so with the man of study. He whose soul is hungry for knowledge is never pedantic; never solicitous to make a great show of the attainments he has made. He loves truth. He is mining after it; and when he reaches a new truth, one of broader and deeper significance than he had before, his soul exults in a sweet sense of larger room. It is not the desire to *be thought learned*, but the desire to *know* that impels such a mind. So a man really hungering and thirsting after righteousness, can never be satisfied with a religious compliment. He loaths sin; he pants for purity; his heart longs and cries after God,—the living God. The vision of his soul has been of holiness; his spirit feels the drawings of the Father, and all his nature waits and yearns for the hallowing baptism. Oh, might it fall on us now. "Spirit of burning, come."

2. This desire for an experience of the deep things of God, is not a mere desire to escape hell, or reach heaven, though these, in their place, are proper motives enough; but is rather the desire of a disciple to get nearer his Lord, the desire of a child of God to possess more fully and more clearly all the lineaments of the divine family.

3. The *strength* of the desire which a soul should feel for holiness deserves at-

tention. In nature, all things attract in proportion to their amount of matter; and in the kingdom of grace, it is God's order that all things should attract the soul as they are of relative value. The metaphor of a hungry man is a very strong one. No appetite so completely controls man as hunger when it is aroused by long-continued deficiency of food. A hungry man *will have* food if food can be had. Nothing but impassable barriers will keep him from his object. "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness," said the Saviour, using both the terms, hunger and thirst, as though he would have us feel the force of his metaphor, and then he has put the whole in the intensive, by adding the particle, *do*, "Blessed are they who *do* hunger and thirst."

A mere occasional wish that I were a better Christian will not suffice. Holiness must become *the* object, the *great* object, the *sole* object of pursuit; and all the soul's affections and desires must center upon it. Never, till the soul can look forth on a whole life of complete deadness to the world, and of entire consecration to God, amid crosses and labors and trials and sacrifices, for his name's sake, count it all over and contemplate it with calmness and even with delight, does it come fully up to the Saviour's idea of *hungering and thirsting* after righteousness. O, my brother, let your soul cry out, this hour —

"Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

"My heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
My flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every limb and every joint
Stretches for perfect purity."

III. WHY ARE THEY BLESSED WHO DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS?

1. *They are blessed because they are preserved from all tendency to backslide or retrograde in piety.*

No man loses ground, spiritually, while

his soul continues to hunger and thirst after righteousness. No! Such men are looking up. They are not the men to be taking small liberties with their own consciences, and venturing out little by little, upon doubtful or forbidden ground, inquiring still, what is the least amount of grace which may possibly bring a soul to heaven. Their tendencies are all the other way. They "stand in the way to see and ask for the old paths," and hasten to walk therein, and they do find rest unto their souls.

2. *They are blessed because they grow in grace.*

Such men are prosperous Christians. They may have their discouragements, and their hours of perplexity and sadness, but they are gaining on their enemy. They are leaving the things that are behind, and reaching forth to those that are before. They get new victories over the world and over themselves. In their struggles in prayer for purity, they get new views of the strength of sin, the value of holiness, and the preciousness of Christ. These men are "leaving the principles." They are struggling for a higher life, and really they are gaining ground. It is better with them than it was. The enemy is giving way. They are making progress. Ever and anon they reach a new altitude, and command a wider horizon, and look out on broader, greener, richer fields. Truly, 'tis blessed thus to grow in grace, and, therefore, 'tis blessed to hunger and thirst after righteousness.

3. *They are blessed because they have an interesting experience.*

No man makes progress in piety who does not, in some proper, tangible sense, hunger for it, and it therefore happens that the man who does not aim to make advancements, and labor earnestly for them, will find his life a perpetual repetition of the primary experiences, and his recitals of his religious travels will at length come to possess not more interest than the still-repeated tales of some man who has spent a lifetime in frequent journeyings to the next town

and back. Not so the man of elevated aims in piety. It is refreshing to hear one of these earnest travellers to mount Zion give the incidents of the way. There is a manifest defining of the whole tone of his piety. His life is fresh and vigorous. His thoughts of God enlarge. He expresses clearer, larger views of gospel salvation than he did. O, 'tis delightful to talk with a man whose soul is hungering after God. Many a time have I held sweet counsel with such an one, till my heart has burned within me.

4. *They are blessed because they are useful.*

True, a member of the church may be useful, in some respects, and in some degree, who exhibits little of this "hunger;"—but what I mean is, that the very fact that a man hungers and thirsts after righteousness will produce good results. There is a fervor about such a man, a certain gentleness of spirit, a tenderness of conscience, a spirit of contrition, lowliness, and humility, which, conjointly, make his whole life a ministry of instruction to those who know him.

5. *Finally, they are blessed because they shall be filled.*

Thank God for making success certain here. I can't afford to fail here. I must be holy or never enter heaven, and Jesus, who knows all about it, pledges his veracity that I shall have success, where alone to fail would be to lose all for ever. I may plant my field and fail of a harvest. I may send forth my wares on the deep, and they may all go to the bottom. I may seek an education, and failing health or want of funds or friends may defeat my plans; but thanks be to God the feeblest one in the church who determines on a life of holiness shall succeed in spite of earth or Satan,—*"they shall be filled."* It is the promise of God. Hear it, ye fainting ones, who have looked at yourselves and at your difficulties till your heart almost says, *"It cannot be."* Now look the other way awhile. Look at the

promise, and look at your Almighty Saviour, and remember—

His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The power that moves the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

"But can it mean me?" says one. "I am but a beginner in religion; a recent convert." Yes, my brother, my sister, it means you, and it means you *emphatically*. Take hold of the promise now, right earnestly. Depend upon it you will more easily and readily enter into the rest of full salvation now than at any later date in your life.

"But," says another, "my domestic circumstances are unfriendly to a high state of piety." I answer, if that be really so, it is true that your circumstances are unfriendly to *any* state of piety, and the case is simply this. You have some obstacles to face in living a Christian life, and holiness is the very thing you need to enable you to meet and conquer your foes. Besides, the Saviour knows all about your difficulties, and made the promise in full view of them. Be encouraged, my brother, my sister, the promise is for you. The blessing is yours. Jesus bought it for you. He waits to bestow it. Look up! Believe! He is drawing nigh. He joins almighty power with infinite willingness to save; therefore cast yourself now, once for all, on the atonement for full salvation.

"But," says another, "my difficulties are of another type altogether. I have a nature peculiarly difficult to manage. It seems to me there never was a heart besides my own, so full of pride, self-will, unbelief, and every hateful thing. I can believe for everybody else, but it seems too much to believe that such a heart as mine can be so completely changed, subdued, and cleansed, and filled with meekness and love." Ah, my dear friend, I can appreciate your deep distress. I well remember the time when, in agony of spirit, I cried out, O God! this depraved

heart seems a strange compound of brutal and infernal natures! Is it not a match for Omnipotence? Can it ever be conquered? It was not many minutes after, that the Lord showed me that it is quite as easy for him to fill a little human heart as it is for the Atlantic to fill a wineglass which is thrown into it. Oh plunge, my dear brother, into the Atlantic of his love, and lose your soul in the infinite abyss. God is love. Come, prove his willingness. God is almighty. Hasten to prove his power.

CONCLUSION.

1. "Blessed are they that hunger." It is a blessed thing to have a craving, sharp appetite. I wouldn't like to be hungry, indeed, if I were on a plank in mid ocean, or wandering in Sahara; but sitting down to a well-filled table I like to feel hungry, and it is especially good to feel a strong appetite when we sit down to such a table as our heavenly Father spreads.

2. On the other hand, loss of appetite is a great misfortune. Solomon says, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat;" and nature has long since decided, "he that does not eat, can not work." How soon a man becomes a helpless invalid when his appetite goes. You fail to take your meals for a single day and you are laid aside. No matter how many men you have employed or how pressing the business may be just now, if you can not eat, you can not work. Here is the difficulty with multitudes in the church. They have lost their appetite. They go to the closet when it is time to go, but though they repeat their prayers, there is no longing after God. No fervent wrestling in prayer for the coming of the baptism, and the soul receives only the incidental good of keeping up a valuable habit. The same principle obtains at the family altar. The duty is done, and a valuable indirect blessing comes of it to the household; but the end is not reached, because it is not sought with earnestness of heart. Sab-

bath services are attended in the same way. The soul lacks appetite for spiritual food, and though it gets some instruction it fails to get grace. There are multitudes of men and women in the church who have not had a meal in three months! and oh what faintness there is in the ranks of Zion in many places. May the Lord speedily revive the work of holiness in the churches. Amen.

ADVICE TO THOSE PROFESSING PERFECT LOVE.

BY J. A. WOOD.

What advice would you give those professing holiness?

1. Keep up a daily, or rather perpetual, consecration of all to God. Search and surrender, and re-search and surrender again, and keep every vestige of self upon the altar, under the consuming, sin-destroying flame. Sanctification can not exist a moment without keeping all upon the altar. "Submit yourselves, therefore, to God."

2. Remember the life of the Christian is a life of faith. You were justified by faith, you were sanctified by faith, and you must stand by faith. There must be a continuous act of faith. The faith of the sanctified soul becomes, in a sense, a state of his mind,—a habitude of his soul. You must give up all idea of resisting temptation, or of acceptably performing any service for Christ by the mere force of your own resolutions. This is to be your victory, "even your faith." "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God."

3. You must acquire the habit of living by the minute. Take care of the present moment. Trust in God *now*. Do God's will *now*. Do not offend God *now*. You are to act for the future; but act by the minute. "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanks-

giving, let your requests be made known unto God."

4. Live in the constant use of all the ordinary and instituted means of grace,—prayer, meditation, studying the Scriptures, the sacrament. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

5. Do all you do in the name of the Lord Jesus, and to the glory of God. The Saviour expects you to eat, drink, dress, spend your time, talents, and property, and transact your business, with reference to the same objects for which you pray, read your Bible, and worship God. "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

6. Avoid sinful lightness and levity on the one hand, or moroseness on the other. Be cheerful, but not frivolous and vain; sorrowful, but not sour or gloomy. Maintain the dignity, the purity, and the sanctity of the Christian character. "Be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity."

7. Cultivate the deepest reverence in your approaches and addresses to God. Never allow yourself to use light or irreverent expressions of God, or of his great work, however joyful or ecstatic you may be. You are "a temple of the Holy Ghost;" therefore be careful, and walk softly before God. "I am the almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect."

8. Study the Bible. Be a Bible Christian. Let your holiness be a Bible holiness in theory, in experience, and in practice. Make your honesty, justice, veracity, and self-denial harmonize with the teachings of the Bible. Avoid encouraging others, or seeking yourself, any mystical experience not explicitly taught in the Bible. Be satisfied with increasing love, power, and communion with God, and avoid all those mystical things, and un-

scriptural *isms*, which have wrought disastrously against the doctrines of holiness. "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life."

"Blessed Bible! how I love it!
How it doth my bosom cheer!
What bath earth like this to covet?
O, what stores of wealth are here!

"Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, *deeper* in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part."

9. Redeem your time. Imitate the example of Christ; rise early in the morning, and while others are slumbering around you, *pray*, "search the Scriptures," and commune with God. Make every day, hour, moment, tell upon your best interests and the cause of God,—*"redeeming the time because the days are evil."*

10. Acquire the habit of constantly watching against sin. The tempter is a vigilant and insidious foe, ever on the alert, and full of artifice. In an unguarded moment you may lose what has cost you years of toil, and what you may never be able to regain. "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch, and be sober."

11. You must absolutely refuse to comply with temptation, under any circumstances, or to any degree. In the greatest temptations a resolute *No*, and a single look to Christ, will suffice to overcome the wicked one. In the strength of God, you must say *No* to the tempter, every time. Be careful, and distinguish between temptation and sin.

(1.) A sinful impression or suggestion, resisted till it disappears, is temptation and only temptation,—not sin.

(2.) A sinful suggestion, courted or tolerated, or at length complied with, is sin. "*Resist* the devil, and he will flee from you."

12. Endeavor to preserve a perfect consistency between your profession and practice. Your profession will raise

reasonable expectations which you must meet. Be exemplary in all things. Be careful about small matters, and "abstain from all appearance of evil." Mr. Wesley says, "He that neglects little things shall fall little by little." "I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called."

13. Be sure that your profession of holiness is vindicated in your life by all "the fruit of the Spirit." As it can not be taken simply upon its own strength, it will go for nothing without "the fruit of the Spirit." "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

14. Be careful how you consider impulses and impressions as the teachings of the Spirit. We are to be "led by the Spirit," but it is principally by its illuminations. The man who is led by the Spirit is filled, not with impulses and impressions, but with *light*. At least, never allow any impulse to lead you to any course not in perfect harmony with the Bible.

Mr. Wesley says: "Some charge their own imaginations on the will of God, and that not written, but impressed on their hearts. If these impressions be received as the rule of action instead of the written Word, I know nothing so wicked or absurd but what we may fall into, and that without remedy." "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

CONSCIENCE IN TRIFLES. — "It is dangerous to act contrary to conscience in little things, as well as great. It is tempting God to withdraw his Holy Spirit. That way of persuading ourselves which we are apt to practice when inclined to a thing which the first simple suggestions of conscience opposes, is to be carefully watched against; — yet we seem not to

be deceived either, but to see as if it were out of the corner of our eye the right all the while." — *Wilberforce's Life*, vol. iii. 108.

[Original.]

THE BROKEN REED AND THE STAFF OF FAITH.

BY C. W.

I SAW, amid the pilgrim throng of life,
Pressed on, reluctant, toward its dreaded close,
An aged traveler; weary and sad,
Worn with the weight of many a toilsome year,
He sighed for rest. A staff was in his hand
On which he longed to lean, as, faint and sick,
And trembling with alarm, he tottered on,
Unwillingly, to meet the fearful tide.
Alas! his staff is but a broken reed,
And pierces through with many a sorrow now,
Him who through life hath worshiped at its shrine.
I saw his agony, while onward borne
By Time's resistless might toward the stream
He dared not pass. I hastened to his side
And told him of a staff that never fails,
But guides its bearer safe o'er Jordan's wave
To realms of bliss. I begged him cast away
His worthless reed, and take the staff of faith.
"Too late," alas! he cried with bitterness,
"Too late I feel the weakness of my staff.
O must I go alone?" While yet he spake
The angry tide came on. One stifled cry
Of wild despair I heard, as 'neath the waves
He sank, — when all was still.

I looked again,
And toward the stream with firm and steady step
And eye fixed on the other shore, came one
By Jesus called. Leaning upon her staff,
The staff of faith and love, though young in years
Onward she boldly sped. No lingering look
Betrayed one fearful doubt, but notes of praise
And joyous hallelujahs floated back
To earth, as safely o'er the stream she passed.
I wept, as died away that heavenly strain,
I wept, but not for her; for well I knew
That one whose heart and life had been so pure,
Who in her Saviour's steps so long had trod,
Must with the blest and holy ever dwell.
But, O, I wept while gazing at the crowd
Of pilgrim life, to see how few, alas!
In all this mighty throng, had chosen her staff,
The only guide that bears to life and heaven.
O, should my feeble voice reach some poor soul
That's struggling on in weariness and pain,
Trusting in earthly gods, and wiles of men,
And yet afraid to meet the God of heaven,
How would I beg of him to lean alone
Upon the staff of faith in Jesus blood.
On this alone the soul can rest in peace,
With this alone can ford the stormy wave
Of Jordan's flood, and rise to worlds of light.

[Original.]

CONSECRATION.

BY GEORGE H. HOLTZMAN.

FAITH has not lacked for expositors. What society so poor that has not its (though perhaps solitary) champion for simple, clinging, *cleansing* faith? Consecration is not so generally treated of. To one who has learned the way of faith, it seems strange that all can not comprehend with ease its nature and exercise; and it would be strange but for a vital fact, too often overlooked by both teacher and pupil, namely, that the latter has not yet been led to "present himself a living sacrifice to God." Efforts, under such auspices, may be said to be like trying to initiate a blind man in the use of the telescope. His blindness unperceived and uncured, he will seem dumb indeed.

Faith seems, to such, a precipitous mountain. He approaches its base, and gazes wistfully up its inaccessible sides, but without a prospect of getting further. But possessing the *key*,—entire consecration,—he enters easily into a narrow and safe way, through all obstacles, to the plains beyond.

What is it to consecrate self to God?

Generally speaking, it is the serious recognition of that startling truth, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's,"—and the deliberate compliance with the earnest injunction, "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye *present* your bodies a living sacrifice to God, which is your reasonable service."

In thus acting, however, or rather in endeavoring to meet these terms, peculiar difficulties attend each one striving thus to present himself.

There must be a struggle with nature, on account of some member which it is necessary to "cut off," or "pluck out," and cast away. With some, it is a hand;

with others, a foot or an eye. Sometimes it is an idol, which must be thrown down and demolished; and, sometimes, a heavy cross which we must become willing to have fitted to our backs to be borne, unflinchingly, through life. With many, this struggle is prolonged and painful. It is of all periods the most momentous during life. God's Spirit aids, by presenting before the longing soul the blessed consequences of victory, in this life and the life to come. Satan, fully alive to the importance of defeating the Holy Spirit in this life-conflict, plies, unceasingly, his most artful suggestions.

The individual is umpire. He is conscious of the awful responsibility, and the power he must admit he has, of deciding the point. The diseased limb is bared to his perception. The surgeon stands ready to do his dread office. Life depends on submitting to the knife. The patient must pronounce his own sentence! Now, Christian, is the moment big with your fate. Summon all your courage and strength. Weigh the things of time and sense along with a swift approaching eternity, and decide resolutely for God. Make no compromise; let all go at once; leave no part of the question open, to be settled hereafter,—for these are the enemy's last cards.

If thus, in the strength of grace, you will give yourself to God, without reserve; covenanting to serve no longer yourself, in anything, but to walk in all his holy commandments, blameless,—the problem of your salvation will appear to you as essentially worked out. The power of Satan is now broken. These lines will have some meaning to you—

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,—
I am my Lord's, and he is mine—

And now, while you add, with a calm sense of security—

"Now *rest*, my long-divided heart,—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—"

whom will you want to teach you faith?

O, how easily your soul will glide into the sweet rest of faith when thus consecrated. It become the soul's *element*,—just as water for fishes, and air for birds.

There are probably exceptions to this rule of faith, as an almost necessary and immediate consequence of a full surrender. Surely, Mr. John Wesley was wholly dedicated to God, and living with an eye single to his glory, long before his heart was "strangely warmed," during a certain service in London, after his return from America. But how rare these cases, especially in these days, when the *theory* of faith is so well understood.

We may well assume, therefore, that many, who have long been groping their way in search of the rest of faith, have great need to be exhorted to "present themselves," in the fullest sense, to God, before expecting to be able to exercise that faith that cleanseth from all impurity, and imparts the power to live continually in the loving smile of our Father in heaven.

[Original.]

EXPERIENCE CONCERNING AN IMPORTANT DUTY.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

"In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but, which becometh women professing godliness, with good works."—1 *Tim.* ii. 9, 10.

AH! is it so, that dress that may be becoming to the gay worldling, to the votary of fashion, is not becoming to women professing godliness? Call not that a matter of indifference, or of small importance, which God hath noticed in his Word, and concerning which he hath given commandment. Reader, be not in haste to turn away to some subject that may be more congenial to your taste, and I will tell you how the Spirit hath led me.

I held in my hand the muslin fabric,—stitching, stitching, from hour to hour.

Quick steps I heard in the other room, and thought with pity of my mother, who took too many during the day. Books lay upon the table. Indeed, I had no time to study, now. I thought of the closet upstairs; too seldom its door was opened, too quickly shut,—and the clock, with its rapid tick, tick, measured the flying moments, and struck off the hours.

"Would I lay the needless aside?—Would I redeem the time,—those precious blood-bought moments?" It was the voice of the Spirit that spoke so low.

The dress does not make the heart right. "True; but a holy heart makes the dress right."

But I do not take pride in these things. Indeed, I do not care for them; I wear them, and do not think of them.

"Lay them aside, and see if it costs you no struggle."

Why then has God given us a taste for dress, if we are not to exercise it?

Do not think I held this controversy with the Spirit while I sat there, throwing priceless, blood-bought time away upon a bit of muslin. No; though for hours I warred; stitching all the faster, that I might get through and no longer hear that reproving voice;—and after a while the holy Dove folded its wings, no longer over my heart, but spread them, and was away; and I—"I hoped to gain the skies!"

Again, in after days, I heard its whisperings. I would divest myself of all this conformity to the world, could I see it plainly to be a *duty* to do so. Plainly, as if a hand should write it out in letters of fire upon the dark wall; plainly, as if an audible voice should say, "Thus and thus shalt thou do." In short, plainer than God's Word makes it; louder than the Spirit speaks it. I did not think a great deal upon the subject; but every time I went to pray, right before me, right between my soul and God, these worldly trappings would come, struggle as I would to banish them from my mind, try as I would to worship God. No possible effort

that I could put forth would drive these "little things" from my mind.

It must be either the evil one or else the Spirit of God, which is so working upon my heart. The devil does not care how much like the world I am; then it must be the Spirit of God. The Spirit and the word agree. Then to the word and the testimony.

In this perplexity I opened the Bible. My eyes fell upon this: "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but, which becometh women professing godliness, with good works." I closed the Bible. Strange, strange, indeed, I thought. Is this the word of God to me?—I could wish it had been otherwise.

What person, whose will is not the will of God, but would ask some surer sign? I will open the Bible again; perchance, my eyes shall rest upon something different. So, open came the Bible, right upon this: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner, in the old time, the holy women also who trusted in God, adorned themselves," etc. Ah, well, the Bible would not sustain me in error, I plainly saw. God would not leave me with excuse. Then the narrowness of the way was opened to my vision. I saw the highway, the way of holiness, where the ransomed of the Lord were to walk, spotless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; which no ravenous beast should enter; where even a fool should not err. Would I walk there? I saw there was but one way;—a sinless path. Where in the Bible was the license given to sin? How broad the assertion of Christ, "Whosoever he be of you that

forsaketh not all that he hath, he can not be my disciple." I forsook all, and Jesus smiled. Hallelujah!

But there was another lesson for me yet to learn.

While working upon garments for my sisters, the ever-present question came, "am I doing this to the glory of God?" In vain I said that I was making them as was desired; that I was working for others, not for myself. I could not go forward until I felt assured that it was right for me to do so; and walked backward and forward in some agitation, hardly knowing what course to pursue. Thoughts of the great disappointment it would be to my sisters not to find the work done as was expected, when all the material necessary to make it "just right" was before me, strongly inclined me to lay aside my scruples; but the desire I had to glorify God in all my ways kept me still from doing so. For quite a while I walked the chamber, where I was at work alone. Then, knowing that I must quickly decide, I took up the Bible, which lay upon the bureau, and opened upon—"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men." It was the word of God, and plain enough; but you will be shocked to learn that I still thought of my sisters, who were going away to school, and who wanted their clothes made as other girls wore them. Dear reader, "When that practiced foe draws near to parley, or to strike, oh! hold no truce; better stand, and all his phalanx dare, than trust his specious lie." If I had stood, and dared him to his face, or said with Jesus, "Get thee behind me, Satan," I had not fallen so; but when I reasoned with him, he caused me greatly to tempt God, but did not, in the end, quite lead my soul away. I opened the Bible again upon these words of Jesus: "He that is of God heareth God's words; ye, therefore, hear them not, because ye are not of God," and I hid my face in my hands, and cried out in the bitterness of my soul.

I have written at length, but I have not written all my experience upon this subject. I am satisfied that flesh and blood hath not taught me these things, but the Spirit of the living God. With triumph I can sing, "The world is overcome, through the blood of the Lamb."

"But do you not like to see flowers?" says one. "O, yes. I thank God for the lovely flowers. He hath made all things beautiful,—praise his name!—gold to enrich the cheerless earth; pearls, to gleam in its dark caverns; flowers, to bloom in beauty upon its bosom; shrub and tree, to adorn its surface,—but what shall adorn the image of God?"

Oh! print this; publish it to the world. For while the church, the Lamb's bride, decks herself and flaunts in ornaments given her by her lover's inveterate foe, thus provoking her Lord to jealousy, there are few who say unto her, "Why doest thou so wickedly?"

Warren, Pa.

[Original.]

"THIS VIEW"—OF CHRIST.

BY A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

SUCH was the name a holy man had for the unspeakable blessings the Lord had bestowed upon his soul, in the possession and enjoyment of which he lived for many years, and in which he died triumphantly. That dear saint of God loved his Saviour, "Precious Christ," he was accustomed to style him, while out of the abundance of a heart overflowing with love and joy, he would delightfully commend salvation by grace, through faith in Jesus, his eye apparently ever moistened, and his face radiant from the glory and fullness of Christ within. I think of him with new and deeper gratitude at every recollection. For the glory of Jesus, and in thanksgiving for what I owe to him, under God, as the beloved instrument, used by the Holy Spirit, in first showing me some glimpses of the freeness and fullness of Jesus, as my wis-

dom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,—I will tell how the Lord led that dear man of God to perfect love which casteth out all fear,—"This View."

Dear saint, he met many opposers, and was almost alone in its enjoyment and defence, but it was evidently a "*view*" of Jesus, that filled him day and night with joy and peace. He, Ephraim Williams, was early and carefully instructed in the Word of God, and at the time of which we speak, had been many years a member of the Presbyterian church. In his life and conduct, all appeared well, none of his friends, brethren, or minister could see any cause for the convictions of unholiness, deep melancholy, and dreadful distress, which he felt, and afterwards said he often feared might end in loss of reason, or in suicide. But the Lord had mercy on him. An aged brother, to whom he mentioned his spiritual sorrows, gave him "Marshall's Gospel Mystery of Sanctification." Mr. Williams read the book, and soon returned it. The old man asked him if it had led him to peace? He replied that it had not. His friend then said, You do not understand it, and you must take it back, and give it another perusal. Being urged, he very hopelessly consented to take the book and seek anew for the promised, but not expected, gift.

His struggles to save himself were now to have an end; and years of darkness and sorrow were to give place to years of light and gladness. The days of his mourning were ended. The Lord turned for him his mourning into dancing, put off his sackcloth and girded him with gladness, to the end his glory might sing praise to the Lord and not be silent.

He was riding along slowly in his wagon, reading with such longing and intensity of soul as David felt when he says, "My soul breaketh for the longing it hath unto thy judgments at all times." While reading Marshall's remarks under "Direction 10th. That we may by gos-

pel comforts, perform duties of the law, we must get assurance in that very faith whereby we receive Christ." The Holy Spirit in an instant came as a flood of light upon his soul, showing him the fullness and the perfect freeness of salvation in Christ, and that it is received *just now*, "just as I am," by simple appropriating faith, based upon the testimony of God, without any reference to feelings or emotions within a man's own heart as an additional ground.

He believed at once; his tempest-tossed, un comforted soul was at rest, not only had he peace, but he was filled with joy. He stopped his horses, got out of his wagon, and upon his knees by the roadside he vented his praises and thanksgivings to God. "He walked with God, and had the testimony that he pleased God."

Having heard of Mr. Williams, of his assured faith, happy experiences, and readiness to converse with any he might meet upon the glorious gospel of Christ, and being providentially in his place of residence, I stopped, introduced myself, and spent a night at his house.

It appeared to me that for the first time I had met a Christian of the primitive stamp, living in the experiences of the Word of God. My soul was filled with joy, and I eagerly embraced the free and full salvation.

When I retired that night, I seemed to be in a new world. "The name of the chamber was peace."

Occasionally, for fifteen years, I grasped that sweet peace, but it was always short-lived. Thank the Lord for brother Guinness's earnest preaching, the removal of a dear child to heaven, "Boardman's Higher Christian Life," and the precious meetings of dear saints at Dr. Palmer's, — these are the means by which I have found *full and permanent peace in Jesus*.

New York, April, 1861.

I. L. F.

From the London Athenæum.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tide went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had a wilder woe,
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

Some mourned their day of youth
With a most loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green,
And the one upon the west
Turned an eye that could not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
And some of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spoke among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free,—
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart has gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea,
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

TONGUE-VICE. — "It is, indeed, a striking instance of our natural self-deception, that persons who would quite shrink from the idea of committing most of the crimes which are condemned in the Word of God, think little of the vices of the tongue. But any one who is duly jealous of himself will always watch most carefully against the sins which are the least unpopular in his own circle, and certainly the great evil of what is called the religious world is *chatteration*." — *Wilberforce*.

[Original.]

WORDS OF CONSOLATION.

BY E. M. P.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." — *John xvi. 23, 24.*

WHAT blessed promises for us to cling to, coming as they do from the lips of our Redeemer shortly before he gave himself to die for the sins of the whole world; when his bosom was filled with love and anxiety for those few weak followers whom he was about to leave alone to buffet with the world, with all the persecutions of wicked men, and the temptations of their adversary the devil. Alone? No, not alone, for he saith, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." Who is this Comforter? Jesus tells them. *John xiv. 26.* "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God, the Triune Deity, the Spirit of our God and Saviour to comfort us amidst the trials and temptations of this life. Oh, the precious promises that are given unto us! Why do we go with downcast eyes because our Father hath seen fit to send affliction upon us? He does not willingly afflict his own, if we can look unto him and say, "Though thou should'st slay me yet will I trust in thee." God loves and sympathizes with us; he pities in all our troubles; and if we can only lift our tearful eyes to him, saying, "O Lord, my hope is in thee," he will never leave us comfortless; — for does he not close his address to his disciples in *John xvi.* thus: "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Although we may be called to pass through

the furnace of affliction, the world look coldly upon us, our dearest friends forsake, and Satan assail with all his hellish arts; yet we have one Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; one who will never forsake; and there is peace for us; yes, peace that the world can not give or take away.

Then why do we not trust in this friend more, love him more, and strive to do all that is in our power to promote his cause, to bring others to this fountain for sin and uncleanness? Let us search our own hearts, and see to it that we are not idlers in our Lord's vineyard.

How these promises of Jesus have comforted my soul while in affliction. I have found every word to be yea and amen, when I believe. Let us, then, when we approach the mercy-seat, take one of the promises given us in his Word, and rest assured, if we ask in faith, we will receive; tell our God, whose ear is ever open to our cry, that he hath promised, and, like Jacob, we must and will prevail. Oh, for more faith, — simple, childlike confidence, — that we may enter into the rest that is prepared for the children of God.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone."

When the soul can cast all its care on God, how calm it becomes; when we think of the shortness of our earthly pilgrimage, and of the happiness that is in store for us at God's right hand if we are only faithful, the veil seems to be lifted from before our spirit's eye, and a glimpse is caught of the light and glory of that "better land," — of those who have been released from earth, and are basking in the sunshine of God's presence. With harps of gold in their hands, they sweep the chords, and sing that new song of Moses and the Lamb, — yes, when we have shaken off this mortal coil, when life's journey is ended, we will sing a song that angels can not. Glory to the Lamb! we will vie with the glorified ones in shouting the praises of Jesus, the Crucified, the Man of Sorrows, our Re-

deemer and Saviour. Then, let all who have tasted of his love, "press forward," keeping the prize of their high calling continually in view.

Erin Village, C. W., Aug. 20, 1861.

JOY OF COMMUNION WITH GOD.

At times, God is pleased to admit his children to nearer approaches, and more intimate degrees of fellowship with himself and his Son, Jesus Christ. He sends down the Spirit of adoption into their hearts, whereby they are enabled to cry Abba, Father; and to feel those lively affections of love, joy, trust, hope, reverence, and dependence, which it is at once their duty and their happiness to exercise toward their Father in heaven. By the influences of the same Spirit, he shines into their minds, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ; causes his glory to pass before them, and makes them, in some measure, to understand the perfections of his nature. He also reveals to them the unutterable, inconceivable, unheard-of things which he has prepared for those who love him; applies to them his exceeding great and precious promises; makes them to know that great love wherewith he has loved them, and thus causes them to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. He shines in upon their souls with the dazzling, melting, overpowering beams of grace and mercy proceeding from the Sun of righteousness, gives them to know the heights and the depths, the lengths and the breadths, of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and fills them with all the fullness of God. The Christian, in these bright, enraptured moments, while thus basking in beams of celestial light and splendor, forgets himself, forgets his existence, and is wholly absorbed in the ravishing, the ecstatic contemplation of uncreated beauty and loveliness. He endeavors to plunge himself into the

boundless ocean of divine glory which opens to his view, and longs to be wholly swallowed up and lost in God. His whole soul goes forth in one intense flame of gratitude, admiration, love, and desire. He contemplates, he wonders, he admires, he loves, and adores. His soul dilates itself beyond its ordinary capacity, and expands to receive the flood of happiness which overwhelms it. All its desires are satisfied. It no longer inquires who will show us any good, but returns unto its rest, because the Lord hath dealt bountifully with it. The scanty, noisy, thirst-producing streams of worldly delight only increase the feverish desires of the soul; but the tide of joy which flows in upon the Christian, is silent, deep, full, and satisfying. All the powers and faculties of his mind are lost, absorbed, and swallowed up in the contemplation of infinite glory. With an energy and activity unknown before, he roams and ranges through the ocean of light and love, where he can neither find a bottom nor a shore. No language can utter his feelings; but, with an emphasis, a meaning, an expression, which God alone could excite, and which he alone can understand, he breathes out the ardent emotions of his soul in broken words, while he exclaims, My Father, and my God. — *Payson.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP. — Wilberforce refused to go a few miles to hear Robert Hall, though he greatly admired him, for he thought, "in attending public worship we are not to be edified by talent, but by the Holy Spirit, and therefore we ought to look beyond the human agent."

HONOR NOT SATISFYING. — "The possession of a throne could never yet afford lasting satisfaction to an ambitious mind." — *Gibbon.*

PRIVATE PRAYER. — "When we go on ill in the closet, we commonly do everywhere else." — *Dr. Doddridge.*

THE DEATH-SCENE OF JOHN WESLEY.

His death-scene was one of the most peaceful and triumphant in the annals of the church. Prayer, praise, and thankfulness were ever on his lips. Many golden sentences, worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance, were uttered during his last hours. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." "HE IS ALL! HE IS ALL!" "There is no need for more than what I said in Bristol; my words then were—

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!'"

"We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."—"That is the foundation, the only foundation, and there is no other."—"How necessary is it for every one to be on the right foundation!"—"The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."—"Never mind the poor carcass."—"The clouds drop fatness."—"He giveth his servants rest."—"He causeth his servants to lie down in peace."—"I'll praise: I'll praise."—"Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those that can not. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that thou loosest the tongue."—"Jesus! Jesus!" His lips are wetted, and he says his usual grace, "We thank thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies. Bless the church and king; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever."—Those who look out of the windows are darkened, and he sees only the shadow of his friends around his bed: "Who are these?" "We are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." "It is the Lord's doing," he calmly replies, "and marvelous in our eyes."—"I will write," he exclaims, and the materials are placed within his reach; but the "right hand has forgot her cunning," and "the pen of the once ready writer" refuses to move. "Let me write for you, sir," says an attendant. "What would you say?"

"Nothing, but that God is with us."—"Now we have done all. Let us all go."—And now, with all his remaining strength, he cries out, "The best of all is, God is with us!" And again, lifting his fleshless arm in token of victory, and raising his failing voice to a pitch of holy triumph, he repeats the heart-reviving words, "The best of all is, God is with us!" A few minutes before ten o'clock on the morning of the 2d of March, 1791, he slowly and feebly whispered, "Farewell! farewell!" and, literally, "without a lingering groan," calmly "fell on sleep, having served his generation by the will of God."

"PRAYING IN THE HOLY GHOST."

For merely natural work, merely natural strength, received and maintained in the order of Providence, is sufficient. For supernatural work, supernatural strength, received and maintained in the order of grace, is absolutely necessary. This is God's gift; and as in natural, so in spiritual life, "in him we live, and move, and have our being." The Spirit, in an ancient creed, is confessed as "the Giver of Life;" and we live spiritually only while he lives in us. By him we first receive the divine life, being "born of the Spirit;" and through him we receive its supplies. But as we must take the appointed sustenance for our natural life, so must we seek the supplies for our spiritual life. The same Spirit creates the desire for this. We hunger and thirst after righteousness. And as we must ask, that we may receive, so is he especially the Spirit of prayer. By his inward witness to our adoption, he enables us to view God as our Father, and he incites us to address him as such. By him "we cry, Abba, Father." Prayer must be, of course, our own act, perceiving and feeling our wants, and desiring and asking supply. Thus must we pray with the understanding.

But to be mightily effectual, prayer must be "in the Holy Ghost." He must move within us, giving us to see, causing us to feel, our wants, and exciting most earnest desires for their supply. It is a great part of his work thus to help our infirmities, to make intercession within us, to awaken desires and feelings too large for language, only finding vent in "groanings which can not be uttered." Thus, and under this influence, should prayer be conceived and offered. We only thus have communion with God, make prayer a real exercise of the spiritual life, and "pour out our heart before him." There is a thinking of prayer as formal as a saying of prayer. Whatever the method, we only get nigh to God in prayer when we are "praying in the Holy Ghost." We should ask for this. We should never grieve the Holy Spirit, that we may not lose the power of efficacious prayer. We should obey all his motions in this respect, and when he stirs us up to pray, then pray especially. Pray till you feel the praying spirit. Pray when you have the praying spirit. A twofold duty is suggested. Pray much, but always to pray in the Holy Ghost. Preserve by watchfulness, self-denial, and obedience, prevailing spirituality, and in this power pray for yet more. Such prayer will be, not cold statement, however correct, nor passionate effusion, however fervent. It will be the soul wrestling with God in divine strength; taking hold of his promise, and drawing itself up to him. Oh, carefully heed the object,—to be kept in the love of God, looking for Christ's mercy; and the means, Christian edification and prevailing prayer. This is to go on conquering and to conquer!—*Methodist Recorder*.

JACOB'S WELL.

BY REV. J. P. NEWMAN.

A MILE to the east of Shechem is Jacob's well. Around it are the fragments of an old church, and the square vault which once

covered the well's mouth has fallen to ruins. It is nine feet in diameter, and seventy-five feet deep. The water is beautifully clear, and the most delicious we ever drank. It was no ordinary privilege to drink from a patriarchal well, at which the sons of Jacob watered their father's flocks; but the spot was more sacred, and the privilege more exalted, having been sanctified by the presence and teachings of Christ. All the facts in the inspired narrative touching his conversation with the woman of Samaria, are verified by the physical features of the scene.

The well is on the direct road from Jerusalem to Galilee, whither Christ was going, and here he rested in the heat of the day while his disciples turned up the valley of Nablous to the town, some two miles distant, to buy meat; "the well is deep," and he had nothing to draw with, and was therefore dependent on the woman for a drink; directly in front of them rose the sacred Mount Gerizim, to which first the woman and then the Saviour pointed, during the discourse; and at his feet lay the rich fields of Mukna, to which he referred his disciples as being "white already to the harvest." The woman of Samaria is dead; our Lord has ascended to heaven; his disciples, one by one, have passed to their reward; nobler wells have superseded that of the Patriarchs; Gerizim is a desolation, but the words of Christ that first fell from his divine lips on the soft air of Shechem's vale, and whispered by the winds on Ebal and Gerizim, are now heard in all the valleys and on all the mountains of the world.

Less than half a mile to the north is the tomb of Joseph, he who was the darling son, the wandering shepherd-boy, the Hebrew captive, Potiphar's slave, Ase-nath's betrothed, Pharaoh's prime minister, the preserver of life, the model man, and exemplary saint. The parcel of land, which his father bought from Hamor, is now the place of his sepulchre, and Mount

Ebal is his tombstone. It is one of the few shrines in the Holy Land the identity of which is undisputed, and the inspired account of his burial is too definite to admit of a doubt. Though unmarked by stately granite or polished marble, it is a beautiful coincidence, that a vine, the symbol chosen by the dying father to represent his son's prosperity, is now growing over his grave. "Joseph is a fruitful bough; even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall." — *The Methodist*.

THE OLD HERB WOMAN.

ALICE found her one day resting under the cooling shade of a tree outside the garden gate.

"Do you want something?" asked Alice.

"Yes, dear child," she answered; "I want a new dress."

"A pretty calico?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon fade," answered the poor herb woman.

"A black woolen?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon wear out," answered she.

"A silk?" asked Alice.

"I have nothing fit to wear with it," answered the herb woman, and Alice thought as much.

"A plain, beautiful plaid?" asked the child.

"That will too soon go out of fashion," answered the herb woman.

"Do you care much about the fashion?" asked Alice.

"I want the dress to last me a thousand years or more!" said the old woman.

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, drawing back, for she half thought the poor woman was crazy, "do you expect to live so long? A thousand years is a great, great while, and you are pretty old now."

"I shall live longer than that," she said.

"I will ask mother," said the little girl, much puzzled, "if she knows what dress would suit you; and perhaps she'll buy it for you."

"Your mother is not rich enough to buy it, dear child," said the old woman.

"My *father* is rich," said she.

"Not rich enough to buy me the dress I want," answered the old woman.

"Do you want a dress like a queen?" asked Alice.

"No; but I want a dress like a King's daughter!"

"The old herb woman is crazy," thought Alice to herself; "she talks so queer. I don't know where you will get such a dress," said she aloud; "something that will never fade, never wear out, never go out of fashion."

"And never get soiled or spoiled," added the old herb woman; "wear it when and where you may, it will always keep white and shining!"

"Oh!" was all that Alice could say. Then she added, "I should like such a one, I am sure. Could a little girl have one? But a little girl would outgrow hers."

"No," said the herb woman; "the dress would let itself out so as to suit you always!"

The child was lost in wonder. "Will you please tell me what it is, and where I can get one?" she asked.

"It is the garment of salvation, and the robe of righteousness, which Jesus Christ has wrought for you and for me, dear child," said the old woman tenderly. "Christ came to take away the poor rags of our sins, and to put on us his pure white robe, and make us fit to be the children of God, the great King, and live in his palace for ever. Should you not like to, dear child?"

"Yes," answered the child, "I do want to be one of God's children. I always wanted to. Will he give me a heavenly dress, do you think?"

RECOLLECTION.

BY REV. JOHN FLETCHER.

RECOLLECTION is a dwelling within ourselves; being abstracted from the creature, and turned toward God. It is both outward and inward. Outward recollection consists in silence from all idle and superfluous words, and a wise disentanglement from the world; keeping to our own business, observing and following the order of God for ourselves, and shutting the ear against all curious and unprofitable matters. Inward recollection consists in shutting the door of the senses; in a deep attention to the presence of God, and in continual care of entertaining holy thoughts for fear of spiritual idleness. Through the power of the Spirit, let this recollection be steady, even in the midst of hurrying business; let it be calm and peaceable, and let it be lasting. Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. To maintain this recollection, beware of entering too deeply, and beyond what is necessary, into outward things; beware of suffering your affections to be entangled by worldly vanities, your imagination to amuse itself with unprofitable objects, and of indulging yourself in the commission of what are called small faults. For want of continuing in a recollected frame all the day, our times of prayer are frequently dry and useless; imagination prevails, and the heart wanders; whereas we easily pass from recollection to delightful prayer. Without this spirit, there can be no useful self-denial, nor can we know ourselves; but where it dwells, it makes the soul all eye, all ear; traces and discovers sin, repels its first assaults, or crushes it in its earliest risings. But take care here to be more taken up with thoughts of God than of yourself; and consider how hardly recollection is sometimes obtained, and how easily it is lost. Use no forced labor to raise a particular frame; nor tire, fret,

nor grow impatient if you have no comfort; but meekly acquiesce, and confess yourself unworthy of it; lie prostrate in humble submission before God, and patiently wait for the smiles of Jesus. May the following motives stir you up to the pursuit of recollection:—

1. Without it, God's voice can not be heard in the soul. 2. It is the altar on which we must offer up our Isaacs. 3. It is instrumentally a ladder—if I may be allowed the expression—to ascend to God. 4. By it the soul gets to its center, out of which it cannot rest. 5. Man's soul is the temple of God; recollection the holy of holies. 6. As the wicked by recollection find hell in their hearts, so faithful souls find heaven. 7. Without recollection, all means of grace are useless, or make but a light and transitory impression.

If we would be recollected, we must expect to suffer. Sometimes God does not speak immediately to the heart; we must then continue to listen with a more humble silence. Sometimes assaults of the heart, or of the temper, may follow, together with a weariness, and a desire to turn the mind to something else;—here we must be patient. By patience unwearied we inherit the promises. Dissipated souls are severely punished. If any man abide not in Christ, he is cast out as a branch;—cast out of the light of God's countenance, and barrenness follows in the use of the means. The world and Satan gather and use him for their service. He is cast into the fire of the passions, of guilt, of temptation, and perhaps of hell. As dissipation always meets its punishment, so recollection never fails of its reward. After a patient waiting, comes communion with God, and the sweet sense of his peace and love. Recollection is a castle, an inviolable fortress against the world and the devil; it renders all times and places alike, and it is the habitation where Christ and his bride dwell.

THE GUEST.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—*Rev. iii. 20.*

SPEECHLESS sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily!
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly:

"I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock:
In the dark I found the lock—
"Enter, I have turned the key!
Enter, stranger,
Who art come to sup with me!"

Opening wide the door, he came;
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face;
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,

Lo! my Master

Was the Guest that supped with me!

—*Harriet McEwen Kimball.*

[Original.]

HAPPINESS KNOWN ONLY TO
THE CHRISTIAN.

BY RUTH.

OH wanton wordlings, ye who deeply drink
From pleasure's sparkling goblet, ye who love
The midnight revel and the halls of mirth,
Who mingle often in the giddy dance
All crowned with flowers and decked with gorgeous gems;

Or ye, who love the trumpet-voice of fame;
To trace the praises of your fellow-men
Are as sweet incense; and ye too who make
Idols of riches and bow down to gold,

Ye, nobler ones, whose brows are seamed
with thought;

Who love to sit in learning's lofty halls,
Who count it all your joy to name the stars,
To hold high converse with the mighty dead,
To trace the rise of empires and their fall,
Unfold the leaves of nature's wondrous book,
To grasp high truths and mysteries to explore,
But never yet have deemed it worth your while
The mystery of godliness to ponder.

Ye, dreamers all! and most insatiate fools!
Apples of dust ye eat and call them sweet;
On husks ye feed, on empty worthless husks.
The void you feel in those immortal souls
You seek to fill with bubbles and with toys.
Fond dreamers all! I tell you, many a slave
Poor, naked, weary, scourged, despised of all,
If he but carry daily in his heart
The love of Jesus and the hope of heaven,
A joy may know which ye have never known,
A joy worth all the universe besides.
O what a hope the Christian bosom cheers!
Most glorious hope of immortality!
A hope that shall unto his trusting soul
An anchor prove e'en in that dreadful day
When heaven and earth in flames shall pass away.

TRUE LIFE.

LIFE is ours; ours to enjoy, ours to improve. How shall we live it truly?

We sometimes, in our short-sighted way, scan the lives of others, that we may determine whose deeds are most worthy of imitation; and we involuntarily turn to those most known, most applauded by mankind, thinking that they alone are worthy to be imitated.

The farmer, by his fireside, reads of those who have distinguished themselves in various ways. The printed page is laid aside, and discontent almost creeps into his heart as he thinks of his own life, that has never extended its influence beyond his native place. Year after year he has patiently sown the seed, and gathered in his harvest. Naught has he done beyond caring for his own green fields.

The mechanic thinks, as he walks slowly home, "What is my life worth? If I had the talents of him to whom I have listened to-day, I might be useful, but I am only an humble workman."

A lady of wealth and influence passes by. A faithful steward has she been of the talents God has given her. Her wealth has been poured out with no niggard hand, and many of the poverty-stricken ones of earth rise up and call her blessed. The weary mother, from her cottage window, sees her as she passes, and sighs as she contrasts her own life with hers. As she

looks back at the close of each day, she can think of no great deeds, no large charities, only little duties faithfully performed. Now a broken toy mended, then a torn garment repaired, and by-and-by, at the setting of the sun, prayers listened to from lisping tongues just learning the notes of praise. Surely her life is not worth much to the world.

Thus we reason as we look at the surface of things. Above there reigns a God, who sees beyond all this, who searches the very thoughts of man. Not he who has done the most apparent good, is always approved by him. He sees that the simplest duties of life are often performed with a patient trust, and self-denying charity not found in those who sit in high places. He lives the truest life who most patiently, most faithfully labors in the sphere to which duty calls him, be it high or low. Every department of labor is useful, and when God calls his children to their home of rest above, his brightest jewels may be gathered from the lowliest homes on earth.

SALVATION AS A FREE GIFT.

THE simple style of the following extract, which we find in *Challen's Monthly*, may be suggestive to some of our clerical readers, who wish to reach the hearts of the people:—

I once found myself in company with a party of friends in the gallery of a small village church, listening to a discourse from a colored minister, or rather exhorter. After some preliminary exercises, a gray-headed man, evidently quite a patriarchal personage, arose, and announced as his subject, "The history of Dives and Lazarus," which he proceeded to explain and enforce. One illustration he used was so full of quaint simplicity, and at the same time so adapted to express the idea he meant to convey, that it struck me forcibly. He was trying to show how a

sinner should accept the gospel offers of salvation.

"Suppose," said he, "any of you wanted a coat, and should go to a white gentleman to purchase one. Well, he has one that exactly fits you, and in all respects is just what you need. You ask the price, but when told, find you have not enough money, and shake your head.

"'No, massa, I am too poor, must go without,' and turn away.

"But he says, 'I know you cannot pay me, and I have concluded to give it you; will you have it?'

"What would you do in that case?—stop to hem and haw, and say, 'O, he's just laughing at me, he don't mean it?' No such thing. There is not one of you who would not take the coat and say—

"'Yes, massa, and thank you, too.'

"Now, my dear friends, God's salvation is offered you as freely as that; why wont you *take it as freely*? You are lost, undone sinners, and feel that you need a covering from his wrath. If you would keep his holy law blameless, you might purchase it by good works; but ah! you are all full of sin, and that continually. Prayers and tears are worthless. You are poor indeed, and if this is all your dependence, I don't wonder that you are turning off in despair. But stop,—look here,—God speaks now, and offers you the perfect robe of Christian righteousness, that will cover all your sins, and fit all your wants, and says that you may have it 'without money and without price.' O, brethren, my dear brethren, do take God's word for it, and thankfully accept his free gift."

What impression the words had on the old man's colored auditors, I can not tell; but as our group left the church, one of the ladies remarked to another—

"What a strange idea that was about the coat!"

"My dear friend," was the reply, "it suited my state of mind, rough and unpolished as it was, better than all Dr.

—'s elaborate and eloquent arguments this morning. I am so glad that I came here. This is the way I have been despairingly seeking for years. How simple! How plain! Free grace alone! Yes, I *will take God at his word* —

“Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

BERWICK ON TWEED, ENG.

Our work here has differed in some respects from that in which we have usually been engaged.

The Wesleyan cause here is small; the church membership twenty-seven. The chapel, capable of seating about four hundred, was soon found insufficient to accommodate the congregation. As people of various denominations were in attendance, it was proposed that the Exchange should be taken. This is a large building, similar to our New York Exchange, and sufficiently commodious. Business rooms, which might be used as vestries, at each corner of the building, suggested it as a good battle-ground for an ingathering from the hosts of sin, on evangelical principles.

We have reason to believe there has been a great amount of conviction. One evening, when Dr. P. asked that all the anxious inquirers would stay after the congregation was dismissed, between two and three hundred, I think, remained.

But the people having been wholly untrained to the habit of making any manifestation of their feelings, and some were even taught to think it wrong to do so, it has been difficult to bring them out largely to an open acknowledgment; but we have reason to know that many are feeling deeply. Last evening it was estimated that 1,500 were present. The four rooms set apart for seekers were all

occupied, and many convicted of sin found mercy.

An evening or two ago Rev. Mr. R— asked me if I would go and see a lady in the inquiring-room. She was anxious to see me. On inquiring into her case, I found she was a Church of England communicant, but she had known nothing of the bliss of conscious adoption. She was very earnest, lovely, and intelligent; but she thought the doctrine of faith exceedingly difficult to understand. She was trying to explain her difficulties, when I interrupted her by saying, You have been redeemed unto God at an infinite price, and how can it be otherwise than that God is infinitely willing to receive you when you come to him as a sinner trusting in Jesus the Saviour of sinners?

You say you cannot *believe*, but there is one thing you *know*. It is this, “Ye are not your own.” Why are you not your own? Because you are bought with a price; you believe this, do you not?

“Oh, yes!” she earnestly responded, “I believe that.” Well, then, if you are not your own, to whom do you belong? “To Jesus.” You really do *believe* that, of course, and O, what a happy thought it is, to *know* that you belong to Jesus, and that he is your Saviour, and is now remembering you at the right hand of the Majesty on high. O, is it not, indeed, enough to make an angel happy, and will you not praise him for it?

“O, yes!” she exclaimed; and with joyful lips she began to magnify the God of her salvation.

Thus she became a happy believer, before she was scarcely aware that she was believing; and so sweetly was the love of God shed abroad in her heart through the Holy Ghost given to her, that she at once wanted to show the ardor of her love by doing something for Jesus.

Looking me lovingly in the eyes, she exclaimed, “Can you tell me *what* I can do for Jesus?”

Was not this indeed beautiful?

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER TO THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

BARNARD CASTLE, ENG.,
August 9, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER GORHAM: I am most happy to hail you as a sort of traveling editor and agent for the *Guide to Holiness*. Did I not see an announcement to this effect two or three months since? So I believe, and I pray that in its more extensive field thousands may, through your instrumentality, be directed into the "Way of Holiness."

In view of the perilous times upon which our nation has fallen, little seems worthy of earnest thought other than such things as have a direct bearing on the interests of the soul, and our country's weal. When we think of the thousands, who, without a moment's warning, have gone from the field of battle into the presence of a holy God, the question whether engaged in bloody conflict for North or South, is comparatively lost in the engrossing questions, was the victim prepared to meet God? Had he that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord?

I need not tell you that I am most deeply and profoundly interested in the question, whether our government shall be sustained, and our Union remain unbroken. But oh, I can not begin to tell you what I feel in beholding the costly sacrifice now being laid on the altar of our country's welfare. Viewing the deadly conflict from a distance of three thousand miles does not lessen its terrors. But we feel that we must not permit our minds to dwell on these sad scenes, or it would utterly disable us for the work God has given us, by way of doing our part in preparing deathless spirits for immortality and eternal life.

Our good Bishop Hamline, writing to us years ago, said, "Jesus reigns, and this is enough to fill a universe with rapture!" My soul exults in the privilege of coming to Jesus, the world's Conqueror. And while "wars' and tumults"

waves run high," I hear him saying, "In me ye shall have peace." O that the God of nations would grant our beloved country a speedy and favorable issue out of her troubles, and suffer no more the rod of oppression to rest upon our fair inheritance.

You know something of what have been my views for many years past, in regard to the period of the world in which we live. My conviction deepens that the drama of this world's history is fast winding up. Is not the great tribulation spoken of by Daniel coming upon us?

I have no sympathy with those who would fix the day or hour of the coming of our Lord. But I am free to acknowledge that during the past twenty-years, I have prayerfully been comparing Scripture with Scripture, on the subject of our Lord's second coming. All Scripture is given by inspiration. The Scriptures on this topic are for our instruction in righteousness. And because some misguided people have erred in opinion and spirit on this theme, the prince of this world would fain turn aside the attention of sincere Christians from prayerful, scriptural investigation.

Though it is written, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man," yet our incarnate Lord, in answer to the inquiries of his disciples, gave certain signs which should precede his coming, and said, "When ye shall see all these things come to pass, *know* that it is near, even at the doors." And why did he give these signs, if it were not important that we should observe them? He reproved those Scribes and Pharisees who did not take pains to observe the signs of his first coming. Had they done so, they might have been prepared for its solemn issues.

Perhaps you may wonder when I say that though I have been so long interested, I have not studied human authors largely on the subject. But to my mind, there is that which is so emphatic in the Scriptures of truth on this solemn, yet

glorious theme, that I am amazed Christians of the present day do not feel more like the early Christians, who would fain have hastened the day by their eager longings for it.

They were told that a falling away must first come, and the Man of Sin, who exalteth himself above all that is called God, must be revealed. See 2 Thess. ii. 1-10. Surely

"The plague, the noise, the din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And speak his kingdom near;
His chariot will not long delay,
We hear its rumbling wheels, and say,
Triumphant, Lord, appear."

In my searchings on this subject, I judge also from analogy, scripturally, *seven* is a perfect number. *Seventh* day is first spoken of as hallowed to the Lord. *Seventh* week, — *seventh* year, &c. Each dispensation has lasted about two thousand years. First the Antediluvian era, then the Mosaic, and now we are hastening toward the completion of two thousand years since the morning of the Spirit's dispensation dawned upon us, of which Peter, while speaking as the Spirit gave utterance, said, "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel, And it shall come to pass in the *last days*, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," &c.

Peter, in referring to the solemnity of the age in which he lived, says, "We upon whom the *ends of the world are come*." If the apostles, while writing through the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost, could refer thus to the point of time in which he was living, what may we think of that in which we live? Are we not living in the Saturday evening times? "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." May we not anticipate some wondrous change, as the seven thousandth year opens upon us?

And what shall this great change be?

As far as the light of Scripture beams upon my own mind, I seem to see in the dim haze the dawning of millennial glory. The coming of him whose right it is to reign; the new heavens and new earth; the ushering in of the grand Sabbatic year; the saint's jubilee. When those who have attained a part in the first resurrection shall live and reign with Christ a thousand years. But I have unexpectedly permitted my pen to run on in the contemplation of this glorious subject, until I have little room for anything else. Through grace, I am daily enabled to apprehend more fully that to live is Christ. And whether I tarry till Jesus comes —

"Or pass through death triumphant home," it matters but little. Life at the longest is but for a moment.

I often think of your dear sweet Nellie (Mrs. Baldwin). Of few might it be said more truly —

"She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

She was a precious offering laid on the altar of missions. But not too costly to render at the demand of him to whom our "more than all is due." We saw the interesting obituary in the Advocate; but shall we not see something more extended in the Guide to Holiness, or elsewhere?

I have a letter on hand of several pages, giving a sort of synopsis of our journeyings since the time we parted with you. I commenced to write it before I heard of dear Helen's departure. I then paused in the recital, intending to send you a letter more in accordance with our own and your feelings, in view of the solemn event, and have not since found time to resume the narrative.

We often hear most pleasing accounts of the converts from various places we have visited. A letter, a short time since received, tells us of one who is now preaching the gospel. He says that for

months past he has been "bathing in a sea of glory." He received the blessing of holiness a few days after his conversion. I could speak of scores of young men whose experience has been similar to the young man just referred to, and who are now variously engaged in the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom.

Two are now studying at the University of Cambridge, preparatory to entering the ministry in the Established Church. As they are young men of fervent, enlightened piety, we can not but hope they will be mighty through the Spirit in pulling down the strongholds of Satan, in a church where spiritual power is greatly needed.

We are in the neighborhood where the Bishop of Durham has resided. He has just gone from his princely mansion to the world where earthly distinctions are unknown. But he has been a man, if not of the primitive apostolic order, yet much more nearly so than most of the bishops of the Established Church in England. He was of evangelical principles, and experimentally pious. He has been blamed by some of the Church hierarchy for his unostentatious habits, not generally reading his sermons, and not only preaching the gospel to the poor, but visiting them as a pastor at their houses. He was beloved by many of all denominations. Prayers were offered for his recovery at the Chapel where we are laboring, and earnest were the pleadings that his life might be spared.

Papers giving an account of our beloved Bishop Janes's visit to the Wesleyan Conference in Newcastle may have already reached you. The good bishop gave much satisfaction. We have received letters expressive of the most grateful, affectionate interest in our devoted "American Bishop," as he is called. One received yesterday says, "I saw several among the more prominent on the platform turn and wipe away

the tear, as they listened to his apostolic address."

It seems strange that we should have been within fifty miles of Newcastle and not have seen the bishop. But we stood advertised for daily labor here, and could not leave. Part of our time during Conference has been spent in Darlington, and the latter part at this town, about twelve miles from D. While at D., several ministers called, on their way to Conference, and remained a day or two.

Among these was the Rev. Thomas Jackson, the Theological Tutor of the Wesleyan training school for young ministers. Jackson's Centenary of Methodism, and several excellent works, are the product of his pen. I felt an interest in seeing him, as the Dr. Bangs of Methodism, and was not a little interested in hearing that he had expressed a desire to see us. We had a most pleasant interview at the house of our estimable friends, the Misses Woodward, of Darlington, and never can we forget his apostolic and fervent benediction on us and our labors, as he retained our hand in his earnest grasp at parting.

Little did this venerated minister anticipate the trial awaiting him so soon after his arrival at Conference. He is now in his seventy-eighth year, and after nineteen years' service as Theological Tutor at the Richmond Institute, had just resigned this position of active service, amid the thanks, regrets, and high encomiums of his ministerial brethren. Twice he had been elected by his brethren to the presidency of the Conference, and now on his retirement from active labor, grateful and enthusiastic congratulations had seemingly rekindled the vigor of early manhood, and in weighty wise words, he called forth the alternate tears and smiles of his auditory.

Scarcely had this scene passed, when the Rev. Samuel Jackson, brother to the Rev. T. Jackson, was called to his seat among the glorified in heaven. He

had been present at several sittings of the Conference, occupying his own place as one of the ex-presidents. He was seized with paralysis, on Wednesday evening, and, gradually sinking, expired on Lord's day evening, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and the fifty-fifth year of his ministry.

How remarkable and suggestive are the ordainments of the Head of the Church! Who among his brethren but must have heard a voice admonishing to faithfulness and diligence. He was taken from his field of battle in the presence of his brethren, and his remains followed to their last resting-place by his fellow-laborers, — the president, ex-presidents, and other influential ministers being among those who were most prominent in his funeral obsequies.

During our visit to Darlington, of about thirty days, the Lord of the harvest visited his people in great mercy. The people came from various parts of the district. Occasionally special trains were run, bringing persons from near and remote towns. It is only common in these as in other regions we visit, for persons to come from miles distant, seeking either pardon or purity, and bringing their friends with them.

The extent of the work can in no wise be estimated by the number of names gathered upon the church record of any particular place. The people flock to the altar of prayer irrespective of denomination or locality. Doubtless not less than four hundred were brought to Jesus during the season of visitation with which Darlington has been favored. The names of three hundred and sixty-nine were taken. The minister who took the secretaryship of the meeting, on handing us the number, said he knew the number blest exceeded the record made, and this we also well knew, as the names at some of the services were not taken at all, and at other times, in the crowded vestry, persons were overlooked.

But it was cause of thankfulness that we had so much of the presence and aid of the ministry, the meetings being held at the time Conference was progressing, and only about fifty miles distant. Some very interesting reminiscences of the Darlington revival crowd upon my memory, but my time will not admit of the recital now.

August 19. It is a little over two weeks since we commenced our labors in this place (Barnard Castle). The cloud of divine mercy has broken upon the people, and over two hundred have been blest. We are the guests of I. Steele, Esq., who is a lover of holiness, and a promoter of every good work.

Few hail the monthly visits of the Guide to Holiness with greater interest than this devoted household of faith. Our kind host is quite an antiquarian. I have original letters now before me which he has handed me for inspection, which I am sure would feast your eyes and heart. One from Dr. Adam Clarke; another from Joseph Benson, the great commentator, also from Henry Moore, James McDonald, and others noted in Wesleyan literature.

It is now Saturday. We expect to close our labors here on Monday evening. A farewell tea-meeting will be given in the afternoon, at five o'clock, at which it is expected the converts, with scores of others, will be present. These gatherings are very interesting. At a place where we labored not long ago, a free tea-meeting was given, where about three hundred who had been blest during the services sat down together to tea. Was not this a beautiful way of introducing the young converts to the older members of the household?

The importance of taking the names of the newly converted, in order that they may at once be given to the watch-care of the church, can not be over estimated. How emphatic the declaration, "Even so, it is not the will of your

Father, *that one of these little ones should perish.*" If not at once entrusted to the care of nursing fathers and mothers, is there not danger that they will perish? And if so, where will their blood be found? May it not be on the skirts of that church to whom that babe in Zion was entrusted? I have sometimes feared that much blood may be found on some church communities who have failed on account of not entertaining right views of responsibilities in relation to this matter.

That many children should be born to Zion, brings solemn and weighty responsibilities on the church community to which they are given. Doubtless God in mercy withholds a revival from some church communities, because there are not a sufficient number of nursing fathers and mothers to meet the emergency.

Barnard Castle is a very ancient little town, situated on the bank of the river Tees, which divides the county of Durham from Yorkshire. Its environs abound in beautiful drives and walks. Our English friends far outvie their American cousins as pedestrians. It is only usual for them to walk from two to five miles for pleasure. We have had several delightful drives. Here, as in other places we have visited, our friends are ever kindly urging upon us the means and modes which may best promote our physical comfort and strength. Though with the exception of occasional drives, we have only gone where our work has called us, few, I presume, have had such ample opportunities of seeing England from length to breadth.

Here, as when in America, we never visit any society or place, only as officially and urgently invited. But these invitations have taken us to every part of England. Our visits, in regard to time, have averaged from twenty to thirty days; seldom exceeding this. Often have we seen from two to three hundred saved weekly, and scarcely do

we remember to have labored at any place, however small, but we have seen, on the whole, one hundred blest on an average each week.

Calls wholly beyond what we are able to meet are ever pressing upon us, and yet we feel that we must ere long leave England, or not be answerable to oft-repeated solicitations which we have long desired to meet, particularly to Ireland and Wales. We did expect to attend a camp-meeting in Ireland, to which we have been officially invited, and in fact it was advertised that we were expected to attend.

As the camp-meeting was advertised to be after the American fashion, and the fact of holding a camp-meeting among the Wesleyans is very unusual, much attention was attracted, and friends from a distance have desired to know what success crowned the meeting. We have received letters from those who were most prominent in sustaining the meeting, assuring us that the Lord was gloriously present, and many received justifying and others sanctifying grace.

Rev. Horatio Graves, local brother, who has spent several years in America in the region of the Troy Conference, was very helpful in promoting the interests of the meeting. While I write, another is being held in the neighborhood of Portadown, Ireland.

August 20. My letter has unexpectedly been delayed. We are just on the eve of leaving this place. We had delightful closing services last night, when many were blest. The secretary of the meeting informs us that the names of three hundred and three have been taken of those who have either received freedom or purity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous works.

Love to dear Sister G. and each member of your beloved family circle.

Yours in Jesus,
PHOEBE PALMER.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY meeting. One has said she liked to be here on a rainy day,—why, she did not tell, but we think if she was at the last meeting the storm would have been to her content. The rain poured down so copiously, and the wind blew so fearlessly that we thought few would be present; neither men nor women would be brave enough to stem the elements in their conflict.

However, a goodly number of brethren and sisters composed the little company, with God shut in. It was a time when we thought, "How amiable are thy tabernacles." Those who in their extreme humility remain in silence at other times, brought forth their sweet experiences of perfect love. The laymen do well in their enjoyment of this doctrine. One had traversed the earth around, not excepting the gold regions of California, to find happiness, but the fullness of Christ could alone slake his insatiable thirst for bliss. When among the mines at one time, he took out his hymn book and sung a hymn which had an influence upon his heart never to be forgotten. Now he is at rest in the fountain of love,—the cleansing blood of Immanuel.

Mrs. L. spoke of the recent departure of Dr. Palmer's beloved sister, Mrs. Cox. "After a long and painful illness, last night, her ransomed spirit fled to its prepared abode. Years since, a weeping penitent, she presented herself at the altar. The hymn, "Arise, my soul, arise," was commenced; I whispered, sister Eliza, sing, and amid her tears she sang

"He ever lives above,
For me to intercede."

When the last verse

"My God is reconciled,"

was began, she looked up and said, "May I sing it?" "Yes," I said, "it is true;" and while her lips were using the language of faith, the joy of pardon lighted up her happy face, and

"The Spirit answered to the word,
And (told) her she was born of God."

A few years after she attended a camp-meeting panting for purity. One evening in a meeting she heard her brother, Dr. Palmer, say, "Holiness is loving God with all the heart." She cried out, "Is that all? Is that all? I love God with all my heart." From that time she believed that she possessed the blessing of purity.

All the way through life she kept its testimony clear in her experience, and was eminently useful to souls.

When on the brink of the river, and her voice had failed, she struggled to speak to her sister, but unable to make an utterance, she took her sister's hand, and with her forefinger made a "P," and so on, until the word "*Precious*" was spelt out; then her sister was able to help her, and said, "*Precious Jesus*." She nodded her satisfied assent, and her spirit soon left its temporary abode, and she was among the choir above, to unite her pure and poetic soul in the chorus of the skies.

Tuesday in September. Another rainy day, the number was small, yet many from a distance were present, showing how dearly they appreciate this place of blessing. Three ministers were in the group, and it was a season to be set down in the annals of eternity, when in the world of everlasting light and bliss we talk of the good things we met by the way in passing through the lanes of earth.

One said she would, till life's latest day, retain the remembrance of this meeting, for she had received a deeper indwelling in God. The divine presence was clearly manifested in reading the Scripture, and opening prayers.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost were invited to be our guests, and they truly made known their power to refresh and bless our spirits: "Wine on the lees and well refined," might have been the language of every believing soul.

With the heart man believeth unto

righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation, was the topic of the general experience. One said that she had ever found it the safest and surest way to retain her *entire acceptance*, in acknowledging *all* that God does for her; before receiving a clean heart, she had been told by a Methodist friend that she must confess it, to retain the witness of purity. It is a light that will go out if smothered by silence. She had so ardently thirsted after righteousness, and was so thankful for the gift bestowed, that it was but a small cross, if any, for her to confess the power of Christ to save from sin. She had been much blessed in the prayer when it had been asked that the Son would bring his Father to come in and sup with us,—her soul felt the honor conferred by the presence of God in the soul.

Another, who had long been in a state of harassing temptations, and was in a measure freed at the Sing-Sing Camp-Meeting, said she had lost much by yielding to the enemy in keeping silence. She had not been contented with her own gifts, but was tempted to think she could not speak as well as others,—a mere temptation, and had ceased to confess Christ's power to save her. She now knows that she loves God with *all her heart*, and the cleansing atonement is applied to her soul. The time, as usual, was too short for all to speak, and to acknowledge their Lord, and they were requested to rise who would have liked the privilege. Two arose for prayer.

And we adjourned for another week, again renewed in the faith that God is sanctifying his general church and ministry.

The week before several new witnesses gave in their testimony. This week one who had been long seeking, found the blessing at the communion rail, in her own church. Those who were seeking purity were invited with other seekers, and she was enabled to believe unto righteousness.

The Guide to Holiness.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

BEULAH.

HAVE you been there, fellow Christian? You know then how balmy are its breezes, how enrapturing are the songs that are wafted thither from the Celestial City, and how grand are the prospects which faith gives from its holy heights of the land lying beyond the flood. Oh, how good it is to be there! The presence of the Lamb of God resting upon it is a light above the brightness of the sun. Multitudes of angels and of the redeemed seem near. The place is too sacred for worldly men, and the power of the tempter is paralyzed, for a time at least, by its profound spirituality.

But Beulah is not heaven; its sacred grounds lie quite within the limits of our probationary state. True, the Christian's most delightful visits to it are often made just before he passes over the river of death to the Holy City; yet the path to its precincts is generally through the valley of conflict, and the calls of duty lead from it through ways in which the spirit of the pilgrim is in heaviness through manifold temptations. It is evidently not in the economy of grace for the Christian to abide continually at Beulah, any more than for him to tarry always amid scenes of spiritual heaviness. But Beulah and the valley of conflict have an important relation to each other, as the dove-like descent of the Spirit and the voice from heaven at Christ's baptism were related to the temptation in the wilderness; and as the mount of transfiguration was related to Gethsemane. The one prepares for the other; and their combined influence is necessary for the thorough furnishing of the man of God for every good word and work. The mount and the valley have their lessons of instruction, which will be engraven on every thoughtful heart.

The mount teaches that God and heaven are not afar off. It is the measurable and temporary lifting of the veil which hides both from our view. The Word of God has declared them to be ever near, in substance, to him who believes (Heb. xi. 1). But Beulah is a revelation to our senses, in divine condescension to the weakness of our faith, whereby faith is made stronger. The spiritual pilgrim, with the Bible in his hand in which is mapped out the way to the Celestial City, is assured that the way is no less safe, and that it leads no less onward to the shining gate, though he can not see one foot ahead;—his faith must rest in this bare word of God, and be thoroughly exercised therein; and yet this faith elevates the soul above the common level of Christian experience to Pisgah's top, and opens to him the goodly land stretching along the dis-

tant horizon, and indicates the path in which he is to travel; he sees that though now it plunges into a valley and then lays along a rough hill-side, yet that its course is, as his chart declares, always heavenward. If he makes a right use of his position, he will reason thus: The prospect from those plains yonder, across which my way leads, is not so grand; the light in that valley is not so glorious; neither are their sounds so harmonious as on this elevation, nor the atmosphere so stimulating; *but they are quite as near to heaven and the Lamb.* The difference is in the things of sense, and not in the facts which concern God and glory. Here I see and feel God in a glorious manifestation. There I shall the more glorify him by believing and loving still, though I do not so much see and feel.

From the clearer light of Beulah the pilgrim scans the past also. He sees that through its dark valleys, the rough paths and sore conflicts, God was drawing the soul on towards its final and glorified rest. Joyfully he exclaims: "Thou, Lord, hast been the guide of my youth." "Thou hast brought me by a way that I knew not; thou hast made darkness light, and crooked things straight." Hallelujah for every step of the way through which God has led me!

Let the Christian remember that the periods of his highest ecstasy on earth are faint gleams only of the weight of glory which shall be revealed hereafter; and if that which is imparted on earth so enlarges our views of God and his dealings with us, surely that which shall be will enable us "to see as we are seen, and know as we are known." More fully than we can conceive now will darkness become light and crooked things straight.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

CORNELIUS.

Read Acts, chapter x.

Cornelius was a military officer. This must be remembered in connection with what is stated concerning his character. Whatever may be said in reference to the possibility of the eminent holiness of a soldier, it must be conceded that his occupation is exceedingly unfavorable to piety. Cornelius, however, rose above difficult circumstances in the strength of his devotion to God.

He was "a devout man." This may express simply his piety, but seems from the connection to imply habitual devotion. It is well expressed by our word, "devout,"—a reverential attention to the doctrines and forms of religion. He was pious at all times, and expressed it in every way and under all circumstances.

He "feared God." His heart and life were under a healthful restraint by a conviction of the

nearness, greatness, and holiness of God. He feared to think or speak irreverently of his name or ordinances. The fear of God is not inconsistent with the humble boldness which faith in Christ begets. When Cornelius learned of Peter the way of salvation more perfectly, he did not fear less though he may have loved more.

Cornelius's piety evidently recommended itself to his family. "He feared God with all his house."

The religion of some professors will not bear a close observation. It answers the gospel pattern only as it is set forth by their lips on public and social occasions. In the midst of the petty annoyances of the family, where the test is applied daily and almost each moment, they fail. Such do not lead others to follow Christ, for their private life does not point the way; neither can it often be said of their house that they "feared God."

"He gave much alms to the people." He did not give in stinted measure at long intervals, but he kept in exercise the grace of beneficence by "much" giving, implying both frequent and abundant gifts. He hereby exhibited to the world the sincerity of his devotion and the genuineness of his godly fear. He was really more devoted to spiritual than worldly riches, for he gave the latter away freely; and his fear of God forbade him to keep what was his only as a steward. His almsgiving seemed to be a popular bestowment upon "the people," rather than a donation of a large sum to one person or for one object only, thus securing great notoriety.

This good man "prayed to God alway." He was an habitually prayerful man. On his long and fatiguing marches, in camp where God is seldom revered, before his superior officers, who perhaps sneered at his piety, and even amid the fearful excitement of the battle-field, if called to it, this Christian soldier could pray. He had a heart for the work, and he prayed "alway."

We see how God honors such a man as Cornelius.

He increased greatly his light in spiritual things. He especially commissioned an inspired apostle for this purpose. Those who will do the will of God shall know his doctrine; they shall have light as well as purity. The secret of the Lord is with them who fear him.

God honored Cornelius by placing his name, his occupation, the place of his residence, the general facts of his character, and a portion of his history, on the pages of inspiration, to be read of all men in all ages. Ambitious men seek a name among men and a place in history; God has here shown what kind of men he would have so honored. He has appointed Cornelius to live not only on the divine record, but in the good influence of his example.

May the example of this soldier, living amid heathen influences, stimulate the faith of the Christian soldiers now on the battle-field.

A PENNY A DAY.

"When he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard."—*Matt. xx. 2.*

An agricultural paper says that in the time of Christ a penny was about equal to 15 of our cents, and as money was ten times as valuable as now, the penny a day was as good as 150 of our cents; so that the man who worked in the vineyard for that, got as good wages as good men now generally have in harvest time. The gift of the good Samaritan of two pence to the care of the man who fell among thieves, in addition to the raiment, oil, and wine, was equivalent to about \$3 of our currency, which would probably pay for his board two weeks in a country tavern, where board was very cheap.

MUCH FRUIT.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."—*John xv. 8.*

The nature of the fruit required, and what was meant by "much fruit," the disciples were, in due time, fully taught. When the Comforter came, who was one with Christ and justly expressed his mind, he produced in them that glorious cluster of graces named in Gal. v. 22, whose unity constitutes our whole of fruit. The "much," or extent to which Christ would have this fruit developed, is clearly taught. The "love" is to be such as Christ has to us,—such toward each other as we have for ourselves,—it is to be "perfect love." The "joy" must be his joy, verse 11, and thus it will be "full" and "unspeakable and full of glory," (1 Pet. i. 8.) The "peace" must be his also, chap. 14, verse 27,—such as belongs to his nature and such as he gives,—a peace that passeth all understanding," Phil. iv. 7, and continues "always," (2 Thess. iii. 16.) Thus the inspired record proceeds to teach the meaning of this strong expression in reference to each particular which makes a part of the perfect whole.

But God is glorified by much outward as well as inward fruit. We might say, perhaps, that the latter surely includes the former. Still, the Word of God specifies the duty of letting men see our "good works," for this very purpose that our Father in heaven may be glorified. (Matt v. 16.) The outward fruit most immediately apparent in the early disciples was their *great sacrifice for him*. How soon was the Pentecostal baptism seen in the willing sacrifice of all worldly good, including life itself. There is "much fruit" required in the same direction now; and, when little is yielded, the growth of the inward fruit is blighted, and it brings forth none to perfection.

Again, the early disciples brought forth an abundant fruit of *labor* for Christ. They went daily, not only to the temple, but into every house, preaching and teaching in his name. A few sacrifices, and a little very convenient and easy labor, is *not* what Christ expects of his dis-

ciples now. Because they act as if they believed to the contrary, many professed Christians have a name to live and are dead. "*So shall ye be my disciples.*" This is the way, and no other. Hear this, ye whose fruit is *not* "unto holiness" of heart and life, and *fear*, lest it be said to you at last, "I know you not."

GOD'S REASON FOR BLOTting OUT SIN.

"I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake."—*Isaiah, xliii. 25.*

How perfectly consonant is the doctrine of this verse with the great truth of the New Testament. Here, as in other places in the Old Testament, it is passingly stated; but there expanded and illustrated.

God has primary reference to his own plan in forgiving sins, and to his own glory as the end. His *plan* is forgiveness through the death of Christ, who is the fullness of God and the express image of his person.

For his own sake; there is no room, then, for boasting on the part of the pardoned and purified sinner. But this is not all. The inquiring penitent, confounded by a sight of the exceeding sinfulness of his sins, rejoices to learn that *not* in his merit lies his ground of hope. He may expect salvation for the sake of the infinitely holy God himself.

We have said that God pardons sin for his own glory; but this secures the pardoned sinner's eternal welfare as certainly and as fully as if this were the only object sought. Let the world rejoice in *God's reason* for blotting out sin.

A GLANCE INTO HEAVEN.

"After this I looked, and behold, a door was opened in heaven."—*Rev. iv. 1.*

When, in vision, John beheld a door opened in heaven, he saw him whom we may well suppose he desired most to see,—his own Lord Jesus; he saw his person and glory, listened to the familiar tones of his voice, and heard the "new song" of the countless multitude of his worshippers. Christ in heaven as on earth, is all and in all to his people. Where he is, is heaven.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A NOBLE AIM.

A CORRESPONDENT says: "I love to read the Guide; all is pure and good. I love to recommend it to my friends; nearly all of my past numbers being among them now. Dear brother, I think the highest ambition of my soul is to be useful in my Master's vineyard." A noble aim, and a high ambition indeed. We rejoice that our sister, in carrying out this purpose, esteems

the circulation of the Guide to be one means of accomplishing it; and that she has a good argument for such a circulation is the profit received from its pages of which she speaks.

CONFLICTS AND TRIUMPHS.

A friend writes: "I am growing in grace; my faith is on the increase, and my love, I think, abounds more and more towards God and all men. I have had some mighty conflicts; but thanks be to God who has caused me to triumph through Jesus Christ." So our friend, having gone through the refining process, reflects more of the image of Christ. Such is God's method,—the conflict and the triumph,—the crucible and then the pure gold,—the cross and then the crown. Let his will be done!

ENTERING IN BY FAITH.

Says another: "I entered into the full liberty of the people of God by faith." By no other door, dear brother, have any entered that holy state. Enoch walked with God by faith; Moses was enabled to converse with God face to face because of his faith; and it was faith, depend upon it, that gave Wesley, Fletcher, Edwards, Payson, Judson, and such holy men, their intimacy with and their power in laboring for the Lord Jesus Christ; and we shall enter heaven by faith.

I HAVE LOST IT.

A brother humbly appends to a letter written to the editor: "Notwithstanding all these glorious manifestations of the Spirit to me in the past, I do not enjoy this fullness now; I have lost it." Will this brother, and all brethren and sisters—readers of the Guide—of similar experience, allow us to put to them a few questions? If you had lost a purse of gold would you not use all means for its recovery?—would you not use them promptly and with energy? Do you not believe that God has given you the means of recovering the treasure of grace you have lost? Have you earnestly, with humility and confession, besought God to return the gift? He will return it if you conform to his conditions. Try him.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY.

This Magazine, published in New York by Rev. S. H. Platt, was offered at the beginning of the year as a premium for the Guide. Many of our friends have written us, complaining of its discontinuance since the June issue. We learn that about that time the Magazine was suspended owing to the financial pressure brought about by the War. We will cheerfully make up the loss by an equivalent from our premium list, or a six months credit of Guide account, on having our attention directed to it by those who have suffered through its suspension.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

I WANT TO PLEASE THE SAVIOUR.

TUNE—"I want to be an angel."

I WANT to please the Saviour,

The Saviour good and kind,

And do his gentle bidding,

With ready, willing mind.

His yoke I know 'tis easy,

His burden, it is light;

And in his blessed service

My soul shall find delight.

I'll try to please the Saviour;

With all my heart I'll try

In every word and action

To please my friend on high.

I give my heart to Jesus;

I give my warmest love;

And oh! I long to serve him

As angels serve above.

Help me to please the Saviour,

For, Lord, I'm weak and frail,

And, by thy grace unaided,

The tempter will prevail.

Help me to do my duty,

To work, and watch, and pray,

And, pilgrim-like, move onward

Along the heavenly way.

For all who please the Saviour,

He has prepared a home,

To which we are invited

By his own lips to come.

That home of Eden glory

He has prepared for me,

And there with happy angels

I'll spend eternity.

MY LITTLE FRIENDS: Let me say a word about the song I have written for you. You "want to please the Saviour,"—I know you do,—and you can sing the first verse, *meaning and feeling* it all. But the second verse,— "I'll try to please the Saviour,"—as you sing that, will the resolution, "*I'll try*," come from your hearts, and be as sincere as your desire to please your best friend? Can't you say it heartily, earnestly,— "I'll try to please the Saviour?" You know that Jesus asks for such a resolution; that a consecration of your life to him would be the first step toward pleasing him.

If you are accustomed to pray, you will find the prayer contained in the third verse in exact accordance with your wants. You need help. Said the Saviour to his disciples: "Without me ye can do nothing." If you attempt a religious life, without constant dependence upon Christ, you will fail.

Happy thought! for you, for you, there is prepared a beautiful heavenly home, if you succeed in *pleasing the Saviour*. Let me exhort you, dear children, to give your hearts to Jesus, to try earnestly to please him, and make your life a pilgrim journey to the happy land.

EDWARD E. ROGERS.

GLORY IN MY SOUL.

Arranged for this work.

1. My soul is now u - ni - ted To Christ the liv - ing vine; His grace I long have

CHORUS.

slighted, But now I feel him mine: There's glory in my soul; And glo - ry all a -

round: I am seek - ing joys im - mor - tal, — A bright, a star - ry crown.

2 Soon as my all I ventur'd
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit enter'd,
And I was born of God;
CHORUS.—With glory in my soul, &c.

3 Now Christ is my salvation;
What can I covet more?
I have no condemnation;
My Father's wrath is o'er,
CHO.—With glory, &c.

4 I taste a heavenly pleasure,
And need not fear a frown;

Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown—
CHO.—I've glory in my soul, &c.

5 When I reach the world of glory,
And take my seat above,
I'll repeat the wondrous story,
Of Jesus' dying love;

CHO.—With glory in my soul,
And glory all around,
I will sing forever, *glory!*
And wear the conqueror's crown

THE PROSPEROUS CHURCH.

SERMON BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

"And the Lord added to the church, daily, such as should be saved.—*Acts* ii. 47.

"THE Acts" is a very significant book. It is God's book of "Incidental Illustrations of the Economy of Salvation." It shows us how the gospel worked the first time it was tried. It is gospel fact illustrating gospel theory. It lets us see how the devil's kingdom was shattered and battered by the first few broadsides from the old ship of Zion. God made the universe, and the great machine went the first time. God made the gospel, and from the flash of lightning that laid Ananias dead at Peter's feet to the day when its chief advocate, old and in prison, triumphed in the face of martyrdom, and said "I am ready," all its facts declare "the gospel is the power of God." The text I have quoted is a fair representative of the character of the book. Brief, unostentatious, loaded with meaning, it tells of conquest, steady and rapid, made by the gospel, when its friends were comparatively feeble and few, and its enemies many and mighty; when, without patronage or prestige, it stood confronted with heathen and Jewish power, both armed with the implements of martyrdom, backed by the customs and laws of all kingdoms, and entrenched in the superstitions of an hundred generations. Let us steadily look at these words till we get their import, and then inquire after the causes of the wonderful prosperity of the church which they set forth.

I. THE STATEMENT OF THE TEXT.

The fact here stated is, that there was an increase of the church at Jerusalem. On this I remark: 1. These additions to the church are the *sign* of her life, her fidelity. She is never long without children when she is true to her Lord,

nor does she bring forth sons and daughters to the Lord Almighty when scattering her ways to strangers; so that her fortunes herein have followed her character, in every place, and in all time. True, there are formidable ecclesiastical organizations in the earth to which these remarks cannot at all apply; but I speak of the real church of Christ, and of a genuine spiritual offspring.

2. But these additions to the church are the *condition* of its life, as well. Christianity is a hostile organization, which, like Hannibal's army in the heart of Italy, must live by conquest, or perish. Let there be no conversions to Christ in this country for fifty years, and Christianity becomes virtually extinct here. Retrogressions, backslidings, apostacies, and deaths, constitute a perpetual drain upon her life, and her only compensation is in conversions.

3. But this was an increase in the church at *Jerusalem*, where not three months before the Head of the sect had been publicly executed as a malefactor; in Jerusalem, where the men in place were all in deadly hostility to the new religion, and where, consequently, to profess it was to expose one's self to the probable loss of property and even of life, and to the certain loss of all social position; often quite as dear as life. Now-a-days it is a respectable thing to profess religion and belong to the church; but it is not, of itself, an adequate proof of a man's real devotion to Christ, because the bare profession of religion involves no sacrifice. Not so in Jerusalem at the period of our text. Then a man must take his life in his hand to be a Christian, and often literally suffer the loss of all things that he might serve Christ. We should look upon such an increase of the church as is here set forth, even now, with some astonishment, little as it costs a man to become a professed disciple of Jesus. How marvelous, then, is the statement, that, in the

presence of such difficulties and dangers, persons were continually flocking to the standard of the Crucified.

4. Again, I notice this was a *steady* increase. "The Lord added daily to the church." This was the more remarkable as there had lately been many conversions in a single day in the same church. We commonly look for some reaction, some decline at the close of a revival; but here it was quite the opposite, and there was a continual coming to Christ instead.

5. It was also a *rapid* increase. The people did not like to wait till the first of the month, or even till the first of the week, before uniting with the church, but daily thronged the courts of Zion, and hasted to take upon themselves the name of Jesus. The decision and promptitude of these young Christians is certainly note-worthy, especially when we remember with what strictness and point the apostles were wont, in imitation of their Lord, to state to all inquirers after the way, the conditions of salvation,—the severe morality of the gospel. We know they did not thus make haste to join the church from any flattering representations made to them by either the ministers or members.

6. Again, the text states that this increase was of the Lord; implying clearly that no unsanctified measures had been employed in gathering the people into the church; that, indeed, it had not been the study of the ministers to get them into the church, but to get them saved. A church, thus built up by God, is built up well.

7. Finally, the new converts were "such as should be saved,"—*such as were saved*, as the clause might well be rendered. At the least, the assertion implies that they had listened to the apostles' doctrines and teachings; that they had laid them to heart, and considered them with prayerful sincerity; that they had renounced the world and submitted fully to the terms of grace;

that they had, with all their hearts, believed in Jesus, and, consequently, that they had been soundly converted,—laying the foundation for the strongest probability that they would not in the time of trial go back into the world.

So much for the statement of the text. Let us now inquire after—

II. THE CAUSES WHICH PRODUCED THIS REMARKABLE PROSPERITY.

1. *The command and promise of Christ.*

Jesus had said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." But he had further said, "Tarry ye in Jerusalem till ye be endued with power from on high." "Wait for the promise of the Father." "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, not many days hence." "I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." "When he the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth"—"for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you." It is worthy of special note, certainly, that after a number of ministers had consorted with the Saviour for three years,—enjoying his confidence, marking his life, hearing his teachings, and witnessing his miracles,—they were adjudged not yet ready for their great life-work of preaching the gospel. And if these men were not prepared to labor successfully without the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, who of us at the present day can possibly be ready without a like baptism? With the men to whom we speak Christ is a historic character, whereas the apostles addressed their audiences concerning a man of their own time, and dealt mainly in events with which, as matters of fact, they were familiar, or which, being false, they could easily have proved to be so. No training or education, at the present day, can give a man advantages superior to the

men who personally knew the Saviour, and were eye-witnesses of the great events of his life. Suppose a man capable of demonstrating, by the most incontrovertible logic, the necessary truthfulness of the great facts of Bible-story, still he is not, at best, in advance of the men who personally knew the Messiah,—whose advent and whose life were at once the key, the consummation, and the glory of the whole. An Apollos of this age may reason well, being mighty in the Scriptures. Peter could say, “I knew him well. I saw my mother-in-law spring up from her long fever, instantly, at his word, and move about the house with strength and agility to make ready the next meal. I saw him with five loaves feed as many thousands of men. I saw him walk the liquid pavement of the sea, and I saw the waters of the storm-vexed Galilee hushed into quiet at his word. I saw the fig-tree withered at his curse, and I saw Lazarus restored to his sisters by his blessing. Devils ran howling at his word, and daylight streamed again on sightless eyeballs at his touch. I saw him on the cross. I shuddered at the sudden darkness, the shock of earthquake, the exploding rocks and opened sepulchres, and in the gloom I heard his murderers say, ‘Truly this was the Son of God.’ I know he rose from the dead. John and I were there shortly after he left the tomb. I saw him many times after his resurrection, and did eat and drink with him. I saw the scars of his crucifixion, and I was there when Thomas thrust his finger into the nail-prints in his feet and hands. I heard his parting words, and witnessed his ascension. And, therefore, when I speak of Christ, I speak the things I know and testify the things I have seen.”

Now, which speaker has the advantage—Apollos or Peter? Apollos in 1861, or Peter during the first fortnight after the ascension? Obviously the advantages are all on the side of the man

who was an eye-witness of his glory. Did Peter then, and the rest, need the baptism of the Holy Spirit to qualify them for their work? and are ministers, or any other gospel laborers of the present day, competent to their work without it? Men of Israel, judge ye.

2. *The docility of the church.*

The apostles had faith in the word of their Lord, and returned to Jerusalem even with great joy, after the ascension, to fulfil his injunction. They appear to have spent the next seven to ten days in almost continual prayer among themselves—a sort of protracted prayer-meeting: and we are obliged to believe that the burden of their prayer, all this time, was for the descent of the Holy Spirit; for power from on high to be given by the baptism of fire. Day after day wore on, and still the obedient church waited in patient, earnest prayer. It seems they did not murmur at the delay, nor faint in seeking the expected baptism, nor begin to accuse each other with want of fidelity in the past or ardor and faith in the present, but prayed on with increased harmony and love and desire till the answer came.

3. *The model prayer-meeting.*

And, when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all of one accord in one place. A remarkable meeting, certainly, and a very promising one,—“they were *all* in one place.” There were eleven apostles, and, as nearly as I know, one hundred and twenty members of the church, in Jerusalem at that time; and the statement is, that they were *all present*. One hundred and twenty in the church, and one hundred and twenty at meeting,—at meeting, not to hear the celebrated Paul, or the eloquent Apollos, but to *pray*,—the whole church out to a *prayer-meeting*!—a morning prayer-meeting, which must have begun, I should say, about seven o’clock. And then they were all of *one accord*. Continual prayer had brought their hearts

into harmony, like the several chords of a well-tuned instrument, so that there was a unison of desire, a community of heart and sentiment; each with an enlightened, unselfish zeal, praying for himself and his brother, that every one might receive the excellent grace which all sought for each and each sought for all. O how hallowing, and subduing, and cementing, are these continued struggles of a church for deeper baptisms.

4. *The baptism.*

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. Now, when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded because every man spoke in his own language. * * * But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice and said unto them, "Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words." He continued at some length, defending the work; ascribing it to the power of God through Jesus Christ; charging home the death of Jesus on the Jewish rulers and people; and concluding with an exhortation to repent and flee from the corruptions of their generation. The result of the meeting was the conversion of three thousand souls.

5. *The worshippers.*

Several things, witnessed on that day, were miraculous, as was meet at the opening of the dispensation of the Spirit: the cloven tongues of fire; the noise as of wind; the gift of tongues. These may not be expected to recur; but the great facts of Pentecost, that gave to the occasion its significance, and stamped it as an era in the church, are seen in the wonderful changes of religious character

wrought in the worshippers. Peter, the impulsive, irascible, self-sufficient man, who had boasted of his fidelity and then quailed at the speech of a maid,—how changed he was that day. What a sermon did he deliver under circumstances of great difficulty and delicacy, and how successfully did he combat the violent prejudices of his audience, and bring them first to believe in the Messiahship of Jesus, then to cry out, in distress of soul, "What shall we do?" and finally to receive gladly the proffers of salvation which he made to them in the name of Jesus.

From that day on, every glimpse that we get of Peter indicates the marvelous revolution wrought in his soul at Pentecost. He was meek. He was steady and unwavering in his devotion. He exhibited a divine skill in conducting the holy warfare, both in attack and defence. He was patient under persecution. He was saved from the fear of poverty, or disgrace, or death. And finally, we are told, he went cheerfully to the stake for his Lord, — or rather to the cross, — asking only this boon, that he might be crucified with his head downward, as he was not worthy to be crucified in the same manner as his Saviour had been.

As with Peter, so with the rest. Their contentions for place and preëminence were forever gone, their eyes were opened on the real nature of the gospel system, and thenceforth, dead to the world, dead to praise or blame, ever ready to learn of each other, ever seeking after truth, abounding in toils, and trials, and sacrifices, and hardships, seeking only the salvation of men and the furtherance of the gospel, they pressed on, without faltering or wavering, till the greater part of them met the death of martyrdom.

6. *The Church and her children.*

"And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." So it seems the new converts caught the spirit

of the church which they entered, and that, in common with their spiritual parents, they abode in the apostles' doctrine, meekly receiving the word of instruction at their lips, eagerly drinking in the truth, and "abiding" in it. Distinct mention is made, too, of the prayerfulness of these young Christians, one of the most hopeful traits a pastor ever discovers in persons newly brought to Christ.

"And all that believed were together, and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need." Now the gospel does not command the community of goods. It is nowhere enjoined, nor are there any incidental allusions to it, as a practice approved, or even existing in the primitive church. The advices found in several of the epistles to the members of churches planted and reared by the apostles, are based obviously on the fact that every man's property was in his own right. But the exigency of the times seemed to make it necessary just then, and the readiness of the church to respond to the call of providence at the instant sacrifice of their earthly all, shows how comprehensive and complete was their consecration to God. What perfect desperadoes in the holy war does the baptism of the Holy Ghost make of men.

"They ate their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." Not a bit of gloom about those Christians. True, their names were likely to be cast out as evil, and their lives were constantly exposed to the rage of their enemies, still they were in gladness. They had the Comforter! and whoso has received him, has not only purity and power, but joy in the Holy Ghost. His presence kindles heaven in the heart, and spreads a quiet bliss through the inner man that often makes a holy smile a sort of fixture on a good man's face. Their singleness of aim in all they did extended even to the act of taking their food; so that what in most persons is a most selfish and sensual act,

was performed by these happy Christians as an act of devotion to God, since they sought only strength from their food to glorify him in their bodies and spirits.

"Praising God and having favor with all the people." So it is. When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh his enemies to be at peace with him. Grace gives to the character a beautiful symmetry, which even very sinful persons are often constrained to admire, though they are too much in love with sin, and too much the slaves of sin, to seek for themselves what they admire in others.

Now group these facts in your mind, and tell me if they do not adequately account for the marvel that even in Jerusalem, so soon after the crucifixion, in the face of martyrdom, men were daily flocking to the standard of the cross.

III. CONCLUSION.

Why do we not see the same measure of prosperity attend the church at the present day?

To this question I think there can be but one answer. The power of the church lies in her holiness. If she have holiness she has power. If she have not holiness she has not power, whatever else she may have.

A celebrated German divine, who has collected the Reports of all the Missionary and Bible Societies of Christendom for the last fifty years, said to an American clergyman, not long ago—"The Christian church has accomplished more during fifty years last past than she did during the first fifty years of her existence." If that be so, it is certainly cause of devout thanksgiving; and I will not question the substantial correctness of the statement, though I apprehend it requires some guarding. If the assertion be understood to refer to the amount of money expended, the number of benevolent societies formed, the translations of the Bible effected, the copies of it distributed, the number of churches built, the amount of

religious literature sent forth, or to any other fact relating to the appliances and machinery of her operations, it is doubtless true, and even far within the truth. But if the assertion be taken to mean that the church has confronted sin with more boldness, that she has shaken the earth with a more powerful arm, that she has wrought greater changes in the moral condition of mankind, or that she has done more to impress the world with the divinity and power of the gospel than was done during the first fifty years of the Christian era, it will scarcely be credited, I mistrust.

But say that the assertion is true, and it appears to be all that any one claims; that is, no one presumes to say that the church of the present day has *very far* transcended in her achievements the primitive church.

But the church of the present day contains ten millions of Christians, with nearly one hundred thousand ministers. At the small estimate of one hundred and fifty dollars per member, she is worth fifteen hundred millions of dollars. She has the legislation of the whole civilized world in her power, while barbarous and pagan nations, for the most part, tolerate and favor Christian missions. She has colleges and academies and presses. Steam locomotion and power presses, and universal postal arrangements, endow the modern church with incalculable advantages over the ancient. She has a learned and able ministry, with adequate support. She can make a Bible for twenty-five cents. She can send the "Epistle to the Ephesians," not from Rome, merely, but from any part of the world, for fifty cents.

The primitive church began her work with eleven ministers, and, apparently, less than one thousand members, all, so far as we know, from the poorer classes. Her ministers were "ignorant and unlearned men." All governments of the earth either ignored or were hostile to Christianity. A Bible cost one hundred

and eighty dollars, while a day laborer could earn but fifteen cents per day. Travelling was mainly on foot, and carriage roads nearly unknown, to say nothing of railroads. To get Peter from Joppa to Cesarea, (about forty miles,) to preach at the house of Cornelius, required the labor of three men four days, and a walk of eighty miles, up and back, on the part of Peter himself; but the Spirit of God fell on the people under the first sermon, and it seems nearly the whole congregation was converted. Paul could only send his epistles by sending an express messenger to carry them.

Now when we place the primitive church by the side of the modern, and look at the disparity between them in numbers and facilities for operation, does it not seem pitiable that we should think of congratulating ourselves on our relative success?

Nothing in history is more obvious and striking than the difference in the measures of success attained by the primitive and by the modern church.

Some attempt to account for it by saying that men now-a-days are gospel hardened. But why suppose that sinners of the present day are more thoroughly gospel hardened than were the sinners who had been favored with the ministry of John Baptist, and for several years just past with that of Christ? Besides, the apostles labored among heathen, as also do Christian missionaries of the present time, and there appears the same sad discrepancy there that we find in the home work, so that it cannot be accounted for in that way.

Others say the gift of miracles, with which the early church was endowed, constituted the ground of the difference, and serves to set the modern church in so meagre a light in the comparison.

To this there is a brief reply. Either miracles are not necessary to the success of the gospel, or the church has forfeited the gift by her unfaithfulness. Take the

horn of the dilemma that suits you best. For my own part, I incline to the opinion that miracles are not necessary to the success of the gospel, though they were necessary in the beginning to establish and endorse it, as a system from God. The apostles themselves had eminent success in many cases where they wrought no miracles, or, at most, where none are recorded to have been wrought. Thus the very flourishing church at Antioch appears to have been established without miracles, and Paul's labors at Thessalonica, and Peter's at Cesarea, are further instances of the same kind. Again, miracles appear to have gradually diminished, and nearly ceased, during the later days of the apostles themselves, and long before the church can be asserted to have retrograded from primitive piety. Miraculous power does not come to men upon their attainment of a given measure of grace. David does not appear to have wrought any miracle after he came to the throne, though God himself endorsed his uniform and eminent piety after his recovery from his sad and memorable fall, in the matter of Uriah; while Samson, whose life was far from faultless, wrought many. Judas was doubtless invested with miraculous power, in common with the other disciples, (see Matt. x. 1,) though I find no reason to think that Timothy, a much better man, ever wrought a miracle. The apostles themselves were endued with miraculous power quite as fully before the wonderful baptism of Pentecost as afterwards. Besides, if miracles come of eminent attainments in piety, it seems quite unaccountable that such men as Fletcher, Payson, Bramwell, and Judson should not have wrought miracles.

I suspect some of you are further saying, "But there may be a sufficient reason for the non-possession of miracles by these men, in the fact that they did not seek it." The answer is obvious, and I wonder it did not occur to yourselves. Miracles have never been possessed by

any man as the result of his own seeking, but have been conferred arbitrarily by God, as he has seen the exigency of the times, from age to age, to call for their exercise.

Alas! all these excuses are vain, and we are driven upon the dilemma that either Christianity is, to a large degree, an effete and worn-out system, or else the universal church of Christ on earth has nearly lost her original power. It is useless to equivocate, — it must be so.

My conviction is, that through unbelief, conformity to the world and formalism, the church has gradually lost sight of the real source of her power *in the presence and agency of the Holy Ghost*, and come to rely, for her success, on the splendor of her appointments and paraphernalia, and the general moral force of her didactic teachings and her ritual. I am sure I assert a fact, of almost universal prevalence, when I say that the experimental faith of the great body of believers does not apprehend the Holy Spirit as a distinct person of the ever blessed Trinity, but looks upon him as an *influence* rather than an existence, and his almighty ministrations in connection with our church services are not sought with that deep reverence, that feeling of entire dependence, which a proper realization of his character would inspire. Hence the Holy Spirit is grieved with us, and has been well-nigh grieved away from the church in the whole earth, and a pompous formalism has come in, by means of which the church would fain make an *impression* on the unbelieving world.

O, will the blessed days of purity and simplicity and power never come again? Is the Holy Ghost never again to fall on the congregation, when some Peter preaches? Have we fallen back forever upon the mere didactic teachings of the gospel? I cannot believe it. My throbbing heart refuses to believe it. I will believe a brighter day awaits the church. Nay, the brighter day is dawning. Revi-

vals of unequalled magnitude since the apostles' days are visiting various countries, and the church has done more during the last sixty years than she did in fifteen centuries before. Here and there a solitary Christian laborer seems to have caught the apostolic fire. Their number will increase,—is increasing,—and I have faith that God shall soon arise to shake terribly the earth.

REGENERATION AND ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION NOT IDENTICAL.

REV. W. McDONALD, in his "New Testament Standard of Piety,"—a work which should be read by every doubter and lover of holiness,—replies to the following, among other objections, urged against the doctrine :—

It is objected that the Bible recognizes no such distinction in Christian experience.

We claim that the Bible recognizes just such a distinction in Christian experience, and that its correctness has been tested by actual experiment.

The Bible is a common-sense book. In prescribing rules for all, it adapts itself to the very great variety in human nature, through which its precepts and promises work out their glorious results.

It is seldom that any two persons reach the same point in Christian experience by the same process, in all its minutiae. One meets a variety of difficulties to which the other is a comparative stranger. One receives a measure of the Spirit which quite staggers the faith of another. One enters into the *most holy place*, rapturously exclaiming—

"O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

Another reaches the same point, but with feelings best expressed by

"A speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love!"

This variety in Christian experience

results in part from education; but principally from the great variety in natural temperament. Religion does not destroy our natural temperaments, but gives a religious tendency to them, and works out some of its richest gems through these peculiarities.

Mr. A. is sober and sedate,—always was, and always will be. Mr. B. is lively and jovial,—the same after conversion as before, only in another direction. Mr. C. is confiding and trustful,—can believe any thing. Mr. D. is distrustful and unbelieving,—can scarcely believe any thing. Mr. E. is highly excitable,—explodes like a rocket. Mr. F. is seldom moved at any thing. Mr. G. is full of hope. Mr. H. is full of despondency. Is there any wonder that from this exhibition, which all will recognize as truthful, there should be a great variety in Christian experience? It would be very strange if such was not the case.

Now, that a book should be perfectly adapted to all this variety in education and temperament, which is so clearly developed in Christian experience, and not conflict with any who are honestly seeking the right way, it must, in the nature of things, be somewhat general on those subjects which enter so largely into the experience of all. It must, it seems to me, present the *fact* without attempting to give the *philosophy* of that fact. It fixes the outlines, but leaves the filling up to individual experience. It maps out the beginning and end of the voyage, with all the prominent dangers of the passage; but it does not attempt to describe every headwind and counter current to be met with. It tells us what winds will waft us to our destined port, but it does not pretend to describe the force of the gale by which we are wafted into port; whether, with every sail filled, straining every spar, or gently borne along by the force of the tide which sets strongly in that direction. It points out the landmarks by which we keep our course and enter the harbor safely.

If we understand the teachings of the Bible on this subject, these are its characteristics. It gives the *fact*, but does not pretend to give the *philosophy* of that fact. It tells us that we can be *forgiven*, and then *cleansed from all unrighteousness*; that we may be *babes in Christ*, and afterwards *men*; that we may *love God*, and then *have our love made perfect*; that the *initial* state of Christian experience is one thing, and *going on unto perfection* is quite another; that we may enjoy the *fellowship of the Son*, and still retain a nature which needs *cleansing* from all *filthiness*.

Here are the *facts*. They are simple and fairly stated. This kind of teaching can be understood by all. It leaves a sufficient margin for the variety in individual experience to have its full scope. If the Bible had been designed for philosophical, hair-splitting, theological lawyers, this feature would not have been so prominent; but as it was made for the common people, its present mode of teaching exhibits the wisdom of its Author.

The Bible clearly recognizes the distinction between regeneration and entire sanctification; but it does not state all the nice points of distinction, all the hair-splitting differences that exist, for the best of all reasons,—they are very much affected by our personal experience, with which a more perfect knowledge of them is left; proving true that word, “If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine,” &c.

The Bible assures us that, “If we confess our sins,” Christ “is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.” But the work does not stop here; we can then be “cleansed from all unrighteousness.” *Forgiveness of sin* is one thing, and *cleansing* is another. Here the two blessings are clearly marked.

“The principles of the doctrine of Christ” embrace *repentance* and *faith*, which none can have without conversion; but we are to leave these and “go on

unto perfection.” Here the two states are clearly marked.

The Bible represents “babes in Christ” as *carnal*, i. e. not altogether spiritual. From this carnality, which is termed “filthiness of flesh and spirit,” they are exhorted to “cleanse themselves,” and thus “perfect holiness.” Here, again, the two states are clearly marked.

Christ declares that his disciples were given him out of the world, and sent forth as “lambs among wolves;” yet they were in need of *sanctification*, for which Christ prayed, and the prayer was answered on the day of Pentecost, when they were “all filled with the Holy Ghost.” Here the two states are clearly marked.

The Bible does make a distinction; and that distinction, as we have shown, is in perfect harmony with the experience of the church. We are not bound to explain every difficulty to the entire satisfaction of the caviller. Let him come and test the doctrine experimentally, then shall he know the doctrine to be of God.

“The sum of all is this,” says Mr. Wesley; “there are in every person, even after he is justified, two contrary principles, nature and grace, termed by St. Paul the *flesh* and *spirit*. Hence, although even babes in Christ are *sanctified*, yet it is only in part. In a degree, according to the measure of their faith, they are spiritual; yet in a degree they are carnal. And to this agrees the constant experience of the children of God. While they feel this witness in themselves, they feel a will not wholly resigned to the will of God. They know they are in him, and yet find a heart ready to depart from him; a proneness to evil in many instances, and a backwardness to that which is good. The contrary doctrine is wholly new; never heard of in the church of Christ, from the time of his coming into the world till the time of Count Zinzendorf;—and it is attended with the most fatal consequences.”—*Works*, vol. i. p. 115.

“That a distinction exists,” says Mr.

Watson, "between a regenerate state and a state of entire and perfect holiness, will be generally allowed. Regeneration, we have seen, is concomitant with justification; but the apostles, in addressing the body of believers in the churches to whom they wrote their epistles, set before them, both in the prayers they offer in their behalf, and in the exhortations they administer, a still higher degree of deliverance from sin, as well as a higher growth in Christian virtues." — *Institutes*, part ii. chap. 29.

"The distinction," says Dr. Upham, "is evidently made in the Scriptures. The passages of Scripture where it is clearly recognized are so numerous, and so familiar to attentive readers of the Bible, that it seems to be hardly necessary to quote them at any length. 'And the very God of peace,' says the apostle, (1 Thess. v. 23,) 'sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' And again, 2 Cor. vii. 1: 'Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.' It is very evident from the general tenor of the apostle's communications to them, that these exhortations were addressed to those whom he regarded, and had reason to regard, as justified persons. He felt, nevertheless, although they were justified, — although their past sins were blotted out, — that there was much remaining to be done in the matter of their present and prospective sanctification. Hence his exhortation to preserve their bodies blameless, to cleanse themselves, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God, which would have been unnecessary if he had considered the work of sanctification absolutely and necessarily involved in that of justification." — *Interior Life*, p.

"The above exposition of entire sanctification," says Rev. L. Lee, "appears to

accord with Christian experience. It accords with the experience of those who have not reached the state. If the whole number of Christians were consulted, at or near the time of their conversion, few, if any, would be found to believe themselves to have been wholly sanctified at the time of their conversion, or to have been freed from depravity; yet they feel confident that their sins have been forgiven, and that they love God. Whatever may be their creed, whatever may be their philosophy of regeneration and sanctification, if they are real Christians, experience has but one language; they feel, they are conscious, that they love God and enjoy his favor, yet that they have not attained all that is implied in entire sanctification as taught in the Scriptures, and as it has been explained above.

"If the experience of those who have obtained this great blessing of entire sanctification were consulted, it would doubtless be found to accord with the explanation above given." — *Theology*, p. 215.

The objection that the Bible does not recognize the distinction for which we contend, is proved to be unfounded. We submit the argument to the prayerful consideration of the candid reader, and ask him to consider it in the light of his own experience.

THE ANGEL MAN.

WHEN Mr. Fletcher was about to leave Nion, a good old minister, who was more than seventy years of age, and who had heard him gladly, earnestly entreated him to prolong his visit, though it should be but for a single week. But when he found that his desire could not be complied with, the old man wept like a child; and turning to Mr. Fletcher's fellow-traveller, he affectionately exclaimed, "O sir, how unfortunate for this country; during my day it has produced but one angel of a man, and it is our lot to be deprived of him."

MISTAKES ON CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

BY J. M.

I. ONE error on this subject is, that we may *grow up into it*. That is, by conquering one sin after another, and by cultivating the fruits of the Spirit, we may, finally, arrive at the state of being "a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." This is not being "sanctified by *faith*," as Paul's doctrine was. Acts xxvi. 18. It is not having "the heart purified *by faith*," but is rather sanctification by works.

It is true we should strive to conquer every sin, "especially that which most easily besets us;" and we should also cultivate every grace, those in which we are most deficient, in particular; but we should do this, not as the unbelieving moralists do, by watchfulness and care merely, but by bringing them all to Christ, and receiving grace *by faith*, to be "perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

II. There is an idea, which we have often met, in certain classes in society, that if a man enjoys this blessing he will be *eloquent*. If a minister or member lives with the love "that casts out fear," he is expected to speak far better than other men. That he will speak better than he would if he did not "love God with all his heart," is true. Still, like Moses, he may be deficient in utterance, or, like Paul, who professed to enjoy this blessing, (Phil. iii. 15,) his speech may be "contemptible."

III. Some, in seeking "perfect love," are expecting that it will give them *pathos*, that they will be like some they have known, persons of deep feeling. There are some who always show strong emotions, — others, who may have more of the "mind that was in the Saviour," and more of all of the fruits of the Spirit, whose feelings are always calm. The one is like the ocean, lashed into fury by

the tempest's wrath, and the other like that same ocean, when no rude wind ruffles its bosom.

Strong animal feelings are constitutional with some, — they cannot be otherwise if they would; while others, cast in a different mould, could not, if they would, show their interest in this way. Each has his peculiar characteristics given him by his Maker, and grace, though it sanctifies each, will no more make them alike than it will make their *countenances* alike. Each has his peculiar gift of God; let him be satisfied with having it "entirely sanctified."

IV. Another wrong idea, imbibed by many, is, that one of the most prominent evidences of a state of entire sanctification is *great joy*. That it most generally accompanies this state, is true; that it *necessarily* does, is an error; and that, of itself, it is a principal evidence of its attainment, is *far* from the truth. As Mr. Fletcher says, "It is *holiness*, not happiness, we want." Faith, living by faith, walking by faith, and that every moment, is the great proof of this state. Often it is *great peace*, rather than joy, that marks its attainment. That there is great happiness to be enjoyed in this blessing, is a truth we would have shining on our minds, with all the clearness of an unclouded meridian sun; but that it is holiness, — purely the image of Christ, — that we should more especially seek, is an idea that we would have blazing in upon the mind with a strength and clearness that should eclipse the other.

V. But a still greater mistake is, to suppose that it is attained, in some degree, by *agonizing, wrestling, protracted prayer*. It is received and retained by *faith alone*. That we may sometimes have to protract our prayer, like Jacob, or like the Saviour, all night, — that we should never cease praying, — is true. But the promise of Scripture is, not to long, or earnest, or wrestling prayer, but "all things that ye ask in prayer, *believ-*

ing, ye shall receive." And whenever length, or zeal, or any thing else is substituted for the simple exercise of faith in the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, we have "erred from the faith."

It is in this blessing, as in justification, that one can have but very indistinct ideas of it by words; experience only can make us thoroughly understand it. As the justified person generally finds the blessing different in its nature from his anticipations, though as great as he expected, so the soul who is sanctified wholly, while he finds as great a blessing as he had looked for, yet in many respects it is not what he anticipated. God came in his own way, he gave the blessing, it may be, "in a still voice," while he was gazing at the "whirlwind." Thus, while God takes to himself the honor, he humbles the receiver, "lest he should be exalted above measure by the abundance of the revelations given unto him."

Let this subject be but divested of the errors that now becloud the minds of Christians, as to its nature, and there would not be a humble follower of Christ who would not embrace it as the very essence of the gospel.

Go on, then, with your Guide, till the whole Christian church is led from the dark mazes of error to the light of Christian Perfection.

THE HOPE THAT PURIFIES.

THE nature of this hope may be described as a delightful expectation of seeing Christ as he is. Whoso fixes his mind upon the *holy glory* of the great Redeemer, as an object of supreme attraction, will hope to *resemble* as well as *behold* him. The natural influence of this hope will be to purify. The man who cherishes it will strive to be clothed upon, with that glorious moral likeness. He will always be aspiring. Not satisfied with any degree of present attainment, his language naturally is, "I shall be satisfied when I

awake with thy likeness." Dear reader, do you possess such a hope as this? If not, seek it until it is found of you.

THE PROMISED LAND.

BY M.

THE writer of the following lines, when earnestly seeking the blessing of entire sanctification, opened the sacred volume, praying that she might there meet with some encouragement in her pursuit of the precious "pearl" of perfect love. The words that first met her eyes were, "Behold, the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee; go up and possess it, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath said unto thee. Fear not, neither be discouraged."—*Deut. i. 21.*

Behold, the land, the "goodly land,"
Is set before thine eyes,
And Israel's God commandeth thee
To go and take the prize!

Go up! though foes beset thy way;
Though hosts thy course oppose;—
Go, for the Mighty One hath said
I will subdue thy foes!

Go up! nor be dismayed, though hell,
With all her wondrous might,
Combine with earth to vanquish thee;
Press onward to the fight!

Go up! the victory is thine!
Go, for the conquest's sure!
The Omnipotent is thy defence,—
"Fear not," thou art secure.

Go! Anak's formidable sons
Shall fall beneath thy hand!
They all must yield to power divine;
Go and possess the land!

O, Canaan is a *blessed land*!
Its fruits are rich and rare;
And flowers of sweet, celestial bloom
Perfume the balmy air!

There Heaven's effulgent glory beams
O'er all the verdant plains;
And Jesus—mighty conqueror!—
Without a rival reigns!

No sin pollutes the spotless souls
That dwell in that blest land;
And Satan there assails in vain*
The bright, victorious band.

Go up! and join the victors, go!
O, linger here no more,
In sin's "dark howling wilderness,"—
Go up to Canaan's shore!

* Does Satan there assail at all? There "the wicked cease from troubling."

WORK AND LIVE.

REV. W. F. Evans, in describing his voyage to the *Happy Islands*, has given us a brief chapter on Christian experience, which will be recognized as truthful by all who have passed that way. He embarked on board a boat named *Resolute*, and started for the desired port. He says: "The boat seemed to be well built, and able to survive the fiercest storm. It appeared every way adapted to the voyage. A flag was run up to the mast-head bearing the expressive motto, "*Work and Live*." Nothing of much interest occurred for several days. I had been directed to guide my course by the Southern Cross instead of the Polar Star. My eye was kept steadily fixed on that beautiful symbol, which the hand of God suspended on the midnight heavens. Constantine could not have been more affected at the sight of the cross in the heavens, before his battle with his enemies, than was I when struggling all alone with the billows of an unknown sea. At length, just as the sun was disappearing beneath the western horizon, several islands were seen quietly sleeping on the bosom of the deep, their summits gilded with the beams of the setting sun. These I recognized as the land I sought, the home of the blest, the *Happy Islands*, of which philosophers had dreamed, and which their restless souls had longed to behold. The setting sun had given me a glimpse of them, but night settled on the deep, and they were not gained. The wind no longer filled the sails, and a deep and powerful current, like the Gulf Stream, was bearing the boat away from them. I pierced the heavens with a cry for a gentle breeze, but the colors hung down the mast. Recollecting the motto they bore, "*Work and Live*," I threw off all my useless clothing, and seized the oars, resolved to work the boat up against the current. With the most exhausting labor, the vessel only held her own. It seemed to me like what we sometimes experience in

dreams, when we appear to ourselves to make the most desperate efforts to fly from some imaginary foe, but find, to our sorrow, that we do not in the least move from our position. My efforts were like the strugglings of a prisoner to break his fetters, who is only galled and pained without gaining his freedom. Such were the inward strugglings of Saul of Tarsus to acquire freedom through the law. (Rom. vii. 14-25.) The current was too strong for my efforts. After toiling all night, the attempt to bring the boat to land, with the oars, was given up. My next measure was to abandon the boat, and swim to the shore. Leaving all behind, clothing, provisions, and money, I committed myself to the deep. While raised to the top of a mountain-wave, the islands were seen in the distance. But the tide was going out, and, what was worse, I was well-nigh exhausted, though my will clung to the principle,—work and live. At length my strength was gone, and in the depth of self-despair I ceased to work, and abandoned the idea of struggling into life. The principle, so dear to my heart, was surrendered. It seemed as powerless as Canute, the Dane, seated on the ocean-beach, and commanding the flowing tide to retire. Death seemed inevitable. I must sink. I ceased to struggle, calmly crying, with Peter, "Save, Lord, I perish;" and with holy Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Resigning my soul, and its will, wholly to Christ, and quitting my hold of life, and every earthly thing, in some way unknown to me, I was carried, gently, in the arms of a mighty billow, and left upon the shore, as tenderly as a mother's love lays her infant down to sleep. Just at the point of giving up all, I found all. When the struggle ceased, the land was gained. I sunk into the bosom of The Infinite Life and all-per-vading love." pp. 26-30.

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.—*Dr. Holmes.*

[Original.]

CAN GOD GIVE A DEFINITE
TESTIMONY

BY MRS. F. E. IRVINE.

FROM observation and experience I have been led to believe that many who once were able to say, from a full heart, "The blood of Christ cleanseth," could not, *at present*, speak this, *definitely*. Some can see just the point where their faith let go the Saviour,—some sudden temptation diverted their eye of faith from Jesus, and they *fell* that they fell.

Others, perhaps, have so *gradually* given way to doubts, and unbelief, like a dark cloud, has so overspread their minds, that they can not refer to any point of time when they ceased to believe to the "cleansing of their hearts from all sin."

It matters little *how* it occurred; *just now* they can not give a definite testimony to present salvation.

This was once the sad experience of the writer. I had clearly enjoyed and fully professed the blessing of perfect love; but falling into a snare of the devil I had lost it.

I thought if I now frankly confessed just how the case stood with me, that it would injure the cause of holiness, as there were many in the community who cavilled at this precious doctrine of *heart-purity*,—it was only *more grace*, *burying up* these wrong tempers, and that they were there, ready to manifest themselves on occasions of more powerful temptation. I feared my experience would confirm them in this opinion, and thus the truth of God be misapprehended. I struggled on in this way for nearly a year. When in class, or love-feast meetings, I would speak in general terms, such as, "Christ *had power* to cleanse from all sin;" that he was "able to save to the uttermost;" that "his blood *could* cleanse;" in short, talking *about* it, instead of talking my own heart's experience. At length I was led to feel it to be duty to "confess this my sin" to my brethren

and sisters, and trust the Lord to overrule it so that it would not prove an injury to the cause. This I did in the presence of those cavilling brethren. How surprised was I, soon after, as one of them came to me, saying, "Nothing ever said convinced me of the reality of the doctrine of Christian perfection as your confessions of its loss."

Since that, I have observed that Wesley instructs those who enjoy the blessing, that, "If they at any time feel a disposition contrary to love, to openly confess it to their brethren," asserting, that it will not harm the cause.

My experience leads me to believe this to be the "more excellent way." Brother, sister, whose eyes now rest upon these lines, can you give in a definite testimony in favor of full salvation? Can you now say, with confidence, "*I know* his blood doth make the foulest clean?"—Can you? The cause demands *definite* witnesses. Are you one? The Lord help you never to rest unless you can speak definitely of a *present* salvation.

Channing, McHenry Co., Ill.

JESUS, THE WONDERFUL ONE!

JESUS was wonderful in his condescension: for he became man; though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. He was wonderful in his teaching; for the people wondered at his doctrine. He was wonderful in his miracles; for the people glorified God on account of the wonderful works which he did. He was wonderful in his sufferings and death. It is truly a marvel that a holy Being, under the government of a holy God, should endure dreadful woe and agony. This ceases to be a wonder, or rather it is resolved into the amazing marvel of the love of God to sinful man, when we consider that Jesus voluntarily gave himself to endure that woe and anguish and that bitter death, in order to atone for sin, and open up a way for man's return to the bosom of God's love.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

BY REV. R. DUNLOP.

No one who studies the character of God as shown in his works and word can doubt that he made us to be happy. Benevolence is the law of his nature. He delights in the harmony of the universe, the blessedness of all his rational creatures. He has constituted us and adapted us to the end that we may be happy; and but for the wilful perversion of his blessings all rational creatures would be uniformly happy. The human will, also, in this respect corresponds with the Divine. All seek happiness as the highest good. Why then so much unhappiness, not only among the openly vicious, the ignorant and degraded, but also among those possessing the greatest advantages, even Christians? Manifestly, either because they know not the way, or do not comply with the conditions. It is often sad to hear those whom we must believe in charity to be sincere votaries of Christ, lamenting their sad experience. They are beset with trials, walk in darkness, and are ready to faint from the difficulties of the way. There must be something wrong with them. God leads his people into green pastures, and beside still waters. The yoke of Christ is easy, and its burden light. There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. This is not a doctrine pertaining to ancient saints alone, but applicable to all the followers of the blessed Jesus. We live under the same gospel that ancient saints lived, and at a more advanced period, when still greater blessings may be expected. Many testimonies might be produced to the effect that such blessedness is attainable by saints in this age. What endearing language the Saviour employed in addressing his disciples, respecting the teaching of the Spirit, when he was about to leave them! "I will not leave you comfortless." "I will send the Comforter," and "he will

guide you into all truth;" "he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." If the Spirit's function is to guide us into all truth, we must submit to his guidance. If he is to teach us, we must be teachable. If he is to show us the things of Jesus, we must give him attention; in other words, we must believe his testimony respecting Jesus. This obedience secures the Spirit's teachings, and the clear and unclouded state of the mind that thus submits to his teaching renders the truth perfectly intelligible. The conscience and heart harmonize. When they are in conflict the mind is in a perturbed state, and is thus incapacitated to judge correctly. It is irritated and chafed, restive under restraint, and impatient of obligation. How delightful when the mind readily yields to the will of God, and runs in the way of his commandments! "The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." In such a mind there is none of the effort which attends legal obedience. Everything is done easily and cheerfully. The spiritual life continues without a struggle, trials are endured with patience, sacrifices made with pleasure, and responsibilities met with readiness. Anxiously careful for nothing, God is expected to provide for all future wants, and to direct all future events. From morning till night, and from night till morning, there is the same quiet trust in God, without fear, and the same faithfulness in discharging every obligation as it rises. Life is a perpetual triumph in God, and a continual victory over the world. Who is not acquainted with some, at least, who dwell in the light of the Divine favor, and diffuse around them a heavenly radiance? The secret of their experience is their ceasing to depend on themselves, and their own efforts, and yielding with implicit confidence to the Divine will, both as to the way of salvation through Jesus, and as to their duty in all circumstances. A

well of blessing springs up within them supplied from the Fountain of Eternal Love, their grateful love flows forth, and they obey from the heart. They do not serve God from constraint; they are not under bondage, but enjoy the liberty and peace of the gospel. The way of happiness is plainly revealed in the Bible; but many, through their traditions, obscure it to their minds, and wander in wretchedness. Come to Jesus as your best Friend; come to God by Jesus as your gracious Father, to whom you may safely commit the keeping of your soul. Come to Jesus, and you will find in him the true source of happiness. —*The Canada Evangelist.*

GOD'S WILL.

BE it ours to lie passive in his hands, saying, in un murmuring resignation, — Father, glorify thy name! Glorify thyself, whether by giving or taking, filling my cup or “emptying me from vessel to vessel.” Let me know no will but thine. Angels possess no higher honor and privilege than glorifying the God before whom they cast their crowns. How blessed to be able thus to claim brotherhood with the spirits in the upper sanctuary! Nay, more, to be associated with the Saviour himself in the theme of his own exalted joy, when he said, “I have glorified thee on earth!”

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY. — A pious old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said —

“Good morning, Mr. Price.”

“Ah, good morning,” replied he; “I am reading my Father’s will as I walk along.”

“Well, what has he left you?” said his friend.

“Why, he has bequeathed me a hundred fold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting.”

This beautiful reply was the means of comforting his Christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances. — *Bible Record.*

THE INWARD TEACHINGS OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

FENELON.

I HAVE often observed that a rude, ignorant sinner, just beginning to be touched by a lively sense of the love of God, is much more disposed to listen to this inward language of the Spirit* of Grace, than those enlightened and learned persons who have grown old in their own wisdom. God, whose sole desire is to communicate himself, cannot, so to speak, find where to set his foot in souls so full of themselves, who have grown fat upon their own wisdom and virtues; but, as says the Scripture, “*his secret is with the simple.*” (Prov. iii. 32, vulg.)

But where are they? I do not find them; God sees them, and loves to dwell in them; “*My Father and I,*” says Jesus Christ, “*will come unto him, and make our abode in him.*” (John xvi. 23.) Ah! a soul delivered from self, and abandoned to grace, counting itself nothing, and walking, without thought, at the will of that pure love which is its perfect guide, has an experience which the wise can neither receive nor understand!

I was once as wise as any; thinking I saw everything, I saw nothing; I crept along, feeling my way by a succession of reasonings, but there was no ray to enlighten my darkness; I was constant to reason. But when we have silenced everything within, that we may listen to God, we know all things without knowing anything, and then perceive that, until then, we were utterly ignorant of all that we thought we understood. We lose all that we once had, and care not for it; we have then no more that belongs to self; all things are all lost, and we with them. There is something within

that joins with the spouse in the Canticles in saying: "*Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely.*" (Sol. Song ii. 14.) Ah! how sweet is that voice; it makes me all tremulous within! Speak, O Beloved, and let none other dare to speak but thee! Be still, my soul; speak, Love.

Then it is that *we know all things without knowing anything*. Not that we have the presumption to suppose that we possess in ourselves all truth. No! on the contrary, we feel that we see nothing, can do nothing, and are nothing; we feel it, and are delighted at it. But in this unreserved abandonment we find everything we need from moment to moment, in the infinity of God. There we find the daily bread of knowledge, as of everything else, without laying up; then the unction from above teaches us all truth, while it takes away our own wisdom, glory, interest, yea, our own will; it makes us content with our powerlessness, and with a position below every creature; we are ready to yield to the merest worms of the dust, and to confess our most secret miseries before the whole world, fearing unfaithfulness more than punishment and confusion of face.

Here it is, I say, that the Spirit teaches us all truth; for all truth is eminently contained in this sacrifice of love, where the soul strips itself of everything to present it to God.

FAITH.—Faith is the soul looking to Jesus. That which produces the blessed, purifying effect on the soul is not the act of faith, but the object of faith, the adorable Jesus. When the soul by the eye looks on a lovely scene in nature, and is filled with emotions of beauty and pleasure, it is not the eye but the scene that produces them. Looking is necessary that the scene may be in contact with the mind, so as to affect it. So believing in Jesus is necessary to peace and purity

through him; but the peace and purity flow from Jesus, not from faith. Faith in exercise is the door by which they enter the soul.

[Original.]

CHRIST A FULL SAVIOUR.

BY M. A. G.

OH, how sweetly has Jesus taught me, by his Holy Spirit, and through his precious word, since I was enabled through grace, by faith, to lay all upon God's altar as a living sacrifice unto him for time and eternity! And yet, how little I know of that vast ocean of infinite love, without bottom or shore, in which poor degraded humanity, covered all over with sin and pollution, can plunge, and rise renewed in all the life of God!

"My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool;
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul."

I was seated at my window in the evening, after the close of a very delightful meeting for the promotion of scriptural holiness.

The sun was down; all nature was calm and serene, while the stars in the firmament seemed to say, "The hand that made us is divine." While admiring everything that God had made to gratify his dear children, in the stillness of the hour, my thoughts turned from nature to nature's God, and by a glance of faith, I saw that he was not only able to make a world with all its beauty, but to wash, renew, purify and sanctify these poor sinful natures of ours, and put a new song in our mouth, even praise unto him who has thus saved us to the uttermost.

While viewing him by faith, as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption, my all in all, my heart exulted with joy unspeakable and full of glory, for so great a deliverance from the bondage of sin. A full salvation,—free to all who will come to Christ by faith.

It has been an exceedingly precious thought to me, that God, in his infinite love and mercy, condescended to hear my cry, and has taken me out of the slough of despond, washed me clean in his blood, placed my feet in a wide place, and bade me go on my way, rejoicing in a full and complete Saviour. Love fills all the vacuum of my soul, — 'tis done, — to God be all the glory. I would say for the encouragement of all who may read this, that Jesus has never laid so great a cross upon me, that I, in my weakness, could not take it up, by his strength. Our extremity is God's opportunity; "his strength is made perfect in weakness." The Holy Spirit in us is our all-sufficiency, — truly, his "yoke is easy and his burden is light."

I have nothing to say of myself, only a sinner saved by grace, through faith; but I would say to the praise of God, I am enabled, through Christ, to walk in the clear light of the gospel of peace; have been engrafted into "the good olive-tree," and "made a partaker of the Divine nature." Therefore the graces of the Spirit are developing more and more in my poor heart and life. Peace dwells in all my borders. To God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, be all the glory, world without end.

POWER OF PRAYER. — Luther excelled other Christians in the tone of his spirit of prayer, as much as he did in actual efficiency. John Knox was second to none in his day, in regard to this quality. The depths of earnestness with which his soul entered into the spirit of prayer, are told in this one petition of his — "*Give me Scotland, or I die.*" His heart had seized its object with such an intensity of desire, that its grasp was stronger than death. He pleaded for a nation's deliverance from the pollutions and prison-house of Popery. The magnitude of the object had absorbed his very heart, and thus was he qualified to

put forth that prayer — "Give me Scotland, or I die." And so manifestly was that prayer the secret of his power, that even his enemies were made to confess it. And the Popish Queen of Scots declared, that she had rather face an army of twenty thousand men than the prayers of John Knox.

PERFECT PEACE. — Amidst the storms and tempests of the world, there is a perfect calm in the breasts of those who not only do the will of God, but love to do it. They are at peace with God by the blood of reconciliation; at peace with themselves by the answer of a good conscience; at peace with all men by a spirit of charity; and the whole creation is at peace with them, for all things work together for their good. Nothing can rob them of this peace. Heavenly peace surmounts every obstacle, and runs with delight the way of God's commandments. — *Bishop Horne.*

SALVATION BY FAITH.

BY L. C. F.

"The just shall live by faith."

OH, for a living faith that will bring its possessor into the glorious liberty of a FULL salvation, the salvation that Jesus has purchased, and which he now holds out unto all; and yet we, doubting mortals, fear to take the one decisive step which will bring us into the goodly land; we fear to claim, to appropriate to ourselves so great a blessing, and remain just on the borders, in a state of unbelief and doubting, mourning our weakness, our inability to labor for the Lord, because we do not admit the power that will work for and with us. Oh, beloved brethren, open wide your hearts, admit Jesus, and he will dwell with you; he will give you power over your besetting sins, conquering all your foes. Do you doubt it? Read in his Word, "Cleave to the Lord your God, for he it is that fighteth for you

as he hath promised you. The Lord your God, he shall expel these nations from before you, and drive them out of your sight." He will become your wisdom, your strength, and you will be able to go forth strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, to do battle for him; truly we can do nothing of ourselves, poor, lost creatures that we are by nature. But let us believe the promise that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, that our hearts may be purified and fitted for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and then we shall be able to do all things through Christ strengthening us.

Oh for a spirit of consecration and faith in the church, and a strong determination to live for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. Oh, for a spirit of heart-searching and self-examination. Who of us are living religion as a form, trying to enjoy all we can of the vain pleasure of the world, worshiping with the lips, and not the heart; quieting the conscience by a formal attendance upon some of the means of grace? The family altar, the place of secret prayer neglected, or attended to only as a duty, and living thus with the affections given to the world, when we are expressly commanded to place them on things above, we comfort ourselves with the selfish hope of gaining an admittance into heaven at last through the mercy and long-suffering of our God. But there is a passage from the blessed Word telling us, "If a man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." If a man *HAVE* not the spirit of Christ. A present experience is necessary, a present indwelling of the spirit of our precious Saviour, not simply a depending upon an emotional experience, not looking back and hanging all our hope upon a certain blissful period when we could sing—

"Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away,"

although perhaps since then the roots of bitterness and the cares of the world have

been springing up so as to almost choke the seeds of grace then sown, or at least to arrest their farther progress, leaving them buried as the one talent in the napkin. And what is the spirit of Christ? Is it not one of self-renunciation? Was it not being wholly given to do, not his own will, but the will of his Father in heaven? To save a world of sinners, not loving the world nor the things of the world, but living and dying for the one great object which engages the attention of the heavenly host, even of the ever blessed Trinity. And, glorious thought, we may become co-workers with him by casting out every idol, and, giving ourselves unreservedly and *wholly* to the Lord, we may become vessels sanctified and fit for his use. Oh, who can tell what would be the result were every professor thus to consecrate himself and live for the glory of God? The church would then move forward as an army with banners, fighting and conquering in the strength of the Lord, the weakness of its members being made perfect in the strength of its Shepherd and Head.

To those who are now consecrated, who are truly desirous of giving up everything for Jesus, I would say, believe his promise; believe for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. We can do nothing to merit this free gift; if we wait a month or a year in the hope of being in a better state of preparation, we will not be any nearer than we are at present. It is salvation by faith, to be had *JUST NOW*, — a present salvation. Jesus has purchased it for us, we have but to enter into possession, we have but to cast away any dependence we have placed upon our own works, to close our ears to the suggestions of the enemy who would keep us from thus unreservedly casting ourselves into the fountain opened for our uncleanness, and resolutely to say, I do believe that the blood of Jesus cleanseth *NOW* from all sin, and having done that, hold on to the promises by naked faith, and persist in believing, meanwhile taking

up every necessary cross, proclaiming, I believe, even now as I speak, that Jesus cleanses me fully, saves me to the uttermost. Do this, not depending upon frames and feelings; leave all that with the Lord; and when Jesus sees fit, when he has sufficiently tested your faith, he will manifest himself more fully, so that you will be constrained to cry out with the Samaritans, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." Although this may be trying to the soul, yet how beneficial are the results when we are thus led to rely upon the Word of God; for our emotions will subside, but the truth eternally shall stand, and it is the truth, which, in testifying to the power of Jesus to save, makes us free. It is now one year since I learned this way, after having struggled for months in darkness, through my endeavors to behold within myself a certain state of feeling which would satisfy my idea of sanctification, and thus being disposed to trust to an emotional experience; but, glory be to God, he has brought me into a plain path, and taught me to look away from myself and unto Jesus; the promise is, they that BELIEVE shall be saved. And O, how I do love this precious way of daily faith, trusting from moment to moment, and receiving salvation as I trust; the water of life flows freely into my soul, and my heart is continually drinking in fresh supplies from this inexhaustible fountain; my hold, which was trembling at first, grows firmer; emotions and feelings follow, but they are the fruit of faith, and I dare not trust in them, for they would only take me away from Jesus, and although I rejoice in, and praise the Lord for his gifts, yet I praise him far more for the one unspeakable gift of my precious Saviour, who is ever present to see and to bless.

Plainly has the Spirit imparted to my mind that while I continue to abide in him, I am free from condemnation; and

my soul exults in this union between Jesus and a believer; in this dependence, drawing from him our very life, feeding upon him by faith, I would that all the world could know my Saviour, and how quickly would they cast aside the vain, glittering toys of earth for the true spiritual riches, the heavenly manna, and to him alone would be given the devotion, the service of every heart, and to him alone would be ascribed all praise, and honor, and glory, on earth as in heaven. May the day be not far distant when every kindred and tribe will join in songs of praise to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

Brooklyn, Sept. 17, 1861.

THE CONTRAST.

JESUS CHRIST was born in a stable; he was obliged to flee into Egypt; thirty years of his life were spent in a workshop; he suffered hunger, thirst, and weariness; he was poor, despised, and miserable; he taught the doctrines of heaven, and no one would listen. The great and the wise persecuted and took him, subjected him to frightful torments, treated him as a slave, and put him to death between two malefactors, having preferred to give liberty to a robber, rather than to suffer him to escape. Such was the life which our Lord chose; while we are horrified at any kind of humiliation, and cannot bear the slightest appearance of contempt. What a contrast! Nothingness strives to be something, and Omnipotence becomes nothing.

THE SIMPLE-HEARTED AND WORLD-WISE.

THE simple-hearted man pursues the even tenor of his way, and does right from instinct, where the philosopher of the world stumbles in the fancied superiority of his wisdom. The difference between the conditions of the two is like that

between natural and artificial light. The simple-souled man walks in the light of nature, and, having the broad day beaming around him, is misled by no false beacons; while the world-wise philosopher goes stumbling along by his own farthing rush-light, and, by pursuing the beacons hung out by the wayside by those like himself, he is constantly getting into the mire or falling into the ditch. There is nothing like keeping ourselves unspotted from the world. The moment we become possessed by its spirit of gain, aggrandizement and dominion, the soul is shut out from the light of heaven by the dark clouds that gather around it, and it loses its perceptions of justice, and its love of the simple, the beautiful, and the true.

THE GREAT GIVER.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

Now gather up what you see of tenderness, and great-heartedness, and generosity in men, and imagine them to be grouped into the character of a perfect being, and put it in the sphere of almightiness, and give it the sweep of eternity, and call it God, or the Son of God, as you please; and then you have a conception of the Lord Jesus Christ, standing over the poor of this world, and saying to them, in a voice that never dies till the last human soul is redeemed, "Come to me, and obtain help in time of need."

Well, what kind of help? No matter what kind. At what time of need. If it is bodily ailment, may one go to God with it? Certainly; because he supplies the wants of the body. If you have domestic trouble, or trouble in your secular affairs, or dispositional trouble in its lower forms, go to him with it. If you may go to him for the higher things, you may for the lower.

A man says, "Here are some thousand-dollar bills; take as many as you please." But say I, "There are hundreds, and

fifties, and tens, and fives, and ones; may I take them instead of the thousands?" If he says I may have the thousands, he will not refuse to give me the ones. If he gives me the larger, he will not refuse to give me the smaller.

Now, God has given his own Son to us; he has given himself to us; he has made overtures of personal friendship to us; he has said, "I am your Father, and ye are my sons;" he has granted us the blessing of direct communion with himself; and since he has given us these higher and larger things, is there anything we need, all the way down to the very sandals with which we tread the earth, that he will not give us?

In praying to God, we begin by saying, "Give us this day our daily bread;" but, ah! there are different sorts of bread. There is one kind of bread for the body, and God will give that; but there is also another kind of bread for the mind,—for taste and benevolence, and conscience, and veneration, and love,—and he will give that. God himself is the bread of life, by which the many mouths of the soul are supplied. He gives us in rich abundance, all the things that we need.

[Original.]

TEN RULES OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY W. B. O.

1. PRAY in secret seven times every day, — directly after rising in the morning, and just before retiring at night; at 9 o'clock, A.M. and 3 o'clock, P.M., and directly after each meal.

2. Read one chapter in the Holy Scriptures on your knees every day.

3. Speak of the dead and absent as though they were present.

4. Praise not thyself. Say nothing, unless actually necessary, which could be considered self-recommendation.

5. Think before you speak.

6. Be strictly temperate in eating and drinking. Keep the body under.

7. Labor to be wise, holy, and useful. Be not concerned about obtaining a great name; a *good name* is far more desirable.

8. Improve each moment, by rising early, and by doing one thing at a time.

9. Spare thy words. *Prov. xvii. 27. James iii. 2.*

10. Imitate the Saviour; and let your motto be: "*Have faith in God.*"

GEMS.

The eyes of a Christian should be like sunflowers, open to no blaze but that of the sun.

We should never go in the way of temptation for the purpose of trying the strength of our virtues. If Achan handles the golden wedge, his next work will be to steal it.

He who would be angry and not sin, must be angry at nothing but sin.

A soul without its watch is like a city without its walls, exposed to the inroads of all its enemies.

He that takes up fire to throw at his adversary, is in great danger of burning his own fingers.

We should not only break the teeth of malice by forgiveness, but pluck out its sting by forgetfulness.

No creatures are so necessary or important to God, as to be secure from his anger when they sin against him.

God's children are like stars, that shine brightest in the darkest night; like gold, that is brighter for the furnace; like incense, that becomes fragrant by burning; like the chamomile plant, that grows faster when trampled on.

Matthew Henry says, "The happiness of heaven is the constant keeping of a Sabbath. Heaven is called a Sabbath, to make those who love Sabbaths long for heaven, and to make those who long for heaven love Sabbaths."

Those should not venture on slippery

places, who can scarcely stand upon the firmest ground.

The history of too many is written in the following lines:—

"Stiff in opinion, mostly in the wrong,
Be everything by starts, and nothing long."

In our confessions, let us "beware," says Mr. Fletcher, "of imitating the vanity of those coxcombs who, as often as they are about to pay for a trifle, pull out a handful of gold, merely to make a show of their wealth."

Many a Christian would not have their wilderness-state altered, with all its trials, and gloom, and sorrow, just that they may enjoy the unutterable sympathy and love of the Comforter of the comfortless, one ray of whose approving smile changes the deepest earthly gloom into the brightness of heaven.

Great truths have never found an easy acceptance.

Better be seven times in the furnace, than come out unpurified.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." *Isa. xl. 31.*

Up, Christian, up, take wings and fly
Above the tempest and the storm;
Upon thy Father's strength rely,—
Thy God his promise shall perform.

As the strong eagle in his might
Soars on, by powerful pinions borne;
So may'st thou wing thy glorious flight,
And all the powers of darkness scorn.

What though the billows wildly roll?
What though the clouds may darkly lower?
Thy God shall bear thy trembling soul
Far, far above their raging power.

Then place thy firm, unshaken trust
In him who doth the winds command;
On his unfailing promise rest,
And lean upon his strong right hand.

Go, leave the cares of earth beneath;
With soul renewed, and sins forgiven,
Mount upward on the wings of faith,
Rejoicing in the smiles of heaven.

[Original.]
THE VICTORY THAT OVER-
COMETH THE WORLD.

BY C. C. ALLEY.

IN the fall of 1854, there was a prayer begotten in my heart for entire victory over the world. There followed in my mind the result of such victory; the idea of which was, that, enjoying it, I should be free from embarrassment whenever duty was presented. Entire victory over the world was the burden of my prayer for some days. At last, I had an assurance I should have it; and on one occasion, at a general class-meeting, I tried to impress the certainty I felt of having it, upon the minds of my brethren and sisters.

Time passed on, and the prayer was almost forgotten. About the same time of the exercise referred to, I felt impressed that it would be well for me to keep a journal of my Christian experience, and I felt that my correspondence ought to be of a religious character. Day after day I was thinking of writing to a backslidden friend. Being naturally averse to writing, I was waiting to feel more like it, till at length it occurred to me that this reluctance was temptation, and it was my privilege to have victory over it, and present help whenever I needed it. My faith grasped the suggestion. I at once got my materials for writing, and sat down in a room, with two young ladies, to commence my letter. At first, a hurrying influence came over me, which, I was persuaded, was from the enemy. I stopped writing, and looked to God for help. In a few moments, these words were spoken to my heart: "The God of Elijah lives." I still kept my eye intently fixed upon God. In a short time the following words in effect were spoken in the depths of my soul: "The power of the God of Elijah may possess the inmost soul!" These words were accompanied with a power I shall never forget.

While in that state of mind, for a time almost lost to everything around me, I had

a view of God's grace. I saw it sufficient for anything a human being could possibly be called to endure, even for me. Faith took me to the end of my journey. I afterwards wrote my letter by the help of the Holy Spirit, and commenced my journal. I was satisfied I had experienced a great blessing, but was not aware that it was in answer to a previous prayer. Time passed on, and trials and discipline came. God was about teaching me the important lesson of living by the moment. For some months I was not permitted to make any plans for the future, hardly for an hour. I did not feel permitted to engage in any one kind of business, or go to my friends to spend any length of time; but was called to do this or that, go here or there, as occasion required. In addition to this discipline, I had a severe trial from an outward source, and with it all, poor health. With Paul I could say, "none of these things move me."

Though my way seemed hedged up on either side and much beclouded, there was a submission to the will of God, and a sweet trusting in him to direct my steps and establish my goings. During all this time, I well knew that I was enjoying the benefits of the blessing referred to, but did not realize it was *the* blessing prayed for. The fall previous, about two months after receiving it, as I was looking for some passage of Scripture, my eye glanced upon this passage, viz: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." In the twinkling of an eye, my mind was carried back to the time I had such a view of God's grace, and I saw that in that unexpected manner my prayer had been answered. The blessing came by simply looking to God for help, just at that time, and expecting it whenever I might need it in the future; instead of waiting for embarrassment and difficulties to be removed, when duty is presented. I have learned to trust the precious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

East Boston, Sept. 2, 1861.

RESTING IN GOD.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he.

Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand;
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear.
In his love if thou abide
He will guide.

Fearlest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath he comfort spoken,—
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know his love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for his sake,
Sweetly bending to his will,
Lying still.

To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask him not, then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow.

Tract Journal.

If a man is not rising upwards to an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse.
—Coleridge.

THE FORMER DAYS.

"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days are better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." — *Ecc.* vii. 10.

"It may at first sight seem strange that society, while moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. The impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is in some sense unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with the condition which we are constantly improving. But in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save, with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

"In truth, we are under a discipline similar to that which misleads the traveler in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan, all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand, where an hour before they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where an hour before they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely choose the mirage backward, we shall see it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity." — *Macaulay*.

THOSE that are full of truth and heavenly glory, are not desirous of vain-glory. — *Kempis*.

PRAYER IS A KEY.

1. BECAUSE it opens the door of the *knowledge of God*. None spiritually understand the character and glory of their Maker but such as go to him to be enlightened. By the very act of calling upon the Father of light, we put ourselves beneath the radiance that shines from him. We come to the light, and he is always ready to open unto us the door, when we come by the use of the key.

2. Because it opens the door of self-knowledge. Just as I bring an object out of darkness into light, which I wish to examine, so I bring my dark heart into light, when I go to God in prayer. In the light of his holiness, and goodness, and joy, I see my own sinfulness, and shame, and misery. The nearer I get to him, the more perfectly I understand myself. Prayerless persons do not, but praying people do, know their own hearts.

"Now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself."

3. Prayer opens the *glories of the natural world* to the soul. A prayerless man does not see one in a thousand of the beauties of nature, and what he does not see, he does not enjoy, as do the spiritually-minded. "For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work; I will triumph in the works of thy hands." God makes those glad in his works who love to draw nigh unto him.

4. Prayer is a key, because it opens the way for our *clearest and most delightful conceptions of heaven*. It gives us harmony of spirit with the inhabitants, employments, and joys of the kingdom above, and thus we can better understand everything said about that blessed world. Thus does our faith become strengthened, so that we get better views of "the Delectable Mountains." No pinnacle in this world is so high or so near heaven as the mount of prayer.

The key that can turn back so many bolts, and open so many doors, and put

people in possession of so many blessings, can be had by any mortal willing to take the pains to procure it. Many children, as well as older persons, have found it, and are reaping a noble harvest from its use. And we are assured that no person who fails of having and using this key, will fail of at last laying all the blame and shame at his own door.—*Boston Recorder*.

BIGOTRY.

OF all vices, bigotry is one of the meanest and most mischievous. Its shrivelled, contracted breast leaves no room for the noble virtues to dilate and play. Candor, benevolence, and forbearance become smothered and extinguished, partly from being cramped by littleness of mind, partly from being overwhelmed with intellectual dust. Bigotry is a determined enemy to truth; inasmuch as it essentially interferes with freedom of inquiry, restrains the grand, indefeasible right of private judgment, confines our regards to a party, and, by limiting the extent of moderation and mutual good will, tears up charity by the very roots; and though this baneful vice is so uncomfortable in itself, so contrary to the genius of the gospel, and so extensively pernicious in its effects, yet is it not as common as it is detestable? May all God's children be enabled to cast it, with the rest of their idols, to the moles and to the bats.—*Toplady*.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.
If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.—*Pope*.

THE truth must be preached, though hell break out into opposition; and we must keep faith and a good conscience, though persecutors print on our sides the marks of the Lord Jesus.—*An old Divine*.

The Guide to Holiness.

DECEMBER, 1861.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE FUTURE OF THE GUIDE.

Our aim is to make the Guide profitable, spiritually, to the greatest possible extent, and to the largest number. To accomplish this end, we propose to carry out, by the divine help, the following plan:—

To secure contributions to its columns from the most gifted pens, among all evangelical denominations who are known to be consecrated to the advancement of holiness in the church of God;—to extend somewhat the range of our topics, so that while our stand-point is "Holiness unto the Lord," we may bring as many rays as possible of a sanctified literature to bear upon it;—to restrict, more than heretofore, the length of the articles, so that both variety and vivacity may be secured;—to add, occasionally, pictorial embellishments, as far as an extending circulation, and a prompt payment, may enable us to do.

In short, we shall endeavor to exhibit in the Guide a consecrated ability, and financial resource, sufficient to make it, preeminently, a power in the world, to cause the church to "arise and shine," to "put on strength," even "the beautiful garments of holiness."

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURALIST.

Among the premiums offered for new subscribers, beginning with the new year, it will be seen that we include, for the first time, the *American Agriculturalist*. We have taken this paper for several years, know its editor well, and hesitate not to say that it is the best paper of the kind we ever read. No pains or expense seems to be spared in procuring *reliable* information. It is a rich repository of *facts*,—facts thoroughly investigated,—and, to the practical agriculturalist, perfectly invaluable. Its editor is both a Christian and a scholar,—a twofold guaranty of the character of his paper. We regard it as the cheapest periodical in the market.

GLORY IN MY SOUL.—The music bearing this title, in the November number of the Guide, should have been credited to the "American Hymn and Tune Book," by Rev. W. McDonald and Dr. G. S. Stevens,—a book better adapted to congregational and vestry use than any book with which we are acquainted.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

THE MOTE AND BEAM.

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

ote . . . beam . . . eye.—The *mote* is a small

splinter, and the *beam* is a whole *rafter*. The *eye* is the man's *judging* or *opining* faculty. The *mote* and the *beam* are the interferences to our seeing or judging things purely and fairly. *Thy brother's eye . . . thy own.*—Thou perceivest on thy own selfish judgment-seat that thy brother has very absurd opinions; he sees things very strangely; it is because of that little splinter in his eye; take it out. Alas! there is no splinter there. What thou seest is only the image of a whole timber in thine own eye reflected into his. That timber is made by some moral mistake, some selfish passion of thine own. Perhaps, when thou hast pitched the lumber out of thine own optics, thou wilt find the splinter gone from his.

FAITH IN GOD.

"Have faith in God."—*Mark xi. 22.*

At a late missionary anniversary meeting of one of our city churches, a local preacher of the congregation was present who had lately lost all his earnings by the recklessness of persons he had established in business. He responded to the appeal of the pastor for the cause of Christ empty-handed; but as he knew God's providence and word were engaged for his own support, he ventured to believe that he would also, by the same providence, be able to earn something for the cause of Christ; he therefore made a subscription of fifteen [dollars, expecting to be able to save at least that amount from his earnings before the meeting of the Conference. But the heavenly Father did not keep his trusting child waiting, for, ere the week closed, he realized from a creditor what he had given up as utterly lost, one hundred dollars, and the first thing done with his means was to pay his missionary subscription.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

Dogs . . . swine.—Our Lord in these last verses has cautioned us how we hastily *judge* a good man, a *brother*. He now teaches us how to estimate the reverse character, or any character. The *dog* and the *swine* are symbols of depraved men, the ferocious and the sensual.

The dogs of the East, especially the street dogs, who have no owners, and exist in great hordes as a nuisance, are an abomination often mentioned in Scripture. The swine, ceremonially unclean by the Mosaic law, and physically filthy and disgusting to all view, properly comes in with the dog to represent conjointly the ferocious and the sensual.

Now we must discern these characters. We must not intrust a holy thing to a dog. Apostles and bishops must not commit the office of the ministry to a wicked man. No sacred deposit or responsibility, or even principle (symbolized by *pearls*), must be imparted to an unfit man. No

doctrines or religious experiences must be brought before an incapable sensualist. In fine, in imparting the official trusts and the truths of the gospel, we must *discern* men's moral qualities, and deal with them accordingly.

In the latter part of the verse, the phrase, "lest they trample them under their feet," refers to the *swine*. It describes the gross disregard which sensual men have for the most perfect gems of truth. "Turn again and rend you," refers to the *dogs*. It alludes to the bitter irritation with which fierce natures treat the offers of truth to which they are opposed. Give the dog a pearl, and he will bite and tear you.—*Dr. Whedon*.

THE LOWER DOWN THE HIGHER UP.

"He giveth grace unto the lowly."—*Prov. iii.34*.

A man as he goes down in self, goes up in God. It is interesting to trace this in the experience of the apostle Paul, as gathered from his epistles. In the year of our Lord 59 he is the least of the apostles, and not fit to be called an apostle, because he persecuted the church of God. In the year of our Lord 64, after four more years of growth in grace, he is "less than the least of all saints." But in the year of our Lord 65, and not long before he was to receive his crown in heaven, he is "the chief of sinners."

POVERTY OF SPIRIT.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—*Matt. v. 3*.

He whose *spirit* the gospel finds already supplied and falsely rich with something else than the gospel, cannot receive the gospel. If the spirit be full and satisfied with some false religion, or pride, or earthly good, or moralism, it has no room or receptivity for the gospel, and no blessing from Christ. So the outright, self-conscious sinner, morally poor in fact, and *poor in spirit*, is often more likely to receive the gospel than he who has something that is *not religion* in the place of religion. Blessed, then, is he who has a receptive vacancy, a poverty, real and felt, for the gospel. Such receive the *kingdom of heaven*,—a very bountiful filling up of the vacuity. The pauper shall be a king; his empty box shall be filled with royal treasures.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LITTLE JOHNNY.

"MOTHER," said little Johnny L., bursting into tears, "why does my Sabbath-school teacher never say anything to me about the salvation of my soul?"

Johnny had been for many months a constant member of the Sabbath school, and other services of the church. A walk of some four miles was considered of little importance by him, if thereby he could learn of God, and his requirements, and of a child's obligations to him.

His teacher was an active member of the Christian church; yet, like too many others, she


realized but little the cravings after God which so often silently agitate the youthful heart, and consequently never made personal salvation the subject of conversation with her little flock. But Johnny's mother was a practical believer in the truths of God's word in that regard. She read therein the many encouragements to early piety, of the tenderness and love of the blessed Jesus for the lambs of the fold, and became assured that the spring-time of life, while yet the heart is unshackled, and free from the deceitful, corroding influences of the world, was the appropriate time for the affections to be consecrated to the Redeemer, and that the heart, thus given, was an acceptable offering to God. In early life, too, the bitter cup of repentance was pressed to her own lips. She had quaffed its contents, and as the loving, forgiving Jesus appeared with salvation, found her sorrow turned into joy. Thus the mother could appreciate the feelings of her sin-stricken son as with sobs and tears he told her of the conflicting emotions of his heart. She directed him in the way of penitence and faith; told him of the great love Jesus has for children, of the promises God had made to receive him, and then they knelt in fervent prayer. He was enabled to believe, and God spoke peace to his heart. Never shall we forget the countenance, all radiant with joy, with which he entered our class-room, nor the almost seraphic tones of his childish voice, as he told of the wondrous works of grace inwrought in his heart. He gave his name to the church as a probationer, and at the expiration of the allotted time, having fully shown, by a consistent life, that he was truly a follower of Jesus, he publicly professed faith in Christ by taking upon himself the vows of the church.

Years have passed since we prayed God's blessing to rest upon Johnny as he bade us a tearful farewell; and in the changes of the itinerancy, we had lost sight of him, though the remembrance of his earnest life and child-like faith had been to us fraught with much of good; when we chanced to meet the widowed mother, now advancing in years, who told us that Johnny, now growing to manhood, maintains his Christian integrity; and the good woman wept as she told us of the strong consolation, and joy even, she had in leaning on his youthful arm in her declining years.

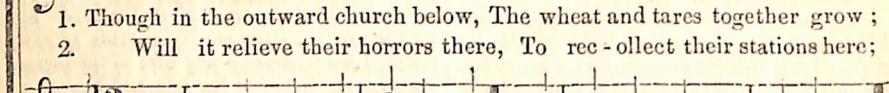
A word of reflection, children, as we leave Johnny's story with you, trusting you will imitate his example. The points to which we urge particular attention are, the necessity of personal, faithful effort on the part of those who have the charge of the little ones, and the benefit of confiding the feelings and impulses of your hearts, children, to your kind parents. Do this, and God will bless you, for, if we mistake not, this is included in the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee."

THE REAPING TIME.

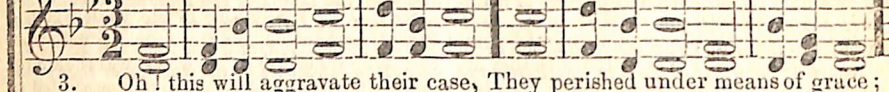
Arranged by G. S. STEVENS.



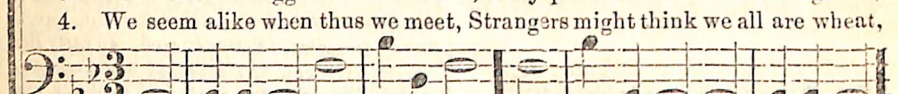
1. Though in the outward church below, The wheat and tares together grow ;
 2. Will it relieve their horrors there, To rec - ollect their stations here;



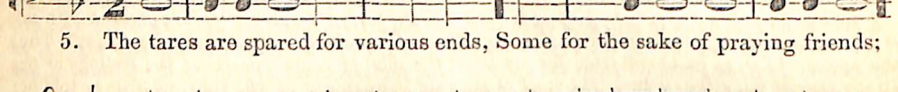
3. Oh ! this will aggravate their case, They perished under means of grace ;
 4. We seem alike when thus we meet, Strangers might think we all are wheat,



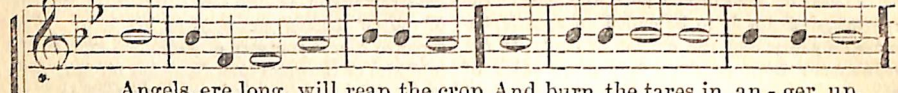
5. The tares are spared for various ends, Some for the sake of praying friends;



Angels, ere long, will reap the crop And burn the tares in an - ger up.
 How much they heard, how much they knew, How much among the wheat they grew?



To them the word of life and faith Be - came an in - strument of death.
 But to the Lord's all-searching eyes, Each heart appears without disguise.

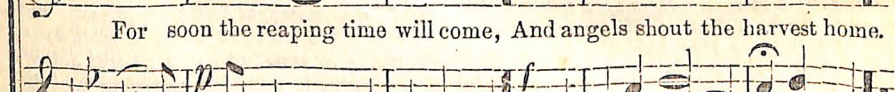


Others, the Lord against their will, Employs, his counsels to ful - fill.

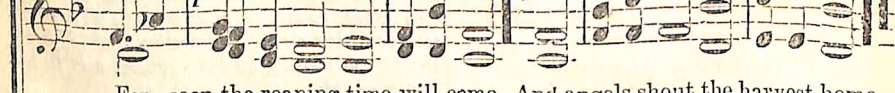
REFRAIN.



For soon the reaping time will come, And angels shout the harvest home.



For soon the reaping time will come, And angels shout the harvest home.



6

7

But though they grow so tall and strong,
 His plan will not require them long ;
 In harvest when he saves his own,
 The tares shall into hell be thrown.

Most awful thought, and is it so ?
 Must all mankind the harvest know ?
 Is every soul a wheat or tare ?
 Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

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